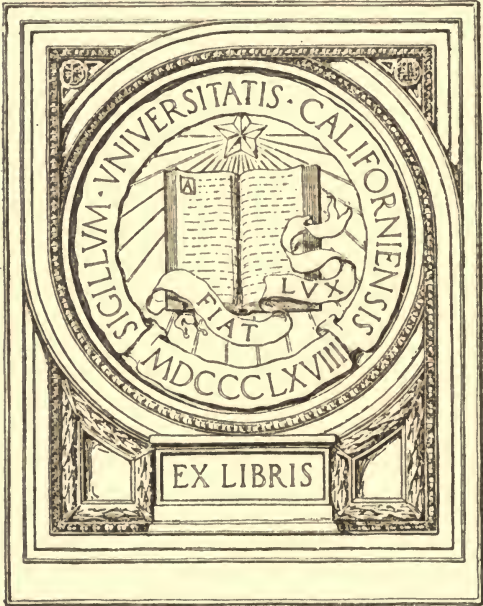


SPEECHES
AND
LITERARY
CONTRIBUTIONS

AT FORTY AND FOUR

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

GIFT OF
Chauncey M. Depew



1884

SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES

**SPEECHES AND
LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS
AT FOURSORE AND FOUR**

**BY
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**

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MY VIEWS OF LIFE

We pass this way but once. We cannot retrace our steps to any preceding milestone. Every time the clock strikes it is both the announcement of the hour upon which we are entering and the knell of the one which is gone. Each night memory balances the books and we know before we sleep whether the result is on the right or on the wrong side of our account.

The older we grow the more we realize that life is worth the living. We think too little of the fun there is in it. We are too parsimonious of laughter. We do not appreciate as we ought the man or the woman who can make us forget while we are amused. We love the past and its priceless heritage, but unwise is the man who lives in it.

The secrets of happiness and longevity, in my judgment, are to cherish and cultivate cheerful, hopeful and buoyant spirits. If you haven't them, create them. Enjoy things as they are. The raggedest person I ever saw was a Turkish peasant standing in the field, clothed in bits of old carpet. He was laughing hilari-

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ously at our well-clothed party. The combination of color and humor made him a thing of beauty, if not a joy for ever.

Let us never lose our faith in human nature, no matter how often we are deceived. Do not let deceptions destroy confidence in the real, honest goodness, generosity, humanity and friendship that exist in the world. They are overwhelmingly in the majority.

Speech at the Twenty-fifth Annual Dinner
of the Montauk Club of Brooklyn, in
Celebration of Mr. Depew's Eighty-second
Birthday, April 29, 1916.

(Mr. Depew's birthday is the 23rd of April, but club conditions made change of date necessary.)

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Montauk Club:

All anniversaries are interesting. Each has its historical significance or celebrates an event worth remembering to those who participate, or has a sentiment of lasting interest. Of patriotic celebrations, of centennials and semi-centennials of great importance, we have had an unusual number in the last quarter of a century. With one after another came recurrences of the birthdays of the Republic and of the organization of the different departments of our government. In the life of the individual the twenty-fifth anniversary is the most interesting. We, here tonight engaging in the twenty-fifth annual recurrence of this most gratifying compliment which you have paid me for a quarter of a century, have feelings both pathetic and joyful. We cannot forget and we contribute the wreath of affection and memory to those who have joined the majority during this period.

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But we extend our congratulations and felicitations to those who are still with us in full vigor, health and happiness; we welcome the younger men who have come into this association and join in this celebration.

Twenty-five is the most important age in the life of a young man. At twenty-one he becomes a voter and a citizen, but in most cases he is a callow youth of violent opinions and immature judgment. At twenty-five his feet are standing upon more solid ground. In estimating himself and his powers and comparing them with his ambitions, he has decided upon his career and entered hopefully and joyously upon it. We are misled when we take the example of extraordinary geniuses for judging our own average selves. William Pitt at twenty-four was Prime Minister of England. He organized the forces and reorganized them and again reorganized them, which finally resulted in Waterloo and the defeat of Napoleon. But he had a wonderful heredity in a marvelous father and was himself one of the few constructive geniuses of the ages. Delane, famous editor of the London *Times*, entered upon his duties at twenty-four. Walters, the sole owner of the *Times* in the second generation, a remarkable judge of men, discovered the singular maturity and the wonderful powers of Delane. For thirty-seven years, Delane was the London *Times*. He made it the "Thunderer" of Eu-

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rope. He foresaw events, he recognized budding statesmen, his vision encompassed all European and Asiatic activities. With genuine foresight, with the ability to select incomparable aids for the different departments of the work, a courage which knew neither fear nor apprehension and honor of the purest and highest type, he made the *Times* a leader of public opinion, a maker of measures and a tremendous factor in the creation of Greater England. But there again we have the exceptional editor, who had no predecessors or successors.

At twenty-five the average man knows the kind of a woman he wants for a helpmate for life. I do not exclude love from this selection, but I do say that love and judgment are more likely to go hand in hand together at this period than at twenty-one and under. Everybody in the teens and up to twenty-one has had his first passion which he calls love. He is lucky, if matrimony follows, in discovering that the accident is a success. Too large a proportion of our divorces, which are the disgrace of our modern social life, come from early indiscretions.

The happiest of matrimonial celebrations is the silver wedding. The golden one is reminiscent; it is for grown up children and grandchildren; they look upon the old couple with affection, are glad that they are still upon the stage, feel a guardianship of their health, and yet

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have flown from the nest and made their own. But at the silver wedding, the bride and groom are in the zenith of their intellectual and physical powers, they have overcome most of the difficulties of life, they are established in the security of the present and the future and they still have a guiding hand and a lifegiving interest in shaping the careers and helping the progress of their boys and girls.

Twenty-five years of effort is the climacteric in business and the professions. By that time the clerk has become manager or partner or head of the firm; the reporter has become an editor; the telegraph operator or the head of the section gang or the conductor has become general manager or president of the road; the apprentice in the machine shop has become the foreman or the master mechanic. In other words, the underbrush has been cleared away, the road has been leveled and macadamized, the bridges have been built and the way is clear for advancement, or for retirement and rest.

In 1893, I delivered the oration at the opening of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. It was the first one of these great expositions after the centennial one in 1876. I addressed the largest audience under one roof that any orator ever had. The exposition building covered many acres, was about a half mile long and a quarter mile wide. It had 90,000 chairs

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and standing room for 50,000 more. In that vast auditorium the unconscious movement of such a mass of people made a roar like Niagara. Mr. Blaine, who was a great and successful public speaker, said to me once, that he was certain after much experience that the largest audience capable of hearing perfectly and enjoying an orator, was 6,000. I am sure that more than 6,000 heard me then. I spoke afterwards in the Coliseum in Chicago, which held 28,000, and while they could not hear with comfort I felt by those signs which a speaker so well understands that the whole audience did hear the address. I have many times had little or no difficulty in reaching 10,000 people. I afterwards delivered the opening address at the Omaha fair, the very successful, delightful and beautiful one at Charleston and one other. I remember the shock to my vanity which occurred at the Omaha fair. My guide was Mr. Morton, the father of Paul Morton and Secretary of Agriculture in Cleveland's Cabinet. In speaking of the different shows he said: "There is a ballet from New York. It is the only show which is a total failure, because probably a worse lot of dancers never were got together. They have neither art, nor grace nor beauty." I said, "Out of loyalty to my State of New York, I suppose I must attend the show." So we took seats in the empty auditorium. His verdict ✓

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was correct as to the show, but soon every seat was filled, the aisles were jammed and people were standing almost on each other's shoulders. With great difficulty we made our way out. Then the secret was revealed. The barker was shouting, "Ladies and gentlemen, this way. In this show is the only opportunity to see the orator of the day, the only chance to see the great orator from the East, Chauncey M. Depew. Admission only ten cents, ten cents, ladies and gentlemen, to see the great orator of the day."

Reminiscences recall how rapidly time flies, and as dear old Rip Van Winkle, in the person of that most delightful actor of his time, Joe Jefferson, used to say, "How soon we are forgot."

One of the most brilliant and forceful of my colleagues during my time in the Senate was Foraker of Ohio. He commanded the attention of his colleagues and largely of the country. Within the last few days, there has come from the publisher two volumes of his reminiscences. They are written with his accustomed vigor, incisiveness and positiveness. I was reading a few days since a long and discriminating criticism upon the book. The period covered, so far as the Senate is concerned, was from 1898 to 1908. Several Senators and questions were uppermost in the public mind during the whole of that period. Some of the

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ablest and most famous men who have ever adorned that great body participated in these discussions and were the authors of measures of vital importance at the time, but the critic says, "While these reminiscences are interesting from an historical standpoint, they have no co-temporary meaning." The actors are either dead or have passed off the stage. There is little or no recollection of them at present. The measures have gone upon the statute books or they failed and have passed out of sight, and yet the period covered by Senator Foraker, and it was one of the most interesting and exciting in the whole history of the country, began eighteen years ago and ended eight years ago. "How soon we are forgot."

I had the good fortune to become well acquainted about thirty years ago with Mr. Gladstone. He is one of the very few statesmen or men of note whom one meets in a lifetime whom it was a supreme privilege to know. I have never met anyone of such wide vision and varied acquirements. There seemed no limit to his knowledge, and intimate knowledge, of questions in every realm of human activity and inquiry. He had to an extraordinary degree the faculty of acquisition, absorption and assimilation. Whoever he met, man or woman, instantly became the victim of those inquiring tentacles which fastened upon the subject and drew from him or her in a

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short time the results of the study and work of a lifetime. I came to know him better because, like most Americans, I was deeply interested in Home Rule for Ireland. It is curious how American sentiment on that subject was misinterpreted on the other side. Most of the distinguished people I met expressed amazement that there should be such intense hostility in the United States against England. The Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, an exceedingly open-minded and fair-minded man and always most cordial to our country, inquired of me with deep anxiety one day, "Is this home rule sentiment which seems to be so universal with you in America a desire to break up the British Empire?" I told him not at all, but it was the faith which we Americans had in federated government, our union of sovereign states with certain powers in the general government and others reserved to the states, that had been in our judgment the cause of the growth, prosperity and power of the United States and the success of our experiment in government.

Mr. Gladstone, while probably not the greatest orator who had ever appeared in the House of Commons, was the greatest orator of his time. He certainly was one of the greatest party leaders who has ever appeared in the politics of a free government and he envisioned the future as few statesmen ever did. In the

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world tragedy of today, the Parliament of which he was master for so many years, is meeting questions which involve the very existence of the Empire and all the possibilities of its future. There are a number of strong men in the House of Commons who were there with Mr. Gladstone, and yet in the debates which are taking place one fails to find any mention, reminiscence or recollection of this great statesman. Twenty-four years ago, at eighty-three years of age, he had one of the greatest triumphs of his life. He had overthrown his enemies, he had become supreme by a great majority in the House of Commons and was again Prime Minister. I know of no instance of a man of that age enduring the hardships of such a canvass, coming out triumphantly and then assuming the reins of government. This he crowned by hammering through the House of Commons his favorite measure of home rule, which of course met an overwhelming defeat in the House of Lords. I met a lady recently who during the many years she had lived in London was a frequent attendant at the House of Commons. I said to her, "Tell me something about Gladstone and his oratory and what you thought of it." She said, "Oh, Gladstone. He pounded the table." "How soon we are forgot!"

When we met here first, the Harrison administration was closing and Cleveland's was im-

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minent. Both of these statesmen went out of office singularly unpopular. They were misrepresented, abused and hated. If I read the history of the administrations of American Presidents aright, both Harrison and Cleveland will grow in fame with time. Harrison was certainly one of the ablest and Cleveland one of the most courageous of our chief magistrates. Harrison's unpopularity was due to a singularly cold and repellent manner. He was a great lawyer, had been an admirable volunteer soldier and possessed executive qualities of rare distinction, but he repelled all who came in contact with him. The favorite designation of him among Senators and Congressmen was "The Iceberg." I happened to hold the position as nominee of the State of New York and outside for President in 1888, where I could have much to say as to who should be the selection of the Convention when I retired, and I selected Harrison. The support of New York made his nomination good and his election followed. I led his forces in the Convention four years afterwards, where he was renominated. Now as to the question whether he was a cold, isolated, selfish man, which were the charges against him. He offered me after his inauguration every place in his Cabinet except Secretary of State, which he said he had promised to Mr. Blaine, or any mission abroad. It was impossible for me at that time to enter public

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life and I declined. I never shall forget the interview after his renomination in 1892. He said to me, "My life has been one of intense struggle, a continuous and bitter fight, everything I have got I have won by hard knocks, most strenuous work and fierce contests. You are the only man who has spontaneously supported me, and effectively so. I want to show my gratitude. I can offer you at present nothing but broken bread, the Secretaryship of State for the balance of my term, but its continuance if I am re-elected." All this was said with an emotion so deep and profound that it was painful. Beneath that cold exterior, harsh voice and repellent manner was one of the warmest of hearts and the most responsive of sentiments, but afraid, from long experience with hostile elements, that a show of feeling would be taken as an evidence of weakness.

Two questions whose wise solution is essential to the prosperity of the country are the currency and railroads. Both of these have received more attention and legislation during our quarter of a century than in all preceding years. It is interesting to take note of the epoch-making character of the effort by Congress and the courts to give us a currency in harmony with that which has been demonstrated to be right by the experience of the highly organized financial and industrial nations of the world, and a regulation of railroads

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and a solving of the railway problem which will be in accordance with the proper development, progress and defense of the United States.

We had, early in our history, reached a sound basis for banking when it became a football in politics. In all countries, a central bank is the regulator and the United States National Bank was increasing in efficiency in serving that purpose in our system. When General Jackson, the most autocratic and masterful of our Presidents, wanted to use the bank for his political ambitions and could not, he vetoed the renewal of the charter and was surprised to find that the power of the bank was still potent in another way. He peremptorily ordered the withdrawal of the United States deposits. His first Secretary of the Treasury, a financier, absolutely refused and was dismissed. His successor, also a financier, absolutely refused and was dismissed. His third appointee, who neither knew nor cared anything for finance, but was an obedient servant of the President, promptly removed the deposits; the Senate refused to confirm the Secretary, he lost his job but the bank was destroyed. The Senate passed a resolution declaring the act of the President not only unconstitutional but an usurpation of arbitrary powers. The politics of the country were largely dependent for four years upon that resolution remaining on the

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records of the Senate, and in 1837 it was expunged and Gen. Jackson's reputation as a financier reincarnated. Then the country waded through the welter of state banks and their bankruptcies, state bank bills and their uncertainties, frequent panics and frightful financial and industrial disasters, until the Civil War. Out of the necessities of that conflict came the National Banking Act, which was progress, and decided progress. Then came fiat money, happily set aside by education, and then the gigantic struggle for the parity of fluctuating silver with the fixed standard of gold.

As we look back over the period covered by the recollection of comparatively young men here, we are amazed to find how the silver microbe entered the mental machinery and controlled the thinking apparatus of the leading men of both parties during these ten years. For the rescue of the country from plunging over the precipice into financial chaos by reason of this silver heresy, we are indebted to the ability and stubborn courage of President Grover Cleveland. With the enormous power, greater then than now, of a President, with vast patronage to hand out and favors to bestow, Cleveland forced the repeal of the silver act, which was reducing our currency to a Mexican or Chinese standard, through a Congress of whose members scarcely any of his own party voted as they believed, and not

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many of the opposition. More than anything else, this farsighted and patriotic action of the President lost him popular support and he retired from the Presidency practically by unanimous consent. I saw much of him when he returned to private life. He had no regrets and no misgivings, was absolutely certain he was right and that time would vindicate him, and so was one of the most happy and contented of ex-Presidents. The vindication has come more rapidly than he thought, and to-day he stands deservedly high among great Presidents of the United States.

The adoption of the gold standard under McKinley was one of the signal triumphs of his administration.

Here I pause to pay tribute to a statesman little known by the general public, because he possessed none of the arts of popularity and apparently cared nothing for popular applause. I mean Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island. He was thirty years in the Senate. He had that incalculable element of independence which came from the certainty of continued backing in his own State. He was a close student and finance was his hobby. The ambition of his life was to place the currency system of the United States upon a wise and permanent basis which would prevent panics and furnish an elastic currency whose expansion and contraction automatically would be equal

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to every demand and every crisis. As the result of his great experience, his profound study, his analytical mind evolved the reserve system. The failure to secure its adoption was a disappointment more acute than even his best friends understood, because he was one of the most reserved, reticent and self-contained of men, and he retired voluntarily to private life. There is very little of the administrative acts of President Wilson with which I agree, but he certainly deserves lasting credit for making one of the fundamentals of his scheme of government at the beginning the settlement of the currency question. He had a power over Congress equal to that of Gen. Jackson. In this case, it was a useful autocracy and it forced through a reluctant Congress the Federal Reserve Act. It practically settles for the future our financial system upon a proper basis. The work of Senator Aldrich contributed much to this Act. There is no more remarkable illustration of the power and continuing strength of a mighty personality, even when wrong, than that it took this country, with generation after generation of vigorous thinkers and independent actors, from 1832 to 1914, eighty-two years, nearly a century, to correct the evils and remove the effects of the arbitrary acts and imperial whims of Andrew Jackson.

Important as was the currency question and

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our financial conditions, the railroad question, still unsettled, is of greater moment to the country. In all ages of the world, transportation routes have built up empires, great cities and prosperous communities, and the change of them has led to their decay and ruin. The railway has largely taken the place of the water routes for transportation, because the railroad can go anywhere and is not dependent upon nature. At the close of the Civil War, our railway system was in its infancy, but now it has 250,000 miles in operation, an investment in round numbers of twenty billion dollars, gross revenue of three billion dollars, two millions of employees directly on the payroll and two millions more indirectly but nevertheless equally dependent upon railway prosperity. In other words, about twenty millions of men, women and children of our one hundred millions are dependent directly upon the railway treasury for a living. They carry yearly one thousand millions of passengers, with a safety that is a marvel. While they have crossed the Continent and reached and developed vast interior territories, yet their work is still incomplete. As irrigation and water power are understood and permitted, more railroads are absolutely required if any benefit is to come from these improvements. At least ten thousand millions of dollars more must be invested in construction and extension if the re-

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sources of our country are to provide for coming and increasing generations of inhabitants.

From 1870 to 1880 the construction of railroads was encouraged by land grants and local bounties. When the products of the farm on the market fell below the cost of production, a granger movement led to drastic legislation. When New York State presented me as its candidate for the Presidency in the National Convention of 1888, I was then president of the New York Central Railroad. Granger legislation and granger sentiment were exceedingly violent in the Middle West. A representative came from a delegation of one of these States, who said, "If you are nominated, you now being a railroad president, it will ruin our party in my State." I said, "We have got all over that in New York. Why does it survive in your State?" He said, "Because both parties have cultivated it." And further, "Every town in my State has a grange that meets weekly. The local attorneys and candidates for office address these granges upon the railroad question. We tell them that freight rates are robbery and that if their farm products were carried free, as they ought to be, it would make all the difference between prosperity and bankruptcy. We Republican lawyers and politicians have outpaced our Democratic opponents and captured the grange vote." "Well," I said, "who are your clients?" His answer

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was, "I am the county attorney of the Rock Island railroad, and that is my living."

After rate legislation, which proved a failure because it crippled the roads so that they could not render the service which communities required, came happily the commission system. I think I was the first American railroad man to advocate commissions. They were first advisory, afterwards mandatory. Then came, in 1887, the Interstate Commerce Commission. It was constructed on a wrong principle of encouraging, promoting and forcing competition among railroads, which led inevitably to the bankruptcy of the weaker lines and the ruin of the territory which they served, but has been enormously improved since, first by the Anti-Rebate Act of 1903, then by the Hepburn Act of 1906, increasing the powers of the commission and including in its authority sleeping cars, the express companies, private cars and pipe lines, and further by the amendments of 1910, enlarging still more its powers and gathering in telegraphs, telephones and cables. The powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission have also been greatly enlarged by the construction of these laws by the courts. Now the railroad in almost everything essential to its welfare is under the control not only of the government of the United States, but of forty-eight State governments. That situation is intolerable, because no enterprise, great or small,

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can perform proper service or properly develop under forty-eight masters with conflicting interests. Twenty per cent of the traffic of the United States is intrastate, or within the lines of the State, while eighty per cent is interstate and interests the whole country. The one hundred per cent should be wholly in the power of the Federal Commission. The income of the railroads was in 1914 \$3,118,920,318. Of this income 45 per cent goes to employees, 5 per cent to stockholders and the other half goes for supplies, coal, rails, cars, ties, locomotives, repairs, maintenance, interest and taxes.

Our country and conditions are so different because of the powers of the States, sovereign in many ways, that it is difficult to find precedents to guide us in the experiences of other countries. The German government has taken over all the railroads and they are government owned and controlled; they are part of the military system and its needs, and the industrial life is subordinate to the military power. Extensions and new construction which are necessary for a growing country are far behind the needs of Germany under this system. In its relations to its employees, they become a part of the high militarism of the German Empire. They are virtually enlisted soldiers and subject to martial law; their pay is one quarter that of the employees of the railways of the United States. The French government has taken over one

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line, with results disastrous to its efficiency and income. The demands of the members of the legislative assembly and powerful politicians for patronage have crowded the employment so far beyond the needs of the service that inefficiency has resulted and deficiencies in net revenue cause an annual loss to the government treasury. Great Britain has the better system, somewhat like ours, with a Board of Trade possessing power over the management, conduct, rates and conditions of the railroads. The results of the foreign systems and our own so far as the public is concerned, of which rates is the most important, are these: In 1867, the freight rates on American railroads were 1.92 cents, or practically 2 cents, per ton per mile. They have declined until in 1915 they were .76 of a cent per ton per mile, or otherwise a decline of one and one-third. They are 2 cents per ton per mile in Great Britain, 1.51 cents per ton per mile in France and 1.21 cents per ton per mile in Germany. When a mill per ton per mile makes such a difference in revenue, one can easily see how almost incalculably enormous is the difference between these foreign rates and our own to the benefit of the shippers of the United States.

I pause here to pay tribute to a locomotive engineer whom I have long known, Dennis J. Cassin. The Empire State Express, one of the famous trains in the world, has been running

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for twenty-four years. It has carried eight millions of passengers and never lost one. During sixteen years of that period Dennis J. Cassin was its engineer, and except by slight accidents to the machinery, occurring marvelously few times, has never been late and never lost a day. He was worthily the recipient, in a hot competition, of the Harriman medal for distinguished record in handling his locomotive.

I want also to pay tribute to the executive officers of the railways of the country. All of them, with scarcely an exception, have come up from the ranks. They have been advanced from humble positions not by influence, but by merit. They have little or no financial interest in the companies of which they are the executive heads, but they have a keen and conscientious sense of duty to the public, to the employees of the railways, to the stockholders and bondholders. They believe that true popularity in the administration of their most exacting duties comes from the efficiency of the machine which they manage, the service which it renders, the perfection in which it is maintained and the reasonable returns which it gives. Acting as they do in semi-public capacities, their ability, their integrity, their honor and their efficiency are deserving of public confidence.

Now, what is the matter with the railways? The problem is so nearly solved that it is most

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unfortunate it should be halted by demagogism or half-informed or misinformed clamor. The railway lives, pays its employees, buys its material, keeps its road in order, adds to its efficiency, extends its line only by the monies which come into the treasury from the rates which it is permitted to charge. This the government regulates absolutely. Just now a crisis is impending which illustrates the situation and its conditions. Four hundred thousand of the two millions of employees, the most highly paid and of high intelligence, who operate the trains, have formulated demands upon the whole railway system of the country, which will exact in addition to their present pay, one hundred millions of dollars a year. The railways can get that money only in three ways. One is to stop dividends and the payment of interest on their indebtedness, which means bankruptcy and deterioration fatal to efficient service for the public. It means the ruin of savings banks and life insurance companies and the dislocation of our whole system of credit and income. It also means the end of extensions and construction, because capital under such circumstances could not be procured at any price. Another is to cut down the train service, the shop work for repairs and replacements, the maintenance of the track and other economies, which would lay off one-third of the force and cripple beyond calculation the farming, com-

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mercial and manufacturing interests desiring rapid and regular transportation to market. The third remedy is an advance of rates sufficient to meet the expenditure. This should be in the hands of the government; it should be in the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission. That body should have full power and it should be made its duty to investigate this demand for one hundred millions, and all other demands, ascertain if they are right and proper that the whole or what part of it should be granted, and then adjust a rate which would meet the expenditure. I see no other way in which an elastic system can be created which will meet the requirements of labor and permit the maintenance and necessary expansion of the railways.

There is a suggestion that if the demand is not granted it might be enforced by a strike. I do not believe that the wise leaders of the railway organizations would go to that extreme, but if it did happen, and it might, has anyone contemplated what it would mean if all the railways in the United States were stopped? There is no city which has supplies of food for a week, nor any village or town. In two days, bread would be a dollar a loaf and meat not to be had at any price. From lack of coal and inability to relieve the congestion of their warehouses of accumulated products, factories would shut down. With the necessaries of life

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not procurable at any price, the well-to-do would be no better off than those who were dependent upon their daily wage, except for a while, while food lasted, but for those who were dependent upon their daily wage, with wages stopped and prices beyond the reach of their savings, the European war, with all its horrors, would form an insignificant chapter in history compared with American anarchy and chaos.

But let us dismiss our fears and be in harmony with the octogenarian who said the only troubles he ever had came from worrying about things which never happened. Our year of 1916 is the centenary of the savings bank. One hundred years ago the first institution of this kind was established, on December 13th. Today there are in the United States 2,159, and the savings deposited with them, in round numbers, amount to five thousand millions of dollars, five times the vast sum which Germany exacted from France after the war of 1870, and not a dollar of which has France since then, with all her prosperity, been able to pay, though she has kept up the interest. Only think, just for a moment, what that five thousand millions of dollars is, the story it tells of thrift, of economies, of little contributions made from self-denial to the provident fund; think for a moment of what it means for homes, for independence, for salvation in sickness and unemployment, for better citizenship, better man-

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hood, better womanhood, hopefulness for childhood and happiness in old age.

1916 is also the centenary of illuminating gas. I do not mean gas of the political orator, that has existed ever since Grecian and Roman times, but the substitution of gas for the candle and the lamp, for the coal stove and the oil burner, is one of those discoveries which add to contented and comfortable longevity. Speaking of longevity, I had occasion to take issue with a citizen who a few months ago retired from business and gave up a large salary at sixty. He claimed that a man's powers begin to diminish at fifty, and before he became inefficient and miserable, he should devote the rest of his life to rest and recreation. I have been a close student of this question for many years. The result of these studies has convinced me that the mental, physical and moral powers of men and women either grow or deteriorate; nothing stands still. One occupation can be substituted for another, but so long as one lives, he must have something to do which will occupy his mind and his muscles. He cannot play off his muscles against his mind by giving his days to golf and his leisure to mental rust, nor play off his mind against his muscles by giving his days and nights to reading and study while he becomes anemic and an invalid. But I make an exception because we have no data covering that period. I saw a few days

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ago in the paper that a Mr. Britton of Plainfield, New Jersey, has been an active citizen not only in his business but in every department of the neighborhood life until he has reached the age of 102. He declared that then he intended to retire and devote the rest of his years to recreation. I have a suspicion, however, that Mr. Britton is making a mistake. Peter Cooper's appearance on the platform, with his rubber ring on his arm upon which he sat, when he was in the 90's, and the active interest he took in the welfare work which was the object of the meeting, were inspirations for hope and effort to the whole audience.

I had an interesting talk some months since with one of the ablest jurists and most distinguished Democratic statesmen in the country. I said to him, "It is seldom that duty and sentiment work together." The occasions are rare, almost isolated, in public life where partisanship can be laid aside and recognition given to eminent merit, accompanied by recognition of the broadmindedness and impartiality when he had the opportunity, of the citizen to be honored. Taft as President, following the habit of a lifetime, was always judicial. The ambition of his life had been to be upon the Supreme Court of the United States, and he had for it the reverence of a distinguished judge and a trained lawyer. The ambition of every member of the bar is to reach that court and be one

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of the nine who constitute this wonderful tribunal. Three vacancies occurred during Taft's presidency, one of Chief Justice and two of Associate Justices. He filled them all with Democrats, and the highest place he gave to a Democrat who had also been a Confederate soldier, but whose eminent fitness was recognized by everyone. Mr. Taft is now at the zenith of his powers. To have an ex-President who had also demonstrated in a long career eminent judicial qualities in that court, would be something so unique, so beyond all the possibilities of ever happening again, that it would arouse among the people a study of that tribunal and acquaintance with the wonderful service it has done and is doing for the country and would enormously strengthen it in the popular estimation. "Do you think it possible," I said to the judge, "that under these conditions, with the tremendous pressure there will be, if a vacancy occurs, from party friends and party leaders, would it be possible to find reciprocity for this broadmindedness of President Taft?" There is no doubt that the disappointment to his party friends caused by his appointment of these Democrats was one of the causes of his defeat. The judge said, "If the opportunity occurs, I am going to do my best to have the President place Mr. Taft upon the Supreme Court." The vacancy occurred, the judge was eager, and associated with him most of the ex-

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ecutives of the bar associations of the United States, but their request was met with the emphatic statement that no one but a Democrat would be considered.

Shakespeare, St. George and I were born on the twenty-third day of April. I said to an eminent authoress, noted for her seriousness and lack of humor, "Unfortunately St. George and Shakespeare are both dead and cannot enjoy this anniversary of theirs and mine." She answered, "But I know that." This is Shakespeare's 352nd anniversary and my eighty-second. No mere mortal of any age, race or country ever contributed so much to the mentality of the world, to its culture and pleasure, to the inspiration of millions of men and women, the indication of their careers and eminence in their careers, as William Shakespeare. It is singular that he is more appreciated and better known in Germany to-day than in Great Britain, and as well known in France as in England. His works are in the libraries of English-speaking peoples all around the globe, and if there can be in that household only two books, one is Shakespeare. We Americans can congratulate our country that we have contributed to the stage the most eminent dramatic critic of the action of Shakespeare's plays of our generation, and probably of any generation, in the venerable William Winter, and it was a distinguished contribution to Shakesporean lore when the professor of a

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Nebraska college and his wife spent months rummaging among the musty records of the law courts in London and discovered these contracts and deeds reincarnating Shakespeare in the daily activities of his time and presenting copies of his unique and remarkable signature and his carelessness in spelling his name. I was a student at Yale when Miss Bacon started the controversy to prove that Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon. Libraries have since been filled, cryptographs have been written and deciphered, cofferdams have been built on the Thames to find on the bottom of that historic river where Bacon concealed his original manuscripts, and yet on his 352nd anniversary Shakespeare is better known than he was in life, his reputation more secure, his authorship more completely decided, than ever before. The imagination which is Shakespeare is not Bacon; the philosophy which is Bacon is not Shakespeare. If, as I believe, those who have crossed the great divide take cognizance in the other world of what is happening here, surely on this 352nd anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, when it is being celebrated even amidst the alarms and horrors of the greatest war of all time, Shakespeare and Bacon must be viewing the scene together, and we can hear Bacon say, "William, my books have gone out of fashion, yours are more alive than they were when you were on earth. If some ardent con-

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troversialists and enthusiastic namesakes of mine had not yoked me with you, I should be to-day dead in name and fame. I trust, William, with that amiability which was your characteristic in life, you will recognize that this service to me has done no harm to you."

It has been the custom for many generations in the United States Senate to have Washington's farewell address read from the desk on the twenty-second of February. This is done by some Senator selected by the Vice-President. It is always a perfunctory performance. I was the chosen reader six years ago; the Senate and galleries were crowded, but it was an audience paying respect to the memory of the Father of his Country and little or no attention to the message which he left his countrymen. When this year that message was read, it was so apt and applicable to the times and conditions that it seemed as if George Washington was reincarnated. His advices as to foreign relations and preparedness at home, not for war but for safety, were as timely in 1916 as they were in 1796, when he gave this address to his countrymen and their descendants.

Fifteen nations, eight-tenths of the professing Christians and all of the great powers and militant sovereignties outside of the United States and the South American republics are slaughtering each other, destroying property and ruining civilian populations. When the war

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is over and peace reigns there will be millions upon millions of soldiers returning to bankrupt nations and shattered industries to earn their living. Peace will be declared, but the militant spirit will be still mad. There will be no regard for treaties and none for nations not able to protect themselves. This country is the great prize. Its accumulated wealth, its hoarded treasures, its thriving industries will be very tempting. Its navy is unequal to the defence of the coast, its harbor defences inadequate, its army insignificant in numbers and munitions of war practically non-existent. The big guns invented during this conflict destroy cities twenty miles distant. Armies carry as part of their equipment guns which can shoot shells filled with shrapnel or poisonous gases five miles distant with an accuracy that will hit the mark intended within a radius of one foot, while the machine guns sweep every living thing in front of the attacking forces. I cannot understand the pacifist. I read my friend Mr. Bryan, who is always attractive and persuasive. He says if this invading force should land, a million farmers in their Fords would meet them and drive them into the sea. I am afraid then would be a practical answer of the suggestion why a Ford machine is like a bathtub, because everybody wants one and nobody wants to be seen in it. Our friend Mr. Ford, with the best intentions in

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the world, would take a committee of automobile manufacturers from Detroit, a few clergymen and suffragettes and stand in front of the onrushing hosts of the enemy and say, "Boys, stop, this is not fair," and of course the enemy would disperse and take to their ships and go back to their homes.

Preparedness means simply a navy sufficient and not too great to meet the enemy in the open ocean, beyond the coast lines, and an army which would be equal to any possible immediate attack and the nucleus around which could be gathered a force so great that successful invasion would be in the minds of any general staff of any military country absolutely futile. Such preparedness is not aggression, nor is there the slightest evidence of an aggressive spirit among the American people. Behind this preparedness, recent occurrences and experiences have demonstrated that one of the greatest duties of our press and our schools, of our congresses and of our legislatures, of our patriotic men and women, is to cultivate Americanism.

The most remarkable development of this war has been the revival of national spirit and devotion to national ideals among the belligerents. In Great Britain all parties are welded into one. In Germany the socialists stand side by side with the junkers for Kaiser and Fatherland. In Austria there is a fierce

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nationalism among its many races for the first time in generations. In Italy the people forced the Government into a life-and-death struggle for territorial unity. The French have risen to heights of patriotism and universal sacrifices of life and property for France unequalled since the Spartan mother sent her son to battle with the injunction to return with his shield or borne upon it by his comrades. With us unprecedented prosperity, unequalled distribution of wealth to capital and labor, and general self-satisfaction and content have paralyzed for the time the traditional Americanism which counted the honor of the Republic and the safety of its citizens beyond all other considerations. I have met with men of large affairs from all parts of the United States who said we better suffer any indignity or outrage rather than stop this business boom by war, and others who echoed this surrender of honor and right rather than have their sons drawn for battle. If the farmers who fought at Concord and Lexington had felt this way, "the shot which echoed round the world" would never have been fired and there would have been no Republic of the United States. If the generation which brought to a successful conclusion the Civil War, had so valued their citizenship, a divided and hostile country would have taken the place of a government now more than ever the ark of liberty and the

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hope of the world. A nation prepared to defend or enforce its rights need never have war. Granted an adequate army and navy for immediate use, and a nucleus for rallying our exhaustless resources and the potential power of the United States will never be challenged. That has been our experience in the past, with Austria in the Koszta case, with Louis Napoleon when our threat drove his army out of Mexico, with Great Britain when Cleveland's message forced arbitration.

Patrick Henry's speech with its peroration "give me liberty or give me death," Daniel Webster's oration with its soul-stirring climax, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," were for generations past part of our schoolbooks, known by heart by the schoolboys and spoken in roadside schoolhouses and at every high-school and academy commencement. Education is the foundation of citizenship, but its overelaboration has relegated essentials to the rear and "ics" and "ologies" to the front. Let us return to that part of the old system which would make eugenics, biologics, social service, economic theories and efficiency programmes based upon thorough grounding in patriotism, country and the meaning and spirit, the past and the future of our flag.

Speech at the Twenty-sixth Annual Dinner
of the Montauk Club of Brooklyn, in
Celebration of Mr. Depew's Eighty-third
Birthday April 28, 1917.

Mr. President and Friends:

In our lives, our domestic affairs and history, we divide time into quarter-century cycles, twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five and one hundred. Last year we closed the twenty-fifth of these celebrations which you have given in honor of my birthday. That quarter of a century is packed away. When opened by the historian, it will prove to him a mine of incalculable value in development on the material and spiritual side. For us it has imperishable memories of good fellowship and good fellows. We enter now upon the second cycle toward the half century. Its first year threatens with destruction or changes difficult to imagine the wonderful advances, reformations and developments in civilization during the period of its predecessors.

There is no study so fascinating as history, and none so unreliable. A distinguished economist has said that figures will not lie unless a liar makes the figures. History depends upon the historian, not only on the facts as he narrates them, but upon the grouping which he gives to

them and the lessons which he draws. Macaulay said substantially that all historians are liars; he cited especially the ancients through Thucydides, Livy, Tacitus, Xenophon, Strabo and Sallust. They illustrate their stories by speeches which they manufacture and put in the mouths of their statesmen and heroes. The only one to whom Macaulay gives absolute credence is Herodotus, the father of history. Of course, we know nothing of the period except what Herodotus tells us, but this great critic discovers internal evidence in the story so garrulously told by the old Greek of the truth of what he says and finds confirmation of it in the poems of Homer.

“What is history,” said Napoleon, “but a fiction agreed upon?” Certainly he made an extraordinary amount of it in his brief career. While the difficulties of confirmation surround and throw doubt about ancient and mediæval and in a measure modern times, our American history can be subject to the tests of memory so recent and actors so well known that each case can be tried in court. It is only one hundred and forty years since we began as a nation. I know of a man whose father saw Washington inaugurated and was familiar with the events connected with the making of our Government. His son was born when the father was past seventy, so you can easily see that the seventy years of the father and the

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same period of the son covered the whole range from 1776 to the present.

It is a trite maxim that the great state architects of the past builded better than they knew. This may be true of many of them, but certainly Washington is an exception. His writings demonstrate that he had an almost prophetic view of the future of his country. James Anthony Froude, the historian, wrote an appreciation of Washington during the Civil War, in which he emphasized that Washington was no exception to the rule, as the State which he created was crumbling in the fires of the Civil War. But events demonstrated that Washington's foresight was not misplaced. It showed that the institutions which he did so much to found and whose consolidation depended so greatly upon his initial administration of the Government for eight years, could withstand any shock, internal or external. The constitution which Washington as the President of the Constitutional Convention sent to Congress, with a memorable message, alone of all the constitutions of the century stands practically unchanged to-day. It is as adaptable as a working scheme of government to the one hundred millions of people covering a continent as it was to the three millions who at that time lived along the fringe of the Atlantic. It has proved capable and beneficent for all the vast

changes, evolutions and revolutions which have come from discovery, invention and education during the period of its existence.

We have made a mistake in idealizing Washington. The further we get from him, the more biographers and historians increase his stature, exaggerate his virtues and minimize his faults. We are already approaching Macaulay's statement that all historians are liars. No such man ever lived as the traditional Washington. It is not wise for the purposes of instruction and to present examples for youth to follow, to make the hero impossible. Years ago I used to read with wild delight the fascinating stories which came from time to time before the public of the principal characters of history, including our own. The trouble with the author was that with all their adventures his heroes bore charmed lives, and with all their temptations they committed no sins. There is a lesson in resisting sin, as well as in repenting of it. Now and then the average man and woman trembles for fear the perfect statue of Washington may be mutilated when the delver and explorer discovers that he had some human weaknesses.

As another proof that witnesses are not all dead, I heard from General John Cochrane a story of Washington. General Cochrane's father was at the head of the Medical Service and on the staff of General Washington. He

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told his son that the staff discussed whether Washington would submit to the stories of the camp. Gouverneur Morris, who was the most audacious, volunteered to try. At the conclusion of his effort, which was very broad, he emphasized it by slapping the General on the back, saying, "Old gentleman, what do you think of that?" Washington, made no answer, but arose and left the room. The story proves that Washington's idea of the dignity which belonged to his position was very high, and that he understood that familiarities of this kind would destroy his influence and prestige. On the other hand, we know that at the battle of Monmouth, when General Lee was traitorously suffering defeat, Washington rode upon the field and in a towering rage called him a "damned poltroon," put him under arrest, changed the tide of battle and won the victory. I knew an old gentleman many years ago who said that when Washington, as President, made his tour of New England, he stopped at his father's house, and that after dinner he took him, then a little boy, upon his knee and sang to him a well-known ballad of that time called "The Derby Ram." The adventures of the ram and the greatness of the singer left an indelible impression of a real man on the memory of this boy.

Washington grows in stature with the years, because he was the most all-round great man of

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whom history speaks. Von Moltke gave credit to his New Jersey campaign as showing evidences of genius as a soldier. The testimony of all his contemporaries and of the historical facts as we know them, demonstrate that he was the foremost statesman of his period. In private life he was the best farmer, far and away ahead of all his contemporaries, and also the ablest economist. The even superiority of all his gifts prevented a spectacular display of some quality which often places a man in the first rank of history. But the mental philosophers have now decided that one-sided genius is a species of insanity. As President of the Constitutional Convention, he brought its deliberations to a successful close. By his appeal through the officers of his army to the different States, he secured the adoption of the Constitution. By his administration of eight years, he guided the tottering footsteps of the infant Republic until it could stand and go alone. His farewell address is still quoted as the supreme advice for all critical occasions. It was quoted in the Civil War to sustain the Union; it has been quoted for stability in finance and credit; it is universally quoted to-day in justification of preparedness.

It is difficult to understand the pacifists. One-half the losses of the Civil War were due to the Government being unprepared to sustain its life. If Great Britain had been at all

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prepared, this war would not have happened. There have recently been published startling figures of the losses in this great conflict. They are put in round numbers at ten millions of men, but the losses of the Entente Allies have been much greater than those of the Central Powers, that is, Germany, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria. Experts are united in the statement that this discrepancy is due to the enormous slaughter which came to England France and Russia because of their unpreparedness as against the perfection of the German organization.

Democracy means equal privileges and equal obligations. If we had a system of military training like Switzerland, we never would have a war. The training itself would be of incalculable value to our young men. It would teach them the lessons of discipline and obedience, and, above all things, it would impress upon them the supremacy of the law. It would promote democratic equality and remove class prejudices. In the same tent would be the son of the millionaire and the poor man, the son of the lawyer and the mechanic, the son of the college professor and the farmer. "Comrade," with all that means of mutual understanding, mutual help, mutual regard and mutual devotion to each other and the common welfare, would insure the safety, peace and progress of the Republic.

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Twenty-three years ago, in the second year of our anniversaries, there was held at Chicago the great exposition to celebrate the four hundredth year of the discovery of America by Columbus. In delivering the oration, I had before me 125,000 auditors. The imperceptible movements of such a vast crowd makes hearing difficult. I found, however, that it is possible to reach thirty thousand. One can without egotism speak of how kindly age has treated him. The speakers whom I have heard who were eighty or over have found a weakness in their vocal chords, both as to the distance at which they could be heard and the time they could talk. I was called upon suddenly and without notice to speak at the Republican National Convention in Chicago last June. The great hall seated fourteen thousand, and several thousand more stood in the aisles and upon the platform. It was one of the surprises as well as one of the pleasures of a lifetime to find that, past eighty-two, the carrying power and the resonance of my voice were so absolutely unimpaired that I was one of the very few who easily filled the vast auditorium.

Next to Washington, Lincoln is more quoted in this great crisis than any statesman in any country. His name is frequently heard in the House of Commons and in the French Chamber of Deputies. Asquith and Lloyd George have both fortified their position by Lincoln, and so

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has Briand in France. The most influential of the serious publications of Great Britain has condensed its views and its advice to Lloyd George on becoming practical dictator by republishing the letter so wonderful in its frankness and human nature of President Lincoln to General Hooker, when he placed Hooker in supreme command. There is no human document like it.

We are dangerously idealizing Lincoln. His last birthday a few months ago was fruitful in alleged and impossible utterances and actions. These utterances and actions, if Lincoln were alive, would make him fearful of his fame and wonder who the authors and speakers had in mind. I knew Mr. Lincoln and with considerable intimacy his surroundings. I was Secretary of State of New York during part of his administration and much in Washington. I was a devoted adherent and admirer of Lincoln's Secretary of State, William H. Seward. It was also my privilege to know well his Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase.

Mr. Lincoln's first evidence of greatness was in placing in his Cabinet the most prominent candidates against him for nomination for the Presidency and also adding to their number a distinguished and uncompromising Democrat. Mr. Lincoln was little known in the country, while Seward and Chase were household words. Mr. Lincoln knew perfectly well that several

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members of his Cabinet were constantly plotting to prevent his renomination and secure it for themselves, and yet he ignored their treachery and strove to get from their great abilities the best administration of the departments of which they were the heads. When the disloyalty of Mr. Chase became so prominent and pronounced that it could no longer be ignored, instead of dismissing him, he made him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

We can account as a rule easily for self-made men, but Lincoln was a miracle. No man ever rose to such great heights from such unpromising beginnings and surroundings. He had all the strength of character, the ability to resist temptation, the discrimination between right and wrong and the inflexible loyalty to the right which characterized the pilgrim Puritans of Plymouth Rock. On the other hand, he never rose above or got away from, or tried to, contact with the plain people among whom he was born and with whom he passed his early life. This discipline and experience were of incalculable value when he became President of the United States, because he knew how the average man and woman would think and act in any conditions. The result was that he could always appeal to the common sense of the crowd and overthrow all his adversaries by putting his thoughts into words and illustrations familiar to the ordinary mind.

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There were two Lincolns, but wholly unlike Stephenson's creation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The characters in this fiction are the extremes of bad and good. The two Lincolns were equally extreme and distant from each other, but both were good. One was the all-round hale fellow well met, full of cordial sympathy, possessing a limitless wealth of stories, a faculty of fitting his story to the argument so that it destroyed his adversary, and sympathy with others characteristic of a big and generous heart. He was neither particular nor delicate about the story if it fitted the case, as it always did. One of the amusing things of that time when I was in Washington was the frequent revelations from the Cabinet of horror, dismay and indignation of the always dignified and decorous Chase when the President would convulse the Cabinet and end a discussion by one of these stories. He said to me, and it cannot be too often repeated: "They say I tell a good many stories. They say it lowers the dignity of my office, but I have found in the course of a large experience that plain people (and repeating with deep emphasis—*plain people*), take them as you find them, are more easily influenced through the medium of a broad and humorous illustration than in any other way, and what the hypercritical few may think I don't care."

The other Lincoln was a statesman and a

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poet, dominated by spiritual influences, who made the most beautiful tribute to peace and the necessity of successful war to maintain it in his second inaugural address, and that wonderful prayer poem and oration combined which linked the living with the dead in their hopes and aspirations in his Gettysburg address. Let us hope that the historians of the future will not so dehumanize the most human of our Presidents as to present to posterity an impossible Lincoln.

It would be an interesting inquiry what books, or book, have influenced the lives of the readers. It is well known that Mr. Lincoln was a careful student of the Bible. His style was formed upon the wonderful English of the Westminster translation. The great Duke of Marlborough gained all he knew of history from Shakespeare. He never read anything else. The Shakespeare history, changed, modified and adapted for dramatic purposes, was probably quite as accurate as most of the histories of Marlborough's period, and for a man of action, as this great general was, full of inspiration.

I had an interesting conversation with one of the most eminent British authors. He told me that of all historical characters, ancient or modern, Mr. Lincoln was to him the most interesting. He said that he had read everything he could find in regard to him, but

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expressed the greatest regret that Lincoln's partner, Herndon, had ever put in print his reminiscences. It was an ordinary, common and rather sordid view of his hero that he did not want to know. When I read the English author's books, and he wrote several biographies as well as histories, I found that he had idealized all his characters. He had taken out of them the human element; they were not people with whom one would care to take a journey or spend an evening, and especially, live with.

When a boy I read Parson Weems' "Life of Washington." It is the only biography that has the cherry-tree story. Modern criticism and investigation have discredited the facts narrated by Parson Weems. They have been particularly vigorous in overthrowing the story of General Washington cutting down the cherry tree when a boy, acknowledging to his father the act and saying, "I cannot tell a lie." That little narrative has quickened the wits of all the humorists in the world. It has been the inspiration of more sermons, Sunday School addresses and preachments to the young than any other anecdote. Countless mothers have repeated it to their children or used it as a corrective to that testimony to moral depravity, the tendency of children to lie. Parson Weems did a great service to humanity when he either heard that story first hand or dreamed it as one of the possibilities of his hero.

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One of the most entertaining and interesting men I ever met was Labouchère, for many years a distinguished member of Parliament, English politician and editor and proprietor of *Truth*. He was an attaché of the British Embassy at Washington during Lincoln's administration. The British Ambassador was Lord Lyons, one of the most courteous, dignified and formal of men. The Ambassador frequently dined alone, but had all the courses, ceremonies and dress of a formal dinner. Labouchère said that one evening, while dining, Lord Lyons was astonished by the butler announcing the President of the United States. Mr. Lincoln followed the announcement into the dining room and took a seat. Lord Lyons was, of course, astonished and delighted. To the request of the host that the dinner be served in its entirety, the President said, "No, Lord Lyons, I came in for an informal talk. You go ahead with your dinner and I will brouse around." That visit did not get in the newspapers, nor is it to be found in the archives of the State Department, but it gave the British Government, at that time critically near intervention, a better understanding of the purposes of this wonderful President, and Mr. Lincoln a clearer view of the mind of the British representative.

It has been our habit to review the events of the year. This year, however, has been so

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full of history, and the seeds of history, that we have not the time. But there are a few things that cannot be omitted. One of them is the threatened railroad strike and its possibilities which was a crisis in our industrial life. It produced a panic and bulldozed Congress into hasty legislation affecting the interests of every man, woman and child in the United States. Like all hurried legislation, it was faulty, inaccurate and unequal to the purposes intended. We must say for the President, that if Congress at the same time had enacted the whole of his program, the result of the agitation would have been permanently beneficial to the country. Any solution of this great question is difficult, but the President's entire program took our most dangerous and critical industrial element out of politics into the calmer region, and juster one of arbitration, judicial review and decision.

The Government has wisely undertaken to regulate this great transportation system. The evolution and devolution of this problem is most interesting to me. At first as attorney of the railroads I presented their case. In arguing it, I became convinced that not only for the public, but for the railroads themselves, governmental regulation was a necessity. Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, at that time at the head of the New York Central System, was a very wise and open minded man. He has

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been abused and misrepresented to a degree, but his early life as a farmer had brought him in contact with his fellowmen in an intimate way, and he thoroughly appreciated and understood them. He first said when I presented my view to him that if the commission system became perfected, either the commission would own the railroads or the railroads would own the commission. But on more careful study he cordially assented to the commission system, and assisted in its passage. The Government has now, through the commission, taken over most of the great functions of the railway, especially its rates on which it lives, and the service which it must render. It must go one step farther, and have power to arbitrate all labor disputes and to decide as to their justice. If the advance is granted there must be by the same authority an adjustment of rates so that the railways can meet the demand without crippling their services to the public. It may take the shock of a universal railway strike to teach our people the necessity of placing a firm grip upon this question. Cities and towns, villages and hamlets, farmers, merchants, women, children, every home, factory, industry and mine depend upon absolute freedom in the exchanges of the country. The only medium of this exchange, with the exception of a very limited relief by water, is the railroads. Stop them, and it is like paralyzing

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the nerves or cutting the arteries of an individual.

Within a week after the beginning of a general strike every manufactory and mine would be stopped, every man, woman and child would be out of employment, every city and village would be without food, and the horrors of the European war would be less than the suffering from this paralysis. I believe in organized labor. It is as essential as organized capital. But we must draw the line between industrial disputes ending in strikes, and railway wage disputes ending in strikes. The employees of a factory quit, and the factory closes. Its products can be had elsewhere, the effects are purely local, but if the railways are paralyzed, then a small band can clutch by the throat a hundred millions, and tighten the grip to suffocation, and death, if they choose. This differentiation creates the necessity of the hundred millions, through their proper representatives, controlling the situation, and all who are connected with its operations.

The young man who enters the railway service enlists in a semi-public army. His position is more permanent, and for equivalent work, better paid than any other. He should, on assuming the responsibilities, remember that he has a duty to the whole people as well as to the company. Unless he fully understands and accepts these obligations he should not go with

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the railroad, but make his life work in some other line.

Among the most difficult problems which the Congress had to solve during the past year was how to impose an equitable tax to raise money enough for the enormous and unprecedented requirements of the public expenditures. Some of these were necessary, and some of them extravagant. However, all, including the pork barrel, were demanded. It is an axiom of political economy that the burdens of government should be so equally distributed that each, according to his means, must contribute. The true way to curb extravagance and eliminate the pork barrel is to have every voter feel that he is supporting the Government. If the contribution of the individual citizen is only one dollar a year, he will hold his representatives in Congress to a rigid account as to the expenditure of that dollar. We are the only great financial and industrial nation which does not possess a budget system. Other governments submit to the legislative body, with great care and intelligently tabulated, the requirements of the Government for the ensuing year. We leave many departments to present their claims, and then by a system of log rolling individual members or senators combine to put in what will add to their popularity and political strength in their districts. These combines have superb con-

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tempt for public necessities. It was necessary under these conditions to raise the enormous sum of two billion dollars for the year. The way in which a scheme was adopted is best developed by a report of the discussions of the statesmen in conference. It was suggested that the easiest tax to collect, and the least burdensome was a stamp tax upon checks, bills of exchange, receipts, and other objects of commerce. A senator said, "Never, because every voter who licks a stamp will say, 'damn the party,' and we will lose him." It was then said these world war conditions have given phenomenal profits to copper mines. Those which paid before are now paying double and quadruple, and mines which were worthless before have become exceedingly profitable, but the representatives of the copper States said, "If you touch copper you lose our States, which are now safe in the next election." So copper was crossed out. Every proposition was met and defeated by local selfish interests. Finally, one bright genius said, "Let us sock it to New York," and the suggestion was hilariously adopted. One-half the income tax was placed upon New York, and the rest upon four or five other industrial States. Prosperity was penalized, and out of one hundred millions of people, three hundred and fifty thousand were made to pay the tax. One-half of these are women and estates, so only

one hundred and fifty thousand voters out of seventeen millions sustain the Government, but they have no appreciable voice in the administration. The dozen or more commonwealths represented in the conference pay practically nothing. It was then suggested that they impose an inheritance tax. The statesmen who wished their States to receive all the benefits they could derive from being a member of our glorious Union, but at the same time to contribute nothing toward the maintenance of the Union, said, "Let us begin an inheritance tax at fifty thousand dollars because there are not enough people in our States who die leaving fifty thousand dollars to affect our party or our re-election." Edmund Burke was one of the supreme intelligences of the past. He was a great statesman, he was one of the few courageous men in public life, who, knowing that he was right, refused to obey the instructions of his constituents, but he went home after his vote, and succeeded by his broader view and larger understanding of the case in converting them. Edmund Burke uttered this great truism, "It is as impossible to tax and be popular as it is to love and be wise," but there were no Edmund Burkes in the sixty-fourth Congress. Happily, in the new revenue bill of the sixty-fifth Congress there is more of economic wisdom than provincialism, and more of patriotism than sectionalism.

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No nation can live without ideals. These ideals come from folklore, the stories children learn about the hearthstone or education conducted by the State. The most extraordinary and wonderful effect of education in all history is the perfection of the German organization. One of the few great constructive geniuses of all times was Bismarck. His ideal of the state was divine right in the throne, and supreme power in the state over life, liberty and education. The individual must be trained so that he can be the best soldier primarily, the best artisan, the best writer, and the keenest philosopher, but all these for the development, the expansion, and the power of the government. When the few who govern decide that world power for themselves is necessary for the state, and the best thing for the rest of the world, this education, commencing with the kindergarten, and never stopping, produces as we see to-day a solid and determined population prepared to sacrifice everything, to approve ruthlessness and frightfulness, and breaking of treaties and invasion and devastation of peaceful countries, and all other things necessary for success because their Kaiser and military staff want the largest place in the sun.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen will live through the ages as the most tragical and productive of years. It includes the realization

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of nineteen centuries of hope and aspirations. Ideals have become realities. The impossible of the past is the automatic function of the present. The Easter of the Cross was a failure with the world in the thralldom of autocracy, tyranny and despair, but its dynamic truth working through war, revolutions and sacrifices have made the Easter of to-day the millennium of liberty.

It is a glorious privilege to live now. Prussian militarism last year imprisoned Liebknecht, but listens now to speeches in the Reichstag far more revolutionary than the utterances for which the Socialist leader lies in jail. The Chancellor promises reforms, and the Kaiser says that for kingship by divine right to share power with *vox populi, vox Dei*, is near his heart, and intimates that it may be a new revelation of the will of God. But it may be the handwriting on the walls of the palace.

Christianity has been challenged by the world tragedy, but through it the people have found their souls.

Great Britain has awakened to effort and sacrifice for the fundamental rights of humanity beyond the dreams of her most advanced thinkers. The thought and action of an empire in arms was expressed by the dying soldier. Torn by shrapnel and mutilated beyond hope, the Red Cross nurse bent her ear to receive his last message for the loved ones at home.

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He was far above that. This humble Tommy, one of the millions fighting on many fronts, a pebble among the sands on the shore of human effort, concentrated the common ideal of his countrymen around the world, at home and in the colonies when he whispered, "I have done my bit."

Evolution which developed by painful processes through the ages now materializes over night. Things neither imagined nor dreamed of yesterday are the commonplaces of to-day. If the period of miracles has passed, events which are on the borderland of the miraculous are of frequent occurrence.

Since the formation of our government the representatives of the United States have gone to European capitals when the subject was of world interest. To-day is a new epoch in our history. We have entered as an ally into this supreme contest, and in recognition of our power and place the special ambassadors of the great nations meet in Washington.

Two weeks ago Great Britain welcomed the entrance of the United States into this war for liberty, humanity and civilization by entwining her flag with the Stars and Stripes over her Houses of Parliament, and in ancient St. Paul's Cathedral the King and Queen, the Prime Minister and his Cabinet and Lords and Commons, the Navy and the Army, the Church by its head, the Archbishop of

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Canterbury, the Courts by the Lord Chief Justice, and the earth-encircling empire of self-governing colonies by their representatives, rose and sang the "Star Spangled Banner."

In the other world, where scales have fallen from eyes and clear vision prevails, the two Georges, George Washington and George III, must have clasped hands and made the heavenly ether wave with spiritual cheers.

I have seen historic pageants and processions. The most wonderful and significant of them all was at the close of the Civil War when the Union Army marched past the President and Grant and Sherman and Sheridan at Washington, the Union saved, to be mustered out and return to their homes and peaceful pursuits as citizens.

The celebration of the fiftieth year, and the diamond jubilee of the reign of Queen Victoria were tributes by land and sea to her as a sovereign and woman, and the wonderful progress in popular government, in the arts and sciences, and in the expansion and development of the Empire during her reign.

But more remarkable, and equally significant is this wonderful Russian procession from savage settlements beyond the Arctic Circle, from prisons and convict camps, from mines and solitary huts, of men and women, of boys and girls, on sledges, and on foot, hurrying through the snows and biting cold of Siberia

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to home and freedom. The martyrs of liberty suddenly released from bondage and torture by the people's government as suddenly organized and victorious. The pomp and splendor, the brilliant uniforms, the inspiring music of other pageants are not here. They are clothed in rags, they are partly naked, they are unwashed and unkempt. Many have been condemned by court martial, more by police edict without trial, all by ruthless tyranny for daring to speak of liberty or suspected of thinking of liberty. A free people over night without passion or bloodshed plant their own government upon the crumbling ruins of a thousand years of oppression and suppression. Old autocratic Russia has found her soul.

We reverently raise our hats to Cardinal Mercier, and greet with cheers the King and Queen of the Belgians, an immortal triumvirate worthily representing the indomitable spirit and courage of an enslaved and stricken people.

History has frequent records of peoples struggling for freedom. The instances are rare of nations fighting for their lives. The conspicuous example of heroic death in resisting the invader is the three hundred who fell at Thermopylæ. Their courage and fate have inspired all succeeding generations, and their story is ever fresh and absorbing, as is that of Jeanne d'Arc, the maid of Orleans. Future historians will in their equal valor and eager-

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ness to do and die for their country couple France with the Spartan heroes.

After forty years of republican liberty, the French people, men and women, with unequalled and unexampled unanimity are giving their all to save France. The story of the defence of Verdun for three years against the best organized and best led army of modern times is one of the most brilliant and inspiring chapters in the history of heroic patriotism. In the devastation, ruthless ruin and tortured population of the villages and fields from which the enemy has been expelled, the victorious soldiers see the fate from which they saved the rest of the country. France, thirty years ago, presented to us the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. The light of the statue illumines only our harbor of New York. The soul of France shining through her faith and her work enlightens the whole world.

It is always a privilege to be an American citizen; now it is a distinction. The Autocrat and the War Lord declare war on short notice, and then call on their subjects to fight. Democracies go into war on the deliberate judgment of the people after every effort for peace has failed. The Emperor of Austria gave Serbia twelve hours, and then began hostilities. The Emperor of Germany limited Russia, France and Belgium to a few days. The United States waited and endured, suffered and pro-

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tested for two years and a half, until Christian patience could no longer be justified and righteous wrath no longer restrained. We enter the war to protect our fundamental rights and liberties, and to win peace upon a basis so sure and permanent that people can live their lives and enjoy their liberties unmolested in this world. It is a war for freedom and humanity. When peace comes with victory, if there are questions of territories, we want none; if indemnities are demanded, we will not share. It is a glorious result that the English-speaking peoples of the world are of one faith and fighting for common ideals. Americans, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans are united to end forever the doctrine that might makes right. All English-speaking people have a common heritage in Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, and the results of the revolutions which have democratized the institutions of Great Britain. But we Americans have contributed immortal principles of liberty in which they all equally share. In the cabin of the *Mayflower* a little band adopted, and now most of the world acclaims, "a government of just and equal laws." One hundred and fifty-six years of the development and practice of this idea produced the immortal Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed,

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by their Creator, with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." After seven years of war had gained us our independence, the Republic was built on this foundation: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

What of the future? We will improve the education and training of the rising generation. The schools will be more practical in fitting the boys and girls for their vocations in life. God and country will be so instilled in their minds and hearts that their visions and ideals will be to protect and improve the Government which is wholly theirs. Our Government has not kept step with the necessities of our growth and expansion. While our foreign trade and the markets required by our increasing production have been created or enlarged by adventurous Americans, they have been denied protection, and informed by the authorities that they ought to have stayed at home. The shackles of provincialism are broken, and the American who is in foreign lands the agent of our prosperity will have behind him in his rights the power and prestige of his country and his flag.

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The dominant sentiment of the world will be for peace, peace maintained by democratic nations working together to keep and enforce it. President Wilson has stated the position and purpose of the United States in an address to Congress and the country worthy of the best traditions of American statesmanship. In the inspiration of the hour all differences, racial, national or political, have disappeared, and our whole people are one for justice, liberty and humanity. The tragedies of this war are frightful, but as the Divine purpose is revealed we reverently see how great and yet how light the cost for a redeemed world.

“For Freedom’s battle, once begun,
Bequeath’d by bleeding sire to son
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

Speech at the Twenty-seventh Annual Celebration of the Montauk Club of Brooklyn, in Honor of Mr. Depew's Eighty-fourth Birthday, April 27, 1918.

My Friends:

This is the twenty-seventh year in succession that you have honored my birthday. These celebrations are unique among club entertainments and I know of no other case anywhere like this. Club memberships are variable and changing from year to year, but no matter what the changes, there has never been any diminution of the sentiment which led this organization twenty-seven years ago to give me this most gratifying of compliments—a commendation of the past, a cordial recognition of the present and a hopeful Godspeed for the future.

There is nothing that prolongs life more than having an object to live for. This affects the will, and it is the common experience of doctors that the will is the greatest enemy of death. The mother is pronounced hopeless, but she says, "I will live until my son returns." Against all the predictions of her medical advisers, that son circles the globe and arrives in time to receive the blessing. The proof that it was the will power that sustained his

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mother is that she rarely lives an hour after the purpose for which she has made this tremendous exertion has been accomplished. Many a man of an intense partisanship has made a vow that he would not shave or cut his hair until his favorite was elected President. With that sacrifice of his personal appearance, is a determination to see the inauguration of his political idol. The more repulsive he grows and the more annoying the curiosity of all whom he meets, the more bitter is his determination to live until he can celebrate the event by appearing in a normal way among his neighbors and friends.

A period like this, covering nearly a third of a century, is full of reminiscence. All who have passed the middle period live largely in memory. We do not appreciate how much of the conversation of the world is made up of reminiscences. With most people who have achieved any distinction or won any honors, their lives and their talk begin at the point of the first decoration. You never meet a successful Tammany man who does not in a few minutes say, "Well, that reminds me of when I was first elected to the Board of Aldermen." A rural magnate tells you, "That recalls the year I was a member of the legislature." And so in a larger way from Congressman to Senator, from Senator to Cabinet, Cabinet to the Presidency. The authors of these reminiscences are not

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consciously bragging that they have held these positions. At the same time, they want you to know that they have and not to forget it. This sentiment invades the social sphere. I remember visiting a family very well placed socially, but not high enough to receive the recognition of the social leader, which they greatly craved. One day the social leader called and stayed to luncheon. Ever afterwards, when I would make any remark of the view from their house or of the beauty of their grounds, both husband and wife, almost simultaneously, would say, "Well, now when Mr. A. was here, standing where you do, he made a similar remark, but he pointed out that particular bush or tree or vista." When I called the next year, I received the same statement of what had happened on that memorable occasion in their lives when Mr. A. stayed to luncheon and praised what nature had done for their country seat and what they had accomplished themselves. In fact, their life began with that visit and there was nothing which interested them in the years preceding or in those which followed.

I was traveling through a western state, on a railway inspection tour, when at one of our stopping places the leading citizens came around. What I wanted to know, of course, were the things relating to the neighborhood which were of interest or of promise in our railway traffic, and how the railway could

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stimulate the activities of the neighborhood and its tributary territory. But the leading citizen would keep constantly sidetracking my efforts, while he recalled what occurred when he was a United States Senator, many years before, a fact which very few remembered but himself.

This tendency to reminiscence has given to the world much entertaining and valuable history. It is a sort of literature in which the English excel, the French following close after. No English diplomat or statesman would think of dying until he had published his volume of recollections. The same way in France with their men of letters. It has been essayed several times in the United States, not always successfully. The first attempt, and the best, was the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. This is one of the most fascinating of books, and the most informing. But Franklin's life was a marvelous one and he was one of the most striking characters of his generation, or of any period. A distinguished English author has stated, I think Matthew Arnold, that he regards him as the greatest intellect of the English-speaking race. No praise was ever so high, when we think of Milton, Shakespeare, Bacon and other great lights of our language.

General Grant's autobiography was a success, in fact the greatest financial success of any book ever published in America, but it is intrinsically of the highest value both as a

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revelation of the man and of a story of the most critical period in our history. It was written under the most dramatic and tragic circumstances. He had been stricken with a fatal disease, and knew it, but the will power which I have mentioned carried him through until he had completed the book. I heard that he contemplated going to Mt. McGregor, near Saratoga, and called at his house to arrange for a special train to take him up there with all possible comfort. He expressed a desire to see me, and as I was ushered into his study he was busily engaged upon his book. His voice was then almost gone because of the cancer in his throat, but he immediately began to ask me questions, and especially expressed a desire for stories or reminiscences which would relieve the strain of his work. In a little while he said, "That reminds me," and I knew then I was to be the fortunate possessor of a story from the most reticent of men. This story is pertinent to the prohibition sentiment which is now sweeping over the country. The General said, "One of the most interesting men I ever knew was U. S. Senator James W. Nye of Nevada. He had the largest fund of anecdotes and told them better and he was one of the best of political speakers. I persuaded him to stump the country for me. In telling me of his adventures, he said that he stopped at a large manufacturing town in New England

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and was entertained by the leading citizen and manufacturer. The man lived very handsomely, his dinner and also the supper afterwards were all that could be desired as to food, but water was the only drink. Nye was a bonvivant and thought little of any entertainment that did not have wine. The Senator said, 'After a long speech and then talking to all the magnates of the neighborhood, I went to bed dry as a powderhorn. I could not sleep, and as soon as it was daylight, I went down into the dining room. As I sat there the mistress of the house came in and said, "Senator, you are up early." I said, "Yes, living in the West so long, I am afflicted with malaria and I could not sleep." She went over to a tea-caddy, took out a bottle and said, "Senator, this is a prohibition town, you know, but we have malaria and I find this a good antidote. I know it will do you good."' The Senator seized the bottle with avidity and thankfulness. He settled again in his seat by the window, more in harmony with the world. Then the head of the house came in and said, 'Senator, you are up early.' He said, 'Yes, malaria, you know.' 'Well,' said the old gentleman, 'we have a cure for that. This is a prohibition town; it is a good thing for our work people; but I have a little safety in my locker,' and he produced a bottle. After the old gentleman left, the two sons came in and

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said, 'Senator, are you fond of live stock?' The Senator by that time was fond of everything and everybody. He said, 'Yes, I love live stock. I have plenty of it on my ranch.' They said, 'Come out to the barn and we will show you some.' They took him out to the barn, closed the doors, and said, 'Senator, we know you must have had a hard time last night. We have no live stock, but we have a bottle in the haymow.'" Senator Nye then said to the General, "The trouble with a prohibition town is that when you most need it you can't get it, and when it does come it is like a western flood, too much of it."

I find in reading reminiscences that the best are by men who have kept close diaries. I have just been reading two most interesting volumes of John Morley. The greater part is made up of extracts from a diary, apparently not corrected, and from letters of which he had kept copies. The diary and the letters tell in an interesting way the whole story of the trials, struggles and successes of one of the most influential men of his time, of great questions whose decisions rested always largely with him, and of interesting people whom he met. It is the regret of my life that I neglected to make these daily memoranda. There is hardly a month, commencing with my entrance into the legislature as a member fifty-six years ago, which has not been crowded with conversations

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and incidents all of moment at the time and many of them anecdotes and adventures which would have made, at least for my children, most interesting and entertaining volumes. It has been my good fortune to know many royalties, statesmen and men and women worth while during the last sixty years. The overlapping and overcrowding of the events of a busy life make it impossible to recall. As an instance, I made it a rule many years ago that dinner was to be free from anxiety and if possible full of pleasure; it was to be the one period when the wrinkles of the day were ironed out, when its troubles were forgotten and the largest measure of happiness and content carried one through the evening and to bed. My two rules were that if there was anything sad which had happened, a misfortune, an illness, a death, it must be postponed until morning. The other was that, out of the happenings of the day, I should take home a story which would carry off the evening. When you are looking for such instances and have cultivated their humor or their value, it is astonishing how many occur, and equally astonishing how rapidly they are forgotten.

When I was a boy, I knew several soldiers, veterans of the Revolutionary War. One of them was my grandfather. Their talk was entirely of their adventures in that great

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struggle, and their life began and ended with the Revolution. If you have ever met a group of Grand Army men, you find the same thing is true with them. Our American history can easily be divided into a few great periods. It is marvelous how little we remember and how little we know about them. The first period was from the election of George Washington to the War of 1812. That gave us freedom of the seas, and then came the wonderful maritime development up to the close of the Mexican War, in fact until the Civil War. From the Civil War down to the second election of Wilson was the era of industrial development and financial experiments and triumphs.

These anniversaries have passed through the administrations of Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson. The repeal of the Silver Purchase bill, which was the great event of Cleveland's administration, which ruined him with his party and led to his retirement permanently from public life, but which is a monument to his fame, seems now as distant almost as Columbus' discovery of America. Nobody now recalls or cares about the gold standard which won the election of McKinley. When it was found that the silver craze had died out and the people had been educated to a currency based upon gold, in harmony with the great financial countries of the world, there was a mighty controversy as to who was the author

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of that plank in the platform enunciated at the convention which nominated McKinley. The claimants were many and the evidence which they produced was in every case convincing. Senator Foraker, who was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, has devoted half of one of his volumes of reminiscences to proving that all these claimants are liars and frauds. Like most such planks which are with difficulty adjusted into a party platform, there is no doubt that this particular and much controverted one was placed there after much discussion and many fears and doubts. It was really an evolution, slowly crystallizing, without any apprehension at the time that it was to be almost the sole and successful issue of the canvass.

For half a century we have been wrestling with what seemed to us vital problems of trade, transportation, finance and government control of them; we have given our time and money, we have marched in processions, made speeches, written articles, carried torches with the leaking oil from the lamps running down our backs, and all because we believed the success of certain measures was necessary for the safety of the Republic. We did not fight, bleed and die in vain. Undoubtedly there was some progress, but how little it all seems to-day. The libraries are filled with the literature of the current political questions of the last half century, the Congressional Record fills

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innumerable shelves and in its pages are the speeches of the Senators and Congressmen. The whole of that literature will rest for the future upon shelves from which it is rarely taken except by the curiosity seeker and the antiquarian. No one will be interested in the result of his researches.

Has it ever occurred to you that this overwhelming tragedy through which we are passing will obliterate all past history? We feel it already. History will date from June, 1914. The literature which the world tragedy will inspire will be our reading matter for the future. During these three years and a half there is no part of the sixteen hundred millions of people who inhabit this earth who have not felt its effects. More than a thousand millions of them have been directly concerned. According to the latest estimates, fifty millions of people have died not alone in battle, but mainly by starvation and hardships in the devastated countries. Fifty millions! Equal to one-half the population of the United States have been blotted out by this war. The debts of the various countries in 1913 were about twenty billions of dollars. They were a staggering load to all the countries but the United States. A financial expert has estimated that by the end of the year 1918, these debts will amount to one hundred and sixty billions. Germany's appropriations for all purposes, civil and mili-

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tary, the army and the navy, were in 1913 between eight and nine hundred millions. The interest charge alone upon her present debt at five per cent. is sixteen hundred millions. If we add to that one thousand millions for her civil and military necessities her taxation will rise from eight hundred millions to two thousand six hundred millions if the war should close now. The increase is quite as large for all the other countries. The entire wealth of Belgium, Northern France, Serbia, Armenia and Poland has been practically wiped out. There must be in the financial settlement a realignment, restoration and reparation that staggers the imagination. We thought at the close of the Civil War that a debt of four billions would be a burden so great as to keep us under the harrow for generations. The thrift, energy, enterprise and genius of our people and our vast resources, rapidly developed, negated all these prophecies.

We have been more than a year in this war, but we have already spent and loaned over twenty billions of dollars. When the reorganization and reconstruction are completed, there will be a new era in this world, with new problems. The vital things of the past will have no relation to the present, and in the evolution of industry the undreamed of former times will be the realities of the hour. Every nation will be too absorbed in its sorrows, its

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losses, its burdens, the problems of its reconstruction and of its relations to the rest of the world and its future safety to care for the past which preceded this war.

Homer pictured the heroes and the conditions of his period so graphically and with so much of our common human nature that his epic has survived the centuries. Dante did the same for his time, and Shakespeare visualized his period. In Rousseau, Mill, Spencer and Emerson we can find the creation and crystallization of ideals for whose preservation most of the civilized world is fighting.

There are thirty-seven millions of men on the battle fronts in all the continents and seven seas of the world. The problem of their absorption, after the discipline and experience of the camp, in the economic life of nations, is to be one of the most serious which ever engaged the attention of statesmen. Therefore I believe this new world will be wholly absorbed in its statesmanship and its literature, with a world which has been devastated and is to be recreated.

The dream of the socialists, a government controlled by the principles of Karl Marx, was realized. They had their opportunity. They had Russia with her great armies, unlimited resources and absolute power. They killed or imprisoned those who disagreed with them, they arbitrarily suppressed the press,

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they confiscated property. They tried to destroy the Church and its influence and ruled more arbitrarily, autocratically and tyrannically than the Czar and the bureaucracy which were overthrown by the revolution. On the theory that internationalism is to succeed nationalism, they disbanded the Russian armies and navy and signed a treaty of peace with Germany without reading its terms, under which the ports of Russia, her mines and wheat fields and vital resources and territories, which made her a great power in the world, were surrendered to the enemy. Anarchy and chaos instead of law and justice rule a helpless people. Truly, in the great settlement which makes the world safe for Democracy, Democracy must be made safe for the world.

The German socialists, upon whom Lenine and Trotzky relied, were as eager as the Junkers and military aristocracy for the spoil and loot of Russia. The experiment has demonstrated that the safety, liberty and prosperity of any nation is in the patriotism of its people, even if need be to the limit of old Commodore Decatur's toast, "Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

It was the proud boast of Hindenburg that he would be in Paris on the first of April. His entrance into the fallen city was to impose

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upon it crushing taxes, to carry off its priceless art treasures, to overawe France and seize its accumulations of centuries for the pride and enrichment of the Kaiser and his favorites. Autocracy triumphant was to reduce the French people to industrial slavery and perpetuate military and autocratic control of the German people. The last glimmering ray of liberty in Europe was to be extinguished and all nations feel the force of German power.

If the American army enters Berlin its historic monuments and art treasures will be safeguarded, its houses and shops protected and its women treated with respect and courtesy. The German people will be summoned to form a government by the popular will in any form they wish, but upon lines which will for the present and future remove the threat of a militarism that imperils the peace of the world.

One of the most curious and interesting of the efforts of the last forty years has been the movement for peace. I found traveling on the same ship when I went to Europe over thirty years ago a peace delegation from the United States to a congress which was to meet in London. I told Mr. Gladstone about it and he said the whole idea was absurd, with over seven million men in arms in Europe alone. The convention met, but the London papers did not regard it of sufficient importance

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to note its presence. All efforts for peace during the last quarter of a century, and now, emanate from Germany. With the rest of the world they have been and are genuine and humane. With the Prussian General Staff there have been and are shrewd attempts with a vast propaganda to lull the world to sleep while German autocracy and militarism were preparing for its conquest. The Hague Tribunal originated with the Czar. The nations entered it honestly and with hope, except Prussia, who carefully and very ably avoided committing herself to anything. The result of this propaganda was general unpreparedness. England at the commencement of the war could send to the continent only one hundred and fifty thousand men. Our own situation was utter unpreparedness in trained men or munitions or any of the elements necessary for the prosecution of war. The safety of the world depended upon France. The Kaiser compelled her to dismiss Delcassé, her Foreign Minister, whom he discovered alone among statesmen of Europe saw and was trying to meet Germany's ambitions. He appealed to Queen Victoria to eliminate France as a danger to the British Empire, but met with a flat refusal. He started to take away from France Morocco, and did succeed in alienating a large part of her African colonies. This constant threat of the German army always close to the border,

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and often over the line, aroused the fears of the French Republic, so that alone of European nations outside of Germany she had for her defense an army of nearly a million of men. It was this army as a nucleus and the preparations by which it could be recruited and supplied with war material which saved to the German invasion at Verdun, "You shall not pass," and at the Marne saved for the world liberty and Christianity.

In the meantime, while all nations were seeking peace and every organ of public opinion preaching peace, the German Military Staff used it as a camouflage for conquest and behind it organized the largest, the most complete and the best disciplined army in the world, with the largest accumulation of war material for the subjugation of the world.

Day by day, as investigation probes proposals for peace, we find that they all either emanate from the German General Staff or from those in every country who secretly sympathize with German aims and desire to secure German triumphs. There can be no peace with safety which does not create a league of nations, pledged to use their power and resources for its preservation and permanence. They must also be strong enough and united enough to punish any power which attempts to break that peace and to enforce the decisions of an international tribunal before which all must come

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with their demands, their complaints and their grievances.

All successful revolutions for human rights have been made at great sacrifices of life and treasure, but they have infinitely repaid their cost. Certainly there never has been such a return as that which has come not only to the United States but the whole world from the sacrifices and sufferings of the seven years' war of the American Revolution. The Civil War was more an upheaval than a revolution, but it eliminated slavery, it removed the stigma upon our Declaration of Independence and united our people for their progressive development under free institutions. The tragedy of the French Revolution was succeeded by the glories of liberty and life and liberalism. The accumulated tragedies of this great battle between democracy and autocracy, between militarism and an ordered peace, are greater than all revolutions put together, and yet the results are to far outweigh the costs. The world will no longer be an armed camp; no longer will one method after another for peace be tried and fail.

International commerce was hailed as the solvent of international difficulties and rivalries, but its competitions increased enmities; science made its appeal, and the men of achievement and discovery of every nation met in conventions and exchanged ideas, but they did not

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reach the ambitions of militarism; it was hoped that literature would bring about, if not brotherly love, at least friendship and good will; the universities of different nations exchanged professors and eminent men of letters appeared before academic audiences and upon popular platforms of different nationalities, but they made little impression; the members of the different religious bodies of the world convened at several capitals, that thus Christianity instead of being localized might be internationalized to promote the principles of its Founder. But we have now, after all these experiments, awakened to the truth that the liberty-loving peoples of the world, who are also its peace-loving peoples, must be strong enough and united enough to keep the mad lust for conquest and power within safe limits. Each nation, great and small, can develop under this league according to its racial, territorial and ancestral conditions, but all together can bring about on earth the brotherhood of man.

Our own country will feel the effects in practical legislation of the unity of our people, fighting, laboring and sacrificing for one common great end.

Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, a very able and patriotic statesman and Chairman of the great Committee on Military Affairs, made statements which shocked the country and

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angered the President. Both the Executive and the Senator were right, because they spoke from the sources of their own information, which should have been common to both. If we had in our system the compulsory attendance of members of the Cabinet upon the sessions of Congress this controversy would never have occurred. There would have been such a union between the Executive and Legislative branches of the government in the mere process of question and answer that there could be no concealment or disagreement as to the facts which should be equally open to both.

Our shipbuilding is the salvation of our armies abroad and of our duty to our allies. The ruthless submarine warfare has mercilessly sunk one-third of the shipping of the world. Our government is making heroic and intelligent efforts to repair that loss and to meet the needs of our boys and their comrades of other countries. Suddenly the whole scheme is held up because the carpenters and their leaders demand that the President and the Congress and the army and the navy and men and women of all other trades shall remain idle and suffer until their demands, whether right or wrong, are acceded to. We will have growing out of the closer relations of this war a larger, a more liberal, a more humane understanding between capital and labor, from which each will derive their just share, and the workman, instead

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of hating his job, will have pride in his achievements.

Sixty years ago the United States had sixty per cent of the carrying power upon the ocean. At the commencement of this war it had eight. The shipbuilding necessities of the times, liberally responded to by appropriations and with the best expert talent of the country devoted to the task, will place us once more upon the seas and our flag once more in every port, and the industrial development of the country will find its outlet in its own ships and under its own flag to all the markets of the world.

There are no more intelligent, highly trained and, in their work, patriotic men than the railway managers of the country. They have little financial interest in the railroads, but enormous pride in their administration and usefulness. A singular partly ignorant and partly demagogical opposition to the roads has been retarding their development, crippling their resources and starving them, so that, when unusual and most necessary demands were made, they were found unequal to the emergency. Happily, in the selection of a chief director, a man of wide experience and liberal views was chosen. Under the necessities of the occasion, all restrictive laws have been disregarded, the railroads are acting together instead of being compelled to compete, and all

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their resources are made available for the public good. We will never go back to obsolete and barbarous regulation.

It is wonderful how great has been the influence of single utterances of great leaders. In the mass of accumulated wisdom in the writings and speeches of men of genius, it is only a phrase here and there which will survive. Garfield was an eloquent speaker and his addresses filled many volumes. I remember the day Lincoln was assassinated. There was first a paralysis of horror and then a cry for vengeance. A mad crowd in New York was rushing down Wall Street to wreck the houses of supposed Rebel sympathizers. Suddenly there appeared on a balcony of the Custom House a splendid looking man. It was Garfield, one of the finest figures of his time. The crowd hushed and his voice ringing over that immense multitude called for calmness and sanity. Its one phrase sunk into every heart and mind—"God reigns and the Republic still lives." This will be Garfield's monument. President Cleveland gave to us "innocuous desuetude." It became of universal use and, with his other saying, "Public office is a public trust," will survive his messages to Congress and his state papers. McKinley, under an unusual and unprecedented pressure of office seekers, was the happy inventor of an inclined plane from the executive office to the White

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House grounds. He inspired hope and loyalty by saying to the anxious applicant, "I cannot give you what you desire, but I hope to find something equally as good." From Roosevelt we have the "big stick" and its manifold uses in the hands of a strong executive. President Wilson gave to us "psychology." It was the psychology of peoples in their grasp of critical questions and the psychology of time for the launching of presidential views. I disagreed with the President, thinking he ought to have declared war when the *Lusitania* was sunk, that he ought to have responded by action to the outrages on Belgium, that he ought to have met more promptly the murder of our citizens and the attacks on our rights, but I recognize now that our people were not prepared, that to wake us up required two years of repeated murders of our citizens and invasions of our just rights. When, after two years and a half, the President finally declared war, on April 6, 1917, the country was not yet entirely with him; but when this declaration had been discussed in every home, and six months afterwards, in one of the ablest of state papers, the President appeared before Congress and asked for a declaration of war against Austria, the whole country, with extraordinary unanimity, applauded his action. He was master of the psychological moment.

Abraham Lincoln, in his second inaugural,

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made his mighty declaration, after explaining his settled purpose to pursue the war relentlessly until the Union was preserved, that it was to be, said the great President, "with malice toward none and charity for all." That sentiment carried the war to a successful conclusion. That sentiment reunited the hostile states and made us as we are to-day, one people, without sectional lines or differences. That sentiment is the basic principle of the entrance of the United States alongside the other free governments in this war. We want no territory, no indemnities, no rewards. We will fight to our utmost, "with malice toward none, with charity for all." This sentiment will penetrate the opposing lines; it will be more powerful than armies in disintegrating the hosts of autocracy and militarism. Those suffering and dying millions will cry as their minds open, "What are we fighting for, what gain comes to us and our children, while opposite us the Americans are fighting for liberty, humanity and Christianity, with 'malice toward none and charity for all'?" As this belief penetrates and is absorbed it will do more than guns to destroy the morale of the enemy, and bring with victory a peace of liberty and humanity.

Speech telephoned from New York City to
Seattle, Wash., May 31, 1916. Distance
3,184 miles.

At the request of the Chamber of Commerce of
Seattle, Mr. Depew delivered the following speech
per telephone, and the service was so perfect that
he could easily hear the introduction made by the
Toastmaster and also the applause with which his
speech was received.

Gentlemen:

The Metropolis of the Western Hemisphere
sends greeting to the Metropolis of the Pacific
Coast. In a space of four miles before Verdun
is being fought the bloodiest battle of all
time. Over three hundred thousand have
fallen. They have died killing each other
for their ideals. We to-night by this marvelous
invention for peace are brothers in mingled
voices across three thousand miles of country,
inhabited by a people with one mind, one love,
one aspiration and that is for the United States.
You are of yesterday and we are of three cen-
turies past, but our traditions, our inheritance
and patriotism are the same.

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the emi-
nent French statesman, said to me in Paris
that he had visited every great city in the
world, but from what its citizens told him,

TELEPHONE SPEECH

Seattle was far the largest—its boundaries ran to the Rockies. Now by telephone it makes New York a suburb.

It is said of the Ford machine that it is like a bath-tub because everybody wants one but nobody wants to be seen in it. A few days ago Mr. Ford said through the press, "History is more or less bunk. It's tradition. We don't want tradition. We want to live in the present, and the only history that is worth a tinker's damn is the history we make to-day." We differ with Mr. Ford, our traditions are of a successful Revolution for independence and liberty. Our marvelous progress and development are the results of the wisdom of the past, teaching and inspiring succeeding generations. We glory and rejoice in Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown. We reverence the men who signed the Declaration of Independence and who framed the Constitution of the United States.

Washington said in his first annual message: "Among the many interesting objects which will engage your attention that of providing for the common defense will merit particular regard. To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace. A free people ought not only to be armed but disciplined."

That is a platform for all of us to-day. In this world crisis let us all be Americans.

Speech at the Alumni Luncheon, Yale University Commencement, June, 1916.

Mr. President and Fellow Alumni:

I am not on the list of speakers to-day and the call is unexpected, but I respond because of a habit formed many years ago, and which is as strong to-day as it was from 1852 to 1856, to obey without question any order of the President of the University.

I am glad to participate with such distinguished associates. I was especially interested in the admirable addresses we have just listened to from the Chinese Ambassador and the distinguished Statesman and Jurist from our neighbor Canada. I am particularly impressed with the excellent English which these two foreigners speak. We, of the class of 1856, are here to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of our graduation. To use the well-worn phrase of the college orator, we have been engaged during that long period in battle with the world. Fifteen of us survive. In looking over the records of the class I am sure if the life insurance agent had been as active then as he is now, and could have foreseen our future, he would have jumped at a life insurance proposition of unusual promise. It is a favorite study with sociologists what professions or

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occupations tend most to prolong life. We had distinguished lawyers, two of whom attained the highest honors possible to the American Bar, by becoming Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. We had eminent educators and doctors of medicine and those who, entering into business, shared in the phenomenal prosperity of this wonderful period. But of the survivors, all but four are ministers of the gospel. Their lives have been spent in active and continuous work mainly in country parishes. They have witnessed the marvelous industrial development of the country, its accumulation of wealth and its fabulous fortunes, but have remained, like faithful soldiers of the Cross, at their post of chosen duty. They are heroes who have never surrendered to the wiles of fortune, but have steadily labored to keep their flocks from yielding to the unusual temptations of this luxurious age. They have been the leaders in their several communities of every movement for the improvement of the schools, for social betterment, for purer living and for higher ideals. Their average earnings have been less than those of the locomotive engineer on the railroad, or of the skilled mechanic, and yet they have retained their self-respect and the unbounded estimation of their fellow citizens; they have sent their sons to college and their daughters to institutions for higher

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education; they are wonderful exemplars of what can be accomplished in this world and for the world by clear conscience in noble and public-spirited pursuit, happiness in one's calling and efficiency.

One of them writes regretting his inability to be here because he says that he has passed eighty-four and, while he believes he is in good condition, mentally and physically, as ever, his congregation disagrees with him and has retired him on a pension. But happily he is getting on very well. He cannot leave in June, however, even to attend the sixtieth anniversary of his class, because on account of his venerable appearance and impressive manner he has become a great favorite at weddings and funerals and for these functions June is the open season.

The distinguished orator from Canada has thrilled us with his description of the patriotism, the sacrifices and the spirit of this self-governing colony in this great war. Our admiration is unbounded for what our neighbor has done. In proportion to its population and resources no people have ever made greater contributions and sacrifices for a great cause. Our admiration is intensified when we consider that they are far from the scene of conflict, that they are the sole judges of what they shall do, that they probably would be free from the horrors of war upon their own soil, but they respond to the danger of the great Empire of which they

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are a part, and to this peril to humanity and civilization which would reach them, as it will us, if the Allied armies and fleets should lose the battle. The great duty in this hour for us is to prepare. A nation may have unlimited resources in men and money, but in this age of organization, where all the resources of science, invention and discovery are co-ordinated into a perfect machine for invasion and conquest, these vast unprepared resources are the temptations and opportunities not for defense but for loot. I believe that we cannot keep out of this war. The growing contempt of the German military autocracy for us will lead to repeated aggressions, flouting of our sovereignty and atrocities on our citizens; to resent these, to assert ourselves, to maintain our position in the world, to do our part for future peace upon a basis of safety and self-respect we must be prepared. I went through the Civil War and the lessons given by those who participated can never be forgotten. Two years of that struggle, and one-half our losses in men and money are attributable solely to the fact that the government was unprepared. Happily our old University is as ever foreseeing this danger and the necessity of meeting it, the old graduates returning have seen these young soldiers and prospective heroes who are forming their military organizations and drilling to be ready for the service of their country.

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You younger men will inquire whether we, who have been sixty years out of college, and all of whom have passed our four-score, I having passed four-score and three, have any future ambitions. We are no more ready to lay down than we were when we left Yale. We are no longer seeking public office, or competing for the prizes of the professions or industries. My admiration has always been in increasing the years for the elevated and serene position of the oldest graduate. He receives a reverence and devotion accorded to none others. Occasionally his memory may fail him a bit. I remember a reception given in New York to the then holder of that title, old Wickham. He was ninety-six past. A distinguished Statesman who was present said to him, "Mr. Wickham, my mother was a bridesmaid when you were married." "What was her name?" asked the old gentleman. The Statesman gave it. "Oh, yes," said Wickham, "I remember her very well, that was when I married my second wife. I don't recall her name but she was a very fine woman." If it shall be my lot to reach this enviable place, I trust it will be with perfect memory, sound body and a clear head, to be an example for you all of what Yale training and the Yale spirit will do for a man.

Address during the Centennial Celebration of
the Granting of the first Charter to the Vil-
lage of Peekskill, N. Y., July 2, 3 and 4,
1916.

*Ladies and Gentlemen, and I think I may add,
My Fellow Townsmen:*

To be in Peekskill has been a pleasure for me all my life. It is a great pleasure to participate in the ceremony which celebrates the hundredth anniversary of the formation of our village government. For eighty-two years of that hundred I have been either a resident or a frequent visitor, and always deeply interested in the affairs, the welfare and the prosperity of the town. History moves in cycles, each century has its characteristic and its contribution to the advancement of the world. We have had many of them within the last thirty years. I had the honor to be the orator at the four hundredth celebration of the discovery of America by Columbus, and shared it with that distinguished citizen, veteran journalist and original thinker, Colonel Watterson, of Kentucky. I was also the orator on the occasion of the centenary of the inauguration of our first President, and the centenary of the formation of the Legislature in our State.

There is no period in recorded times during which so much was accomplished for liberty

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and enfranchisement, humanity, invention, discovery and the progress and development of the world. This century, which covers the life of our village, began with the close of the War of 1812, and ends when civilization and Christianity, and all the precious victories of peace of this century are at stake upon the bloodiest battlefields, and in the most frightful and destructive war of all time.

1916 marked a cleavage in the industrial policy of our country between the past and the future. Up to the beginning of the War of 1812 we had been almost purely an agricultural people. Our manufactures were few and very weak. The one industry in which we excelled was the carrying trade upon the ocean. Our ships were the best in the merchant marines of the world, and our sailors the most skillful and enterprising. The War of 1812 was entered upon with hilarity and hailed with the wildest enthusiasm. Peace, three years afterwards, was hailed with equal hilarity and enthusiasm. Blockade and embargo, during that period, closed our ports. There was the greatest distress in our seaport cities and along our coast; our ships lay idle at the wharfs, and the large number of men engaged in this industry were out of employment, as were the merchants and those who were dependent upon them and their enterprises. But a condition was produced, which is nearly duplicated at the present time.

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We were dependent upon Europe for our cotton, woolen and silk goods, and for nearly all the manufactures in iron. Necessity led to the utilization of the water power and the building of numerous factories for the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods and some iron. When the war closed, what happened may occur again after a hundred years. Napoleon had been defeated at Waterloo and was a prisoner at St. Helena. The vast armies which had crushed him were disbanded and the troops left to shift for themselves and earn their own living. They rushed to the factories for employment. The surplus of labor led to lower wages and cheaper cost of production. To help their own industries, the Continental Nations raised barriers against English importations. The result was that this vast and constantly increasing product of the English factories was dumped into our ports. The ordinary agencies of purchase and distribution were unequal to the task of marketing, so auctions were held in every port with the result of flooding the country and closing American mills. Among the articles of which vast quantities were sold and distributed were Yorkshire cloth, Scotch muslins, blankets, flushings, plushes, taffetas, silks, jackette muslins, bombasettes, kerseys, soap, nails, salt, bed covers, tacks, pencil cases, matches, tooth brushes, pins, grind stones, cast iron pots, tea

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kettles, iron bolts, axes, hose, spades, plough shafts, lightning rods, zinc, stoves, wool and iron and pipes. As most of these things were not produced here the country had been without them during the war. Our dependence upon Europe for most of the necessities of life made an impression upon the people which they never had before. An agitation was started without regard to party, at first, to protect the cotton and wool manufacture, and next to relieve us by home production of this dependence upon Europe, which might at any time be shut off by war. It may be safely asserted that the policies, which led in time to our manufacturing at home every necessity, and to our independence of the rest of the world, was due to this rude awakening of three years of increasing privation and the grasp of the necessities of the situation which became so universal in 1816.

Another great era opened in our national development because of the experiences of the war. While agriculture was fairly prosperous, the distress, unemployment and difficulties of earning a living was very great in other departments. Soup houses first appeared during this period. The more energetic, both men and women, among the people who could find no employment moved West, where lands were free. This emigration assumed such a large proportion as to frighten the old States. In

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seeking methods to protect themselves there arose a wonderful and widespread movement for internal improvements. Canals were projected and highways and public roads laid out and opened. The effort of the States was to settle these flying people, who were among the best of their citizens, within their own borders where there was plenty of land but inaccessible, instead of having them go along the Great Lakes and to the West and Northwest. In our own State, that far-sighted Statesman DeWitt Clinton conceived the idea of the Erie and Champlain Canals and uniting the Great Lakes with the Hudson. In 1816, he had overcome all political opposition and the great work was fairly inaugurated. We must remember that water was the only means of transportation for considerable distances a hundred years ago. The Erie Canal gave to New York its cities of Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo; it settled the Valleys of the Mohawk and the Genesee; it was largely contributory to the building of all the States bordering upon the Great Lakes; it made New York the Empire State and its city the metropolis of the Western World.

In 1816 the seas were free as a result of the war. Our shipping in the ports, for the preservation of the mast and rigging during the war had tar barrels on top of the spars which were called after President Madison,

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and in derision of his war, "Madison's Night-caps." With wild jubilation "Madison's Night-caps" were universally removed, the ships refitted and the movement became so great that our exports rose in a short time from five millions to forty-five millions a year. The impetus thus given to American shipping gave us in time eighty per cent. of the carrying trade of the ocean. Our clipper ships outdistanced all others in speed and the American flag was on every ocean and in the majority in all the ports of the world. It is our misfortune and our disgrace that the American merchant marine has fallen to eight per cent.; that the American flag is unknown in foreign ports practically, and the continuing and very recent legislation, hostile to American shipping, has handed the Pacific Ocean over to the Japanese and Chinese, and when normal conditions are restored and the world is at peace will prevent any resurrection of the American merchant marine.

It was while these startling changes and revolutions, along the seacoast and in the interior, were making such brave beginnings that the citizens of Peekskill had the instinct and ambition for organization. About 1683 a masterful man, a merchant of the City of New York, Stephanus Van Cortlandt, bought from different Indian chiefs and tribes all the land between Croton River and Garrison, and

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eastward to the Connecticut line, with the exception of 1,800 acres in what is now Peekskill and vicinity, and 300 acres where the State camp is located. Van Cortlandt's grant amounted to 86,203 acres. The other land was bought by a combination, Richard Abramsen, Jacob Abramsen, Tennis De Kay, Seba Jacob and John Harxse. It was customary among the early Dutch settlers to change their names by taking the names of the places in Holland with which their families were connected. So the Abramsens became Lents and John Harxse became Kronkhyte. The major part of this became the property of Hercules Lent, who was the son of Richard Abramsen, Abramsen having changed his name to Lent from the town in Holland from which he came. Kronkhyte married Lent's daughter and one of his heirs. In the division of the Ryck Patent, the Kronkhyte property extended from the McGregory's brook which runs down Center street and ran southward beyond the present limits of the village and included what is now known as Depew Park. Kronkhyte was my ancestor and through him I am very proud of being among the first settlers of Peekskill. The Indians of this neighborhood were of the Mohegan Tribe; they were divided into smaller tribes but confederated together with a federal relationship with the six nations on the Mohawk. Chief Sachus was the Chief

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governing all the land from Verplanck's Point to Anthony's Nose. His chief village and residence were here and named Sachus. His neighbor and relative to the south was Chief Knoton who governed the territory covering the mouth of the Croton and joining Chief Sachus' territory at Verplanck's Point. The corruption of Knoton into Croton by the English gives us the present name of the water supply of New York. The 1,800 acres of land purchased by these men, whom I have mentioned, was known as Ryck's Patent, and the title was confirmed subsequently after the English conquered New York by Governor Dongan.

There was not much progress made in the development of our village prior to 1816. The people were farmers with some home industries carried on in their own houses for the convenience of the neighborhood. They early, however, appreciated the value of being the center of the transportation of the country round about. They extended what is now the Crompond Road to the Connecticut line and up to Danbury; they ran what afterwards became known on the north as Peekskill Turnpike far out into the country, the Albany postroad, which was the main highway and had been before the Revolution between New York and Albany, ran through the center of the village and so on through the Highlands. Our enterprising ancestors put sloops upon the

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river until at one time there was a fleet of about a dozen. This made Peekskill the market town of a territory which included all the settlements far into Connecticut. I can remember as a boy when these great arks, sometimes with two horses and sometimes with four attached, would gather up the produce of the farmers along the highways; bring it down to the sloops; purchase and carry back either purchases from New York, or from the village stores, the groceries, cloths and farm implements needed by the farmers. The early captains, who ran these sloops, were important personages in the village. They brought back from their trips to New York all the news of the day. They were the most prosperous of the people. The farmers nearer by sent their own produce to New York by these sloops; the sloop captains not only carried the produce and cattle, but marketed them in New York, so that they were both navigators and commission merchants. One of the captains, my father told me, said that a young farmer came to his sloop with one calf and also insisted upon being a passenger to sell that calf himself in New York. The one calf grew to droves of cattle and then to larger herds, too numerous for the sloops, which were driven to Bull's Head in New York and there sold. This young man became the Cattle King and then he became the largest

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speculator in Wall Street; at one time he practically owned and dominated the Erie Railroad; his accumulations at the height of his fortune amounted to twenty millions of dollars; he died poor; he was Daniel Drew. He founded academies and seminaries, but instead of endowing them with the money which he could well have done, he gave his notes and credit for their maintenance. I knew him very well and was told by one of his intimates that the reason for his building these educational and theological institutions and then leaving them in this peril was an idea that if their existence depended upon his solvency and wealth God would protect both. The result showed that the Lord disapproved of the transaction.

In 1816 navigation of the river by steam had become a success, and newer and larger boats were being put on. The first boat, the *Clermont*, made four miles an hour; the speed was increased with the years until the *Mary Powell* made twenty miles an hour. Robert Fulton, the inventor of steam as applied to navigation, had, with the financial assistance of Robert R. Livingston, built the first steamboat. He named her the *Clermont* after Mr. Livingston's home on the Hudson. When she started from New York for Albany in 1808 an immense crowd gathered on the wharf. They were all sceptics. Fulton and Livingston had

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with them on the boat about twenty friends. At first the engines did not work well, and then the boat hesitated, whereupon the crowd began to shout, "A fool and his money is soon parted, Bobby try something else,—look out you'll blow up." Suddenly, with an immense volume of smoke from the wood fires bursting out of the smokestack, the paddles began to turn and the boat shot out into the river with Robert Fulton at the helm and started on her trial trip for Albany. Those on the boat threw their hats in the air and cheered until they were hoarse. The thousand sceptics on the shore were instantly converted—the day of pentecost had come for navigation by steam. In time the steamboat competed with, and then destroyed, the sloops. It was another instance of which the world is full where an invention wipes out existing capital and investment, and with it the employment of thousands.

That remarkable genius, Commodore Vanderbilt, soon demonstrated that no individual, firm or corporation could successfully compete with him. He put a boat on to Peekskill and compelled the existing line to surrender. He was rapidly monopolizing the traffic of the Hudson when the discovery of California drew his attention to the enormous profits in the steamship business between New York and California. In a short time he had compelled all the old

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lines to surrender and was sole master of the traffic situation.

When the larger and faster steamboats had been completed, and were racing with each other, their performances were the romances of the river. Their names were household words. *The Armenia*, *The Alida*, *The Francis Sciddy*, *The Hendrick Hudson*, and *The Chauncey Vibbard*, all had their enthusiastic partisans. When I was a boy the entire population would gather on the river bank to see the boats enter Peekskill bay and disappear through the Highlands. It was usually late in the afternoon. They ran on an accurate schedule. They were so near alike in speed that in 1849 the *Hendrick Hudson* and *The Alida* raced from New York to Albany, one hundred and forty miles, there was only fifteen minutes difference in their arrival. The excitement and the wagering on their favorite boat became so great among our people that, if the Legislature had not passed an act prohibiting racing on the river, our people might have become a population of gamblers.

The steamboat never took the place of the sloops in drawing traffic to the village, but a worse blow to that traffic than the steamboat was the completion of the Harlem Railroad. It cut off entirely the Connecticut contribution and also took to itself a large section on the Westchester and Putnam side. It ran on an

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average within fifteen miles of the village and furnished facilities for reaching New York, with which the river could not compete.

That remarkable automobile manufacturer and pacifist, Mr. Ford, was quoted in an interview the other day as saying "History is more or less bunk, it is tradition. We don't want tradition—we want to live in the present, and the only history that is worth a tinker's damn is the history we live to-day." I differ entirely from Mr. Ford. It is the history of the past which makes possible the history we make to-day. The American Revolution made us a free people, and created our Republic. The Civil War cemented the union of the States and made the Declaration of Independence true in spirit as well as letter by enfranchising the slave. We here to-day can rejoice in traditions as glorious and inspiring as belong to any other part of our country. This was the key to the Highlands, and a recent writer has said that Peekskill was the heart of the Revolution. The plan of campaign agreed upon by the British Military Staff was to divide the country by the Hudson River. It was to seize and fortify the passes of the Highlands and prevent communication between New England, New York and the South. It was to accomplish this purpose that when Sir Henry Clinton had failed to break through and pass West Point on the south that Burgoyne

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came down with his army from the north and met his fate at Saratoga in one of the few decisive battles of the world. The Americans on their side built forts Clinton and Montgomery opposite Anthony's Nose, ran an iron chain across the river from Anthony's Nose to Fort Montgomery and made West Point the strongest of their fortifications with always the strongest resident garrison commanded by one of the ablest and most reliable of the Revolutionary generals. After the battle of Long Island and the retreat of the American army to White Plains, and after the battle of White Plains, and the retreat of the American army further north to the hills near the village, Westchester County, as far north as Dobbs Ferry, was in possession of the British and this included New York and Long Island until the close of the war. While from Dobbs Ferry north to the town of Cortlandt line was the neutral ground raided by both parties, and only temporarily held by either. Peekskill, with its impregnable passes north to West Point, became and continued until the end of the war the camping ground of large sections of the American army, and the headquarters of Washington, Putnam, McDougal, Lafayette and others. Through our streets passed Rochambeau and the French army on their way south to the final battle which closed the war at Yorktown, and again on their way

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north for Newport, and re-embarkation for home. On the way home the French army encamped for a while on the Crompont Road just above the village. As Rochambeau, surrounded by his brilliant staff, was about to start, he was interrupted by a Peekskill constable informing him, while waving a writ of attachment, that he could not leave without paying \$3,000 in gold to a neighboring farmer because the farmer's orchard had been cut down for firewood. With Continental currency, the only currency we had, at a discount where \$10 in gold would buy \$100 in Continental money, this made the farmer's orchard worth \$30,000. Probably for cash the whole township might have been bought for that amount. Rochambeau paid that deference of the military to the civil authority which lies at the foundation of our American institution, by leaving \$1,000 in gold and the case to be settled by arbitration among the farmer's neighbors. The neighbors awarded him \$400.

King's Ferry of row boats and batteaus ran from Verplanck's Point to Stony Point and was the only communication across the river for the Americans, so there was always a fort and garrison at Verplanck's Point. The Marquis de Castellaux, who was in Rochambeau's army, and wrote a gossipy account of his American experiences, says that coming from the south he crossed over to Verplanck's Point and was at

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once entertained by General Washington. He says that the tents of the American army, for shade purposes, were artistically festooned with branches of trees making it the most picturesque encampment he had ever seen. When he informed General Washington of his sufferings from fever and ague the General advised him to take two glasses of madeira before dinner and a glass of claret after dinner, and then a long ride on horse-back. The General furnished him with a horse and all the General's horses had been broken by himself. The Marquis says it was the finest horse, the best fitted and the surest-footed he ever rode. With the General they took ditches and fences as if sailing over the prairies and the next morning his fever and ague were gone. According to our modern standards and beliefs what cured him was the horse.

Benedict Arnold was always a favorite officer with General Washington. On account of being invalided because wounded in his leg at Saratoga, Washington gave him command at Philadelphia. Arnold lived there a life of wild extravagance and brilliant entertainment. Peggy Shippen was the belle of the city. Like most of the aristocracy she and her family were Tory sympathizers. She captured Major André when he was the master of all social gaieties and festivities while the British held the city. Arnold, about forty years old, and a

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widower, fell madly in love with Peggy Shippen. His letter, making to her the proposal of marriage, proves him to have been a man of culture and refinement, and to have possessed many literary graces. It is one of the most fervid, beautifully phrased and ardent appeals to the heart of a maiden in the literature of love. Peggy surrendered. In celebrating the event the married couple in town house and country place lived far beyond the General's means—they fell deeply in debt and were ever surrounded by the flattery of his fashionable guests and their suggestions of the hopelessness of the cause, and the brilliant future that so fine a soldier would have if he deserted the Americans and joined the British army. Arnold met General Washington at Verplanck's Point, when Washington was on his way to meet the French. Washington received him with great cordiality and offered him the command of the left wing of his army, a post of honor. Arnold said that on account of his leg not yet healed, he could not take the field and asked for the command of West Point. Arnold was smarting under a decision of a court-martial before which he had recently been tried on account of his indiscretions and extravagances in Philadelphia. Arnold expected an acquittal but the court decided upon a reprimand, though old General Van Cortlandt, who presided, and who said afterwards, "If the other members of the

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court had known Arnold as well as I, they would have voted for his dismissal from the army." Washington, on account of his confidence in Arnold and his admiration for him, administered the reprimand in such a way that a generous nature would have been eternally grateful. When Washington returned from meeting with the French Generals he stopped at the Birdsall House in Peekskill, and here one word for the present generation. In Revolutionary times hotels were called inns. They were the stopping places, and in a way the residences for the time being, of statesmen, soldiers, diplomats and merchants. The hotel-keeper was an important personage and a leader in every community. All political caucuses, all conferences among statesmen and politicians were held at these inns. Immediately opposite the Eagle on Main Street was the Mandeville House. Down Main Street, about a quarter of a mile and jutting half way across the highway was the Birdsall House. Mandeville and Birdsall were brothers-in-law. The Birdsall House had the greatest social reputation. Washington and his officers always stopped there. In fact, I think that Washington passed more time at the Birdsall House than at any other of the many inns where he was entertained. At the Birdsall House were held Councils of War, at which plans were perfected affecting not only the defences of the Highlands and West Point,

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but campaigns against New York and in the South. Arnold met Washington at the Bird-sall House, renewed his request for West Point and received the commission, departing the next day to his command.

I will not recite the whole story of the treason. It was a Peekskill boy, John Paulding, who had just escaped from the military prison in New York, who with two other Westchester men, Williams and Van Wart, effected the capture of André near Dobbs Ferry. There are few incidents connected with Arnold's treason and its failure which seem to indicate a special Providence watching over the liberties of America and frustrating the ingenuity, skill and machinations of its enemies.

First had Major André obeyed the instructions of Sir Henry Clinton, he would not have come within the American lines. Two farmers hid in the bushes and fired at a boat from the *Vulture*, which was coming toward shore, and killed one of the sailors, compelling the boat to row back to the sloop of war *Vulture*, which had brought André up to the meeting with Arnold, and was to take him back. These shots called the attention of Colonel Livingston, who commanded at Verplanck's Point, to the possibility of driving the *Vulture* down stream or crippling her, by placing a gun on Teller's Point. The gun was so skillfully placed and

handled by the gunners that the *Vulture* was compelled to raise anchor and drop so far down the river that it was impossible for André, who was conferring with Arnold, and completing the bargain for the betrayal of West Point at Smith's House, near Haverstraw, to regain the warship. He had to make his way to New York through the American lines with the plans and papers hidden in his boots. Had Smith accompanied him, with Arnold's pass, until within the British lines André would have undoubtedly escaped. Paulding had succeeded in escaping as a prisoner from New York in a British uniform loaned him by a friend. It was this uniform which deceived André in revealing himself to what he supposed was a friendly patrol. Had the blundering Major Jameson, who sent the note to Arnold, which Arnold received while at breakfast, announcing the capture of André, included the papers, description of West Point, disposition to be made by Arnold of the troops and all things necessary for its easy capture, Arnold could have destroyed this incriminating evidence, but happily Major Jameson sent the papers by a subsequent messenger and, after Arnold had fled, they fell into the hands of Washington's Aide, Alexander Hamilton. But, says the critic, if these were special Providences to save the American cause from this betrayal why was Arnold permitted to escape? It is not for me

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to interpret the ways of Providence, but it is a solution both plausible and probable that Arnold's punishment was to be worse than death. He lived for twenty-one years after his treason execrated by his countrymen and treated with irritating and ill-concealed contempt by the British. He lost the \$30,000, which were given him as the price of his treachery, and suffered not only social ostracism but bankruptcy and want. He appears last in the dramatic interview with Talleyrand. Talleyrand, about to take the ship for New York, was told that an American was a guest in the hotel. Talleyrand sent his card and called. He of course knew that Talleyrand, then a refugee, was one of the most famous statesmen in Europe. Arnold said, "Sir, I am the only American who cannot give you a letter of introduction to a friend in America. I am Benedict Arnold." Benedict Arnold was a genius as a soldier, a man of extraordinary ability. Exaggerated vanity easily offended and the fearful temptations of debt and bankruptcy to a man who had acquired incurable habits of extravagance and luxury, who wished to surround a wife, whom he adored, with the things which only wealth can procure, and who had a morality so low that it sapped the foundations of patriotism, made Benedict Arnold the only traitor in American history.

At the Birdsall House Washington commis-

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sioned as members of his staff two of the most remarkable young men of that period, Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. Aaron Burr presents a study in heredity. His father was the most noted preacher and educator in the country and though the second president, the real founder of Princeton University. His mother was the daughter of the Reverend Jonathan Edwards, the most eminent divine preacher and theologian of his century. She possessed the intellectual force and vigor of her distinguished father. His father and mother dying, Aaron Burr was brought up in the family of his uncle, also a distinguished divine. Early in life he repudiated all his early teachings and became an atheist. He became a great lawyer and Vice-President of the United States, but his moral character was bad, he formed a conspiracy to create an empire of the Western States and of Mexico, was tried for treason and narrowly escaped conviction. He killed Hamilton in a duel which he had forced and was execrated and shunned the rest of his life.

Alexander Hamilton was an original constructive genius. Talleyrand declared him to have the greatest mind he had ever met. Before he was twenty, he wrote pamphlets in favor of the Revolution and stating the reason why the Americans should rebel, which were ascribed to the ablest men in the colony. He was the confidential adviser of Washington until the

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close of the war and afterwards, as a member of his Cabinet, until Washington retired from the Presidency. He was largely the author of the Constitution of the United States and he created our revenue system so wisely that it has been little changed as it came from his creative mind. After a few months Washington, seeing the character of Burr, discontinued him from his staff.

One of the most famous sayings of the French poet Béranger is, "As long as I write the songs of the people, I do not care who makes their laws." New England has been fortunate in men of genius, who, in prose and poetry, in oratory and narrative, have proclaimed every incident of their history and made famous every field and hill and rock from Plymouth Rock to Bunker Hill. The Dutch, and those who settled with them in New York, did not have these chroniclers. Happily, however, for Westchester, Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper lived for many years within our borders. We are indebted to Cooper for the story of "The Spy," the best of his many novels. The spy was Harvey Birch in the book and Enoch Crosby in life. To understand Enoch Crosby one must know the conditions in our country during the war. There was always at Peekskill a large body of American troops, sometimes including the main body of the American Army, while thirty miles below

were the British outposts and forty miles below in New York were the headquarters of the British army. The inhabitants of Westchester were about equally divided between those whose sympathy was with the patriot cause, and those whose sympathy was with a continuance of relations with the mother country. Two regiments for the Continental and three of loyalists for the British army were raised in the county. In addition to that nearly every male was an irregular belonging to one side or the other. Under such conditions spies were invaluable and received no mercy on either side. All the accomplishments, the wonderful charm, the high position and brilliant future of Major André could not save him, nor, on the other hand, could the same considerations save Nathan Hale.

In 1777 that stirring patriot and stern old fighter, General Israel Putnam, commanded at Peekskill. He had arrested a spy named Edmund Palmer. He was of such consideration that Sir Henry Clinton sent a letter, with a flag of truce, insisting on his release. In reply was sent this famous answer: "Headquarters, seventh August, 1777, Sir: Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy, lurking within the American lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

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Israel Putnam.” “P. S.—He has accordingly been executed.”

Gallows Hill, just north of where we are, has remained ever since a memorial of this event. A spy named Strang was also hanged on the old oak on Academy Hill. To emphasize the execution and terrorize the spies, General McDougal paraded the whole army around the tree. Enoch Crosby was an apprentice to a shoemaker in Peekskill until he was twenty-one. He had fought as a boy in the French and Indian War. He returned to Connecticut and was working at his trade when he thought it his duty to join the American army. He started to walk to Peekskill and, stopping at farmers' houses on the way, learned from his hosts that there were secret meetings of the Tories and recruiting stations for the enemy. He decided that he could perform better service to his country by taking the risks of the spy, and exposing these secret enemies. He unfolded his plan to the Committee of Safety, of whom the leading members were Col. Van Cortlandt and John Jay, afterwards Chief Justice. He made but one request which was, that if taken and executed justice should be done to his memory. He was in more danger from his own side than the other, because, in order to have the confidence of the Tories, learn their plans, disclose their places of meeting, and sometimes be

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captured with them, he had to appear to his own people as the enemy's spy. He was rescued from death after condemnation several times by the Committee of Safety, or by General Washington. Of course, this had to be done secretly and dramatically by providing means of escape always attended with great peril. His services were of incalculable value. After the war, he purchased a farm of 230 acres in the western part of the county, became a supervisor and a justice of the peace and lived until past eighty-five years of age. His story was told to Fenimore Cooper by Chief Justice Jay, who, as a member of the Committee of Safety, knew every detail. When I was a boy the place where Harvey Birch hid, in the hill overlooking the village on the north, was a place of great interest and frequent visitation, and inspiration in the study of American history.

We are here to-night under the auspices of Abraham Vosburgh Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and this brings us to the service rendered by our town in the Civil War. When I was a boy there were still surviving in the village a number of veterans of the Revolutionary War. They were always in evidence on the Fourth of July and other patriotic occasions. So, we have with us to-day many survivors of the war for the preservation of the Union. We furnished two

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remarkable soldiers, Col. Garrett Dyckman and Gen. J. Howard Kitching. Colonel Dyckman received repeated commendations for gallantry in the field. I secured the appointment of Colonel Kitching as Lieutenant Colonel of the Westchester regiment, commanded by Colonel Morris. When Morris was made a Brigadier General, Colonel Kitching became commander of the regiment. After winning honors and distinction in many battles he was mortally wounded at Cedar Creek. Another officer of that regiment was Major Edmund B. Travis. I have three recollections as vivid to-day as in the past. It was a beautiful Sunday morning when the churches closed their morning services, and all the people were on their way home. They were met by boys shouting the New York papers which had just arrived, and which contained an account of the firing on Sumter. Every one grasped the terrible meaning and the frightful consequences of this bombardment. In answer to the first call of the President, a company was raised in the village and, attended by the whole population to the depot, started for the war. It is singular how soon we become dulled and indifferent to tragedies. We feel it now in this world war, when horrors of battle and of starving people, of unequalled magnitude in the past, are occurring every day and scarce receive any attention or consideration. So frequent had

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been the enlistments and departures for the front that when Major Travis, who had enrolled a company from our village boys, marched through the streets on Saturday, our market day, to the depot, the crowds engaged in marketing and buying and selling neither stopped their merchandising, nor turned to gaze at the departing soldiers, nor raised a cheer. It was an ordinary event of the times. I was adjutant of the 18th Regiment of the National Guard and received an order one evening from the Adjutant General of the State to have the regiment mustered in at Yonkers to proceed to the front in three days to assist in repelling the invasion which was stopped at Gettysburg. That regiment was composed almost entirely of business men and farmers approaching middle life and having families. In that way, it excited far more local interest than did the heroic departure of young volunteers. General Sherman, one of the most gallant of soldiers, fascinating companions, and brilliant of men, said to me banteringly at a banquet years afterward, "Tell us what the 18th Regiment of the National Guard did." "Well," I said, "General Lee and his officers were graduates of West Point. They knew from that association the history of the Highlands, and the quality of the men who lived there. It has never been ascertained why Lee so suddenly decided to cross

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Harper's Ferry and return into Virginia with his army, but it is a historical fact that this event, which ended the northern campaign of the Confederates, was coincident with the arrival of the 18th Regiment at Baltimore." This town contributed to the Union Army, during the Civil War 1,180 men out of a population of 11,074. The same percentage applied to the population of the United States to-day would put into the field an American army of over ten millions of men.

We turn from the stirring scenes of war to a brief reference to our town in peace. The ruin which would have come from the diversion of our trade was more than made up by our enterprising citizens entering the field of manufactures. While our population was long ago sufficient under the law for us to incorporate as a city, we are proud to remain as the largest village in the United States. Co-incident with material progress our people early turned their attention to education. The Academy, built eighty years ago, without foreign assistance, has for fourscore years prepared boys for college and usefulness in every department of active life. There has also come within our limits successful institutions for learning, both for young men and young women, which are known all over the country. Churches of all denominations were built and successfully continued. I recall the first minister I remember,

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the Rev. William Marshall of the First Presbyterian Church. He was born in Scotland and his accent was so broad that it was a liberal education to understand him, but he was a very learned man and a wonderful doctrinal theologian. When my mother, who was a devoted member of his church, as was her mother, told him of her approaching marriage and asked him to perform the ceremony he said, "Martha, marriage is a rabble and a rout, those who are out wish they were in, and those who are in wish they were out." That this warning of the venerable pastor made no impression upon my mother, I am a living and happy witness.

We glory in the Hudson. I have celebrated it, and incidentally Peekskill, all over the world. In order to give local color, I used to locate all my stories used to illustrate points in speeches in our village. In London the newspapers have booths in the streets and in charcoal on white paper give headlines of the contents of each. Walking one day down Piccadilly my eye caught the sign on one of these advertisements, "What happens up in Peekskill." I bought the paper and found several columns with this heading: "Chauncey Depew, a well-known visitor among us, was born at Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, forty miles from New York. Peekskill is inhabited by a singular and original people of whom Mr. Depew is fond of telling.

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The following are some of the things which he says happened up in Peekskill."

When I first sailed down the Rhine, I heard so much and read so much about it that I expected to discover the most wonderful of rivers. I do not think it was local pride or partisanship which led me to conclude that in beauty, picturesqueness and grandeur it did not equal our Hudson. Its great charms were in the legends which invested with a story generally tragic every turn, crag and castle. Happily the genius of Washington Irving has done much to make classic our own Hudson. "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" endures and will endure (though the old bridge has disappeared) as long as literature lives. "The Phantom Ship" will forever fly in wild storms up and down the river. "The Little Bulbous Bottomed Dutch Goblin" in trunk hose and sugar-loaf hat with speaking trumpet in his hand, who keeps the Dunderberg opposite us, still reigns there supreme. In stormy weather he increases the rattling of the thunder and the fierceness of the gale. Anthony's Nose rises to the north of us, and, as we pass through it on the railroad, or around it on the steamboat, there is recalled to us Irving's graphic description of how Anthony Van Corlear, the trumpeter of the New Netherlands, whose nose was the largest and most highly colored in the Province, looked over the side of the boat and the rays of the

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rising sun striking his nose glanced off into the water and killed a mighty sturgeon. When Governor Stuyvesant, who was on board, heard the story and enjoyed the sturgeon, he said, hereafter this promontory shall be known as "Anthony's Nose." So the tale of Rip Van Winkle has made the Catskills classic ground.

My friends, we stand on holy ground, it has been made sacred by the presence of Washington and Lafayette, of Rochambeau, Greene and Putnam. Within our borders were matured the plans which made possible the victorious issue of the Revolution and the founding of the American Republic. Our soil has been hallowed by the blood of patriots who gave their lives for their country. The student of the early struggles for liberty and independence must come constantly back to the pages which recount what was done here, and who were the actors here in the great drama of the creation of a free nation. It is a rare privilege for us and a grand lesson for every one, in all succeeding generations, that we can here receive and our posterity always be blessed by new baptisms of liberty.

Speech at the National Fertilizer Banquet,
Hot Springs, Va., July 12, 1916.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am very much gratified to be present here with you to-night. Your invitation was an agreeable change from the daily routine of a summer health resort, but I am at a loss what to say to you. What I do not know about fertilizer, and what you do put together would fill a library. I attended your business meeting this morning in search of points. From the addresses, I gathered two ideas given in the way of advice. One was in labelling and describing your products as to their merits and what they would accomplish, not to use patent medicine methods. The second was not to lie to your banker. As I am neither an expert nor a banker I cannot pursue those lines.

When I was the Chief Executive, as President, of the New York Central Railroad and competition was fierce, fiercer than ever between rival lines, I was accustomed to attend the banquets of the commercial, industrial and manufacturing organizations of the country, which were held in New York annually. At first there were not many because each included all subordinate lines. The best evidence of the growth of industry was that in the

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course of years each subordinate line became important enough to have an organization of its own. Among carriage makers for instance came the division of body makers, truck makers, wheel makers, etc. So in the jewelery and silverware came their special divisions, but this is the first time I have ever had the pleasure of meeting a Fertilizer Convention. From my observation of you in your hours of relaxation here for the past few days I have come to the conclusion that every one of you can be truthfully hailed with the sentiment "he is a jolly good fellow." Certainly you have mingled business and fun in a way most instructive to tired workers in any line of life.

Fifty-eight years ago I was admitted to the Bar, opened my office and nailed my shingle to the door in Peekskill, then as now one of the centers of American culture and influence. To secure clients and become known I addressed Sunday school picnics, county Bible societies, church anniversaries, town meetings, political gatherings, and firemen's competitions of the organization at different places along the Hudson for the improving purpose among the hand machines of those days, to see which could win the prize by squirting the highest. Among other of these activities I delivered the annual address to an agricultural society. They were primitive affairs nearly sixty years ago. When I mounted the box wagon to address the crowd

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over the tail board an aged farmer, who had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War, said, introducing me, "Now, my friends, we will find out what a lawyer knows about dirt and potatoes, and what he can teach us." They did not want to be taught, because they believed they knew it all. Fertilizers, except what nature furnished from the farm, were wholly unknown, and would have been despised if mentioned. They farmed as their fathers had done since the first settlement of the country. They had taken out of the soil and sent to New York in their crops, most of its virtue, with the result that none of their sons remained on the farms. Farming at that early period had not progressed any from the time when Pocahontas saved the life of Capt. John Smith. As an Indian princess she demonstrated the vigor of her blood by creating the best families in Virginia. It is a happy and poetic sentiment in the cycles of time and its rewards that this merciful, lovely and savage princess should have one of her descendants to-day beautiful, gracious and cultured in the White House, the first lady of the land. When that Revolutionary soldier spoke those rather contemptuous words of the potato he little realized its future.

Vice-President Morton in an address at the time of the World's Fair celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of

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America by Columbus brought out the fact which few, if any knew, that the potato was one of the contributions of the New World to the Old. I think most of his auditors thought that the potato had originated in Ireland.

We have in this country one hundred million people. The babies do not eat potatoes, nor the sick nor many chronic invalids, and yet the remainder, according to the State Statistician, who always scares me, devour enough potatoes to make an eight ounce tuber for every man, woman and child in the United States. Here is a sure crop, a certain market, a living and a profit if the farmer understands his business, and yet on what we would regard as the old worn out soil of Germany they raise three times the bushels of potatoes per acre that we do in the United States.

There was a meeting within the last few days at Cornell University of experts in American agriculture. They made the startling assertion that one-third of the farmers of the United States are losing money, and would be better off if they abandoned their lands and became farm laborers. One-third, in the language of the report, break even, which means they had no money over the school bills of the boys and girls, for the new gown for the wife, nor the new hat for Easter Sunday for mother. The other third make money, they are your customers.

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The Penal Code has a long and lamentable description of crimes and punishments which fit, but it is a well-known maxim of the law, that you cannot indict a whole people, and yet the American people in the treatment of this most magnificent gift of God to the world, the North American Continent, have been guilty of crime to posterity in the way they have used this glorious heritage. Mother Earth is the most generous parent. She gives all that she has and only asks of her children the food that would keep up her strength. We sap her vitality in the crops which we send to the markets at home and abroad, and then we deny her the food which she requires. The result is that like the starved horse or man she staggers on, but is of little service.

I know of no sight more inspiring than to ride through the fields of France, Germany, Belgium and Holland during the harvest season. These lands have been producing their annual crops for three thousand years. With their abundance they fed the legions of Cæsar, as they are now feeding the legions of Germany. Take the leading crops for the support of mankind, wheat, corn, rye, oats and potatoes, and the average yield per acre in Germany to-day is from twice to three times the average yield per acre in the United States. It was not always so, for the virgin soil of our country before it was exhausted did quite as well. If

you look for the reason statistics tell the story. Germany, I think, but I have not the figures, has a tillable acreage about as large as the State of New York, and yet she used in 1912 more fertilizers, more plant food and more of the things that restore land and keep it healthy than all of the United States put together. In other words, about two per cent. beat ninety-eight per cent. All of this has been accomplished by organization.

There have been two marvelous organizers in modern history, one was Washington who organized and placed upon a firm basis the United States of America. The other was Bismarck. Bismarck set out to make Prussia the strongest of the German States, to consolidate the German people into an empire, by putting all the German States into a federation under Prussia, and to make the Prussian king the emperor, and consolidate his throne beyond peril. Then he organized Germany industrially, agriculturally, financially and in a military and naval way, so as to be superior to the world. The basis of his whole scheme was education. He took the boy and carried him under the direction of the government from the kindergarten through the higher schools and built him for the service of the government, making him a most efficient agent for the power of the government, and at the same time for his own welfare. We see the

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result to-day; before the war the production of the German schools trained for foreign commerce were successfully invading British possessions and taking their trade from the mother country in the sale of German products, and also with equal success capturing the markets of Asia, Africa, and South America.

In this terrific contest this perfect organization has accomplished miracles. It has enabled Germany, cut off from the rest of the world as to food supplies, to feed her armies and her people. Napoleon said that an army marched and fought upon its belly. We have with us many good citizens who are opposed to organization of any kind, they say it leads to war. I have spent every summer for many years in Switzerland and certainly that is not a military country, and yet from the kindergarten to the university every Swiss boy is trained to serve his country in some capacity. There is Switzerland in the midst of the surging flames about her, and yet with four hundred and fifty thousand of these admirably trained sons of hers her borders are safe, and her people secure.

It is not all of life to make and sell automobiles or to make in a half dozen years one hundred millions of dollars, but it adds enormously to the value of citizenship and the worth of a country to have its people prepared and

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willing with self-sacrificing patriotism to meet and defend its institutions and liberties. A country like ours so prepared would never be attacked and it would pursue the destiny which the Lord has placed upon it of liberty and humanity until these virtues impressed all the world.

Well, gentlemen, I congratulate you upon your organization. I remember once when President Arthur, who was a joker, introduced some eminent lawyers in New York who were with him to one of the famous statesmen of his time, saying to the statesman: "I am happy to present to you the leading officers of the Society of Ananias and Sapphira." The statesman was long and strong on how to keep a constituency elective after election and mighty short on the Scriptures. He said: "Mr. President, I am delighted to meet these gentlemen; I do not share in the prejudices now so common against organizations, I think they are useful. If I remember rightly I at one time received a certificate informing me that I had been elected an honorary member of a society bearing the name of Ananias and Sapphira, and I was proud of it."

Now your organization has such an abundance of truth that you never could qualify for the Ananias Club. You fulfill a high measure of business virtue of helping others by helping yourselves. When you have educated by your

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circulars and letters a community that will grow three crops where one grew before, you have performed a patriotic service for the country and made a handsome profit for yourselves, as this can only be done by use of what you produce.

You are doing great things. Every once in a while, I read in the paper where one of your agents or missionaries has gone to the bright boy of a farm and shown him the methods of intensive cultivation and better farming, so that boy is raising five times as much corn or wheat on his little five acres as his father did. Now, does that teach his father any of those scientific methods? Not a bit of it. He keeps on farming the way his great-grandfathers farmed before him, and he thinks that boy of his is a freak, and instead of raising him to be a farmer, he educates him to be a commercial traveler for a fertilizer company. But after a while dad surrenders, and the whole neighborhood with him becomes prosperous.

I noticed in to-day's paper, and taking them all I can only read the headlines, that the U-boat, that marvel of marine success which landed in Baltimore, was getting in fighting trim for its return, and then another headline said: "Organizing to fight the Hessians." My mind went back instantly to the earlier period of my boyhood when memory was very fresh of the Hessians who were with Burgoyne

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at Saratoga, with Clinton in New York, and with Cornwallis at Yorktown. Then I saw in the same paper the headline of President Wilson's speech (it takes time, but I read all the President's speeches, especially his last), "Don't butt in," and wondered if he was again warlike. In reading the text I found, however, that the organization to fight the Hessian was in a despatch from Hot Springs stating that you had organized to fight the Hessian fly. Even Henry Ford and the weakest might approve your warfare on the Hessian fly.

Coming out of a movie show, after a sensational play here the other evening, as we passed a table a young lady was pressing upon her escort a highball. "No, my dear," he answered, "I am so full of emotion I have no place for a drink." Afterwards he took it, that was not temperance. The prohibitionist has no hope for him, but you gentlemen mingling with your sympathy for the farmer a determination that he shall know what is good for him, require only enthusiasm in your business to serve your country and enrich yourselves.

It is for you to remove the reproach upon American agriculture. It is for you to restore the days when the finest rhetoric in American eloquence flowered in praise and in glorying that the United States was to be self-sustaining, independent of all the earth, and the granary of the world.

Speech at the Dinner given by the Twilight
Club to Mr. Otis Skinner, Hotel Biltmore,
New York, October 29, 1916.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is a worthy tribute which you are paying to our friend, Mr. Otis Skinner. I am very glad to join you in this deserved compliment. Mr. Skinner represents conspicuously many years which cover the best traditions of the American stage. I have been an active theatre-goer for over half a century. I believe in the educational value of worthy plays and the inspiration in the interpretation of character by great actors. We hear much of the degradation of the stage and the deplorable results of its decadence. I have been on the platform, as a public speaker, for over sixty years. It is my experience and observation that, in every field of intellectual endeavor, there are periods of exaltation and depression. In literature we will have an age of wonderful genius to be followed by many years of dull mediocrity. The same is true of the pulpit and of the bar. It is especially marked in the halls of Congress and in the Parliaments of Nations. The people want the best but they must take what the harvest gives. Every year is not a vintage one. For the stage, the trouble may be with

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managers or with actors, but not with the public. We hear often that Shakespeare is played out and that the classic drama no longer attracts, but if there suddenly appears a Charles Kean or a Charlotte Cushman, a Macready, an Edwin Booth, or an Adelaide Neilson, the town goes wild and Shakespeare comes again into his own.

The presence of Mr. Skinner stirs the memory and arouses reminiscences. I knew slightly Mr. Wallack, and intimately Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer. They were all great managers. My earliest sensations, ending at that time unhappily, were when I was a country boy. There had been a fearful massacre by the Indians. The United States, with all its resources, was unable to capture these savage chiefs but Barnum secured them for his museum theatre then at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street. Like all boys I had been anxious to go out on the Plains and fight the Indians, but got no nearer to them than seeing the warriors at Barnum's. In feathers and paint, with tomahawk and scalping knife, they were a fearsome lot. Their yells and war whoops were blood-curdling. My visit was on the hottest day in August. The Indian Chiefs were wrapped in Buffalo robes, highly ornamented and with heavily laden war caps upon their heads. After the crowd had disappeared at the conclusion of the performance, I still

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lingered awestruck and fascinated. Then the allusion was dissipated by the Pawnee Chief saying to his Sioux Ally, "Moike, if we have to stand here mouch longer, I'll be nothing but a grease-spot."

My delight later, and it was a genuine one, was in the theatre of Burton on Broadway, near Bond Street. It then approached the city limits. John Broughan was a perennial delight. His perfect elocution and rich brogue, his keen apprehension of characters and situations and his wonderful portrayal of humor and human nature, with its weaknesses and follies, can never be forgotten. Although it is over forty years ago, I remember a burlesque on "The Merchant of Venice" in which Broughan appeared as Shylock. Nothing has ever equalled the rage and scorn with which he assailed the claims of Christian superiority. I recall him now and the way in which he roared the lines, "This Christian dog, has he any more fingers, or any more toes, or any more eyes, or any more nose, than the Jew?" Edwin Forrest did not attract me, with his huge bulk; he had tremendous fire and vigor, but he failed to catch the intellectual significance of his characters, although as a savage he was superb. I never have been impressed, although I have seen most of them, with any actor like Edwin Booth. It was a triumph of mind over matter, although small of stature he rose to great

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heights by sheer intellectuality. You felt the force and fineness, the vigor and refinement, the absorbing grasp of his representation. It is a tribute to his greatness that among his admirers, some thought him best as "Hamlet," some as "Othello" some as "Iago," some as "Macbeth," but I never could see him often enough as "Richelieu." When facing the courtiers, who were encompassing his ruin, and had nearly destroyed him, he drew around himself an imaginary circle, and calling upon any assassin to dare cross it at the curse of Rome, he rose to heights never before attained and in the thrill of the moment it was easy to see the reeling state once more safe in the hands of its master. Booth was driven from the stage for several years because of the indignation aroused by the assassination by his brother, J. Wilkes Booth, of President Lincoln. A large Committee thought it was a public misfortune that this genius should be lost because of a crime which was in no sense his and so they invited him to give a presentation of "Hamlet" at a theatre which they secured, and before an audience selected, ticketed, and comprising the best in every department of the activities of the metropolis. The performance was a success, the press helped, and Booth came instantly back into popularity and public esteem. A dinner was given to celebrate and emphasize Booth's return by a distinguished

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lady, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who was then the leader of New York Society. She gathered a wonderful assemblage of literature, journalism, art, and the professions. Of course Booth was on her right; near him was a very distinguished man, nationally and internationally. Singularly the conversation ran upon the topic, "How many distinguished men had ruined their reputations by out-living them, and how many had been fortunate in dying at the height of their fame." "Yes," said this distinguished citizen, "and the most extraordinary instance that I can recall is the death of Abraham Lincoln. He died just at the right time for his fame." I never have seen such an anti-climax. Booth turned deadly pale; in the hush one could have heard a pin drop. The assassination and Wilkes Booth, the assassin, and the scene in Ford's Theatre where it occurred, appeared with all its horrors before every guest. The only one equal to the occasion was the hostess; with infinite tact and grace she changed the subject, dispelled the gloom, restored cheerfulness to her guest of honor, and comfort and happiness to all the rest.

Of the Wallack Company, I recall most vividly John Gilbert, the finest comedian I have ever seen. Lester Wallack incomparable with his physical beauty as a soldier, a man of fashion and a gallant, and Mrs. Hoey, who

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enacted on the stage the Society Lady with the same grace she did in real life, as a leading hostess of the city. I could recall many of the Daly Company but time compels me to be brief. I knew Ada Rehan when she was a member of the stock company at Albany while I was Secretary of State, fifty-three years ago. She did not then give promise of her future but Daly, with rare instinct, saw it, and what training could do. He picked in the same way other members of his marvelous company among graduates delivering commencement addresses in the schools. I said to Miss Rehan, "In your present play you have long conversations with your lover, while the stage is occupied by other actors. Is that conversation simulated or real?" "Well," she said, "night before last, I said to my lover, for we had to seem to be talking, 'In the seat on the center aisle, sixth row from the front, sits Chauncey Depew. This is the third time he has been here. Do you think it is the play, or that it is me?'" Now that was a touch of genius. Mr. Daly would never permit his company, or any member of it, to act in the usual concert on the ship crossing the ocean. There was one notable exception. It was the Fourth of July, the Captain wanted to make the affair notable. Daly said "No." I have always found that the ganglionic nerve exists in everyone, and if you can only find it,

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results follow. I thought I knew where it was in Augustin Daly, so I said, "Mr. Daly, it is a rare opportunity to properly celebrate the Fourth of July, the birth of American independence, and the old flag on an English ship on the Atlantic Ocean. It requires a stage manager of rare genius to so arrange as to get all the glory possible out of the occasion, and not offend the other nationalities who have equal rights on the ship. There is no man living but you who could perform this difficult task. It is an opportunity for you to be the manager of the occasion. Give everybody their proper place and assign me where you like." Daly became instantly master of the occasion and its autocratic manager. Leading members of his company took part. I delivered the oration. The affair was such a success that Mr. Daly repeated it in the second cabin, and then in the steerage. It was the voyage from New York and the people in the steerage were mainly those who had made some success in America and were going over to visit the old folks at home and show off their new clothes and prosperity. The result was they decorated the steerage and emptied their trunks and appeared in their best. I turned to Miss Rehan, and she was weeping, the tears rolling down her cheeks. She had just acted her part and been wildly cheered. I said, "Why cry?" "Oh," she said, "it is so affecting, and full of

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pathos. These poor people, here in the steerage, never saw real art before." Daly's theatre suppers were wonderful. No one enjoyed them so much, or was so welcome a guest as General Sherman. General Sherman was a genius, not only in war, but as a speaker. He was a marvelously simple and natural man. On going out to the supper, the finest piece of acting I ever saw, was Miss Rehan pretending to be in doubt whether she would take his arm or mine, and finally, when an explosion from the indignant old hero seemed near, with infinite grace and the full charm of her velvet voice, she chose the General and allowed him to escort her in triumph.

The best after-dinner speech I ever heard was from Fanny Davenport at one of these suppers. The play had been so late that the actors and actresses could not get home, dress and return, before two o'clock, or later. There were many speeches, but as the first rays of dawn came through the window and the party was about to break up, Fanny Davenport arose. She was a vision of loveliness and glorious beauty. In a few minutes her enthralled auditors listened to a gem of oratory heightened by the voice and manner, the animation and grace, of one of the most beautiful young women of her time. The effect was so great that one of the most eminent journalists and literary men of that period walked ten blocks

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out of his way to discuss with me its rarity, charm and beauty. No one can ever forget dear old Mrs. Gilbert, or the amazingly humorous James Lewis, of the Daly Company.

It was always a wonder to me how A. M. Palmer became such a successful manager. When I first knew him he was an officer in the Custom House, and devoted to politics. Then he became associated with Sheridan Shook, who was also devoted to politics but a fine business man, and a district leader. With rare instinct and appreciation, Palmer made his theatre the home of melodrama.

Clara Morris and others gave to his stage national distinction. A friend of mine, a man of rare gifts as a musician and an artist, never went to see a play unless it would yield to him the luxury of tears. He declared to me, coming out of the Union Square one night with his red eyes, and his handkerchief saturated with brine, that there never was such a theatre, never such a company, never such plays and he never had had such a perfectly satisfactory and enjoyable winter.

Far be it from me to claim any talent as a critic. I can only tell what impresses me. Demosthenes when asked what was the secret of oratory answered, "Action, action, action." The first necessity of a good actor is clear enunciation, clear enunciation, clear enunciation. Adelaide Neilson, in every scene of

Juliette, so pronounced the words that they were liquid music to the ear. Henry Irving, in his earlier days and in his prime, was an inspiration. I went repeatedly to see him during his last visit, and could scarcely understand a word he uttered. Syllables, words, and sentences ran into a confused jumble of sound. Except for his fame, he would have played to empty houses. I heard a boy shouting "extra" and telling what it was about, when a larger boy said to him, "That will never do, shout 'extra,' yell 'extra,' and then bawl 'boo-boo-boo,'" but an actor is not selling newspapers. I have known speakers of great talent and fine delivery who wearied and perplexed their audiences by dropping the key words of their sentences. It was the strength of Daly that he enforced among his players clarity of utterance. An actor has no right to outrage an auditor by mouthing a beautiful passage with which the auditor is familiar, or by making the auditor guess what he said in a passage with which the auditor is not familiar.

I had the pleasure of seeing Otis Skinner in Booth Tarkington's play "Antonio" this week. It was virile, natural and admirable, his enunciation fine. The speech of some actors and public speakers is a cryptogram or cipher. No one has the key. Ignatius Donnelly in many volumes traced a cryptogram which he claimed was Lord Bacon's secret confession of his

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authorship of Shakespeare's works. But a more perfect cryptogram than Bacon's is found in the Forty-sixth Psalm. The forty-sixth word from the top is the word "shake." The forty-sixth word from the bottom is the word "speare." Here on the Bacon-Shakespeare theory is absolute proof that the author of the Psalms was not King David, but William Shakespeare.

Our friend and guest to-night is with John Drew, I believe, the only survivor of that most attractive company which was gathered about Augustin Daly. That brings to us the culture and the art of a time when no labor and no effort were too great to achieve success, and it is a source not only of gratification to us all who are veterans, but of guidance and instruction to the ambitious youngsters who are seeking fame and fortune in the drama.

Speech at the Luncheon given by the Pilgrims
Society to the Right Reverend Huyshe
Wolcott Yeatman-Biggs, Bishop of Wor-
cester, England, November 6, 1916.

Gentlemen:

We have had the honor to entertain distinguished representatives of every department in the life of our kin across the sea. We have welcomed diplomats and soldiers, admirals and members of Parliament, men of letters and educators. This is the first time, however, we have had the pleasure and privilege of receiving the Church.

There is a most interesting historical relationship between the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. The Colonies had the Church of England as the established one in most of their charters, but they were all attached to various dioceses in England. The two most interesting representatives of the English Church, who came to America, were the Rev. James Blair, who was sent over by the Bishop of London, and who founded William and Mary College, and the famous Bishop Berkeley of Cloyne, who was so impressed while at Newport with the future of the then infant

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colonies, for it was in the year 1729, that he wrote this immortal and prophetic stanza:

“Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day.
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

When this poem is recited, as is often the case in our schools, the student always believes that the good Bishop saw in vision the republic of the United States as it is and will be, when in his last line he wrote: “Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

After the independence of the colonies, and the formation of the republic, our people determined upon having an American Church. They elected two Bishops, the Rev. Samuel Seabury and Dr. William Smith. The Archbishop of Canterbury, conservative then as always, refused to raise them to the rank of Bishop, but at all times there can be found in the British Empire a protester and a kicker among the Scotch, and so the Scotch non-juring Bishops performed the ceremony and consecrated our first Bishops, William Smith and Samuel Seabury.

At every gathering, whether of the Pilgrims of the United States or of the Pilgrims of Great Britain, or on any international occasion, the sentiment expressing the feeling of the hour is always the union of English speaking peoples

because of their common literature, common law and common language, and because they are the equal inheritors of great names who have adorned the literature of the world. But there is a nearer and closer tie in the English Bible and the book of Common Prayer. It is the universal and unquestioned testimony that the English Bible, that inspired translation by the convocation at Westminster, has done more to preserve in its purity, elegance and power our common English tongue, than all other literature combined. The noble liturgy of the book of Common Prayer is now in use, in whole or in part, in nearly all our religious communities.

We are receiving the Bishop on the day before one of the most interesting, exciting and critical elections in the history of the United States. He will witness the wonderful spectacle of sixteen millions of men and women of different ideals, politics and beliefs, going to the polls to-morrow, after a most exciting and somewhat embittered contest to vote for their favorites, but he will also witness, on the day after election, that whoever wins the verdict will be accepted loyally by all. He will witness this finest triumph of the democratic spirit, after a hundred and twenty odd years of self-government and submission to the will of majorities. Because of his visit here being at this critical period every agency known to the press has

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been used to extort from the Bishop an opinion upon the election. A distinguished diplomat once fell to these insidious wiles and ended his career, but our guest has the art of the diplomat and the wisdom of the Bishop. His position has been the perfection of tact and wisdom. He could not help saying a word on the international situation, but while speaking, both as an Englishman and a patriot, upon the righteousness of his own cause, he has applauded the position of the United States because of what he calls "Our Benevolent Neutrality." It is benevolent, for our markets are open to all the world for what they may need and which we can produce.

The President of the United States very properly issued his proclamation that both as a nation and as individuals we should be neutral. Official neutrality, however, cannot reach the heart nor control the mind. The moral force of the heart and mind of the vast majority of our people has been and is with the cause of the Allies. We have a cosmopolitan population. On its proper day every year the English and those of English descent gather under the banner of St. George, the Irish under the banner of St. Patrick, the Scotch under the banner of St. Andrew, the Welsh under the banner of St. David, the French on the birthday of Lafayette and the Germans in their national societies, the Scandinavians and Ital-

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ians in theirs. On that day the toast, the eloquence, the story and song is for the glory and achievement of their ancestors, and that is as it should be for there is inspiration in the best there is of the old home. But whenever, and wherever, the flag waves, or the interests of the United States are involved, we are all Americans.

I remember being in London, many years ago, when the American Church had sent as delegates to a great Church convention there, Bishop Potter of New York, the Bishop of Albany and the Bishop of Michigan. I was told that it was the custom of the Bishops as they met each morning to greet each other only by titles, as "Good-morning, London," "Good-morning, New York," "Good-morning, Worcester." The Bishop of Michigan was a great favorite but it was difficult for his brother churchmen to grasp and pronounce this strange Indian name, so he was loudly and enthusiastically greeted one day by an admiring prelate as "How are you, my chicken?" I met Mr. Gladstone many times but in the first opportunity I was worsted by one of our Bishops visiting London. It was a dinner arranged for me to meet Mr. Gladstone and, when the lady next him retired with the others, I was to take that seat. This American Bishop had been a famous athlete in his college days and the moment the ladies left he made a

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flying leap over the chairs and landed in the seat alongside of Mr. Gladstone which had been reserved for me. He engaged the great Statesman in one of his favorite controversies which lasted all the evening. When I was asked again to meet Mr. Gladstone, I said, "With pleasure, if there are no American Bishops there."

Our guest, the Bishop of Worcester was, in his university days at Oxford, the champion athlete of his college. His training has done him good service in the work of the Church Militant. He was welcomed with enthusiasm and bid good-bye with regret by the members of that great historical convocation which met in St. Louis. We laymen and Pilgrims extend to him our most cordial greetings. Gentlemen, I present to you, the Bishop of Worcester.

Address before the New York Academy of
Medicine on the Art of Growing Older
and the Value of Interest in Public Life,
November 16, 1916.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Academy:

When Doctor James extended to me your invitation, I felt both complimented and alarmed. It is always a pleasure to address a body of scientists, but if one is not himself a scientist, he approaches his audience with much trepidation.

I have one privilege, however, and that is age. Presumption is never excused in youth or middle life, but after fourscore years there is much conceded because of experience. This experience cannot be questioned except by some older than the speaker.

Every profession is, and always will be, in the experimental stage. As fast as one difficulty is removed, or the cause or a cure of one disease is discovered, new complications arise, so that we are, and probably will always continue to be, in medicine and in the other professions largely experimenters. The advances which have been made in medicine and surgery in the last decade are marvelous and almost miraculous. They seem to prove that it is possible to discover how to live forever,

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in physical and mental health. In two years of the most frightful and bloody cataclysm of all the centuries, surgery at the period of its highest and best equipment has had to deal with five millions of cases. There have been destructions of bone, tissue, nerves, limbs and dismemberment inflicted by weapons hitherto unknown in power and efficiency and of a character never dreamed of. Surgery has wonderfully met these emergencies and has demonstrated that repair and substitution for injured and destroyed parts of the human anatomy have practically no limits. In the ordinary course of relations between the doctor and his patients, he is occupied up to the patient's meridian of life in preventing vitality leading to excesses, which are destructive of health and longevity, but in later years the doctor struggles to prolong life by discouraging efforts which weaken vitality. It is well known that while recovery is easy and often automatic in earlier years, in later ones recuperation is slow and difficult.

Happily for the problem of growing old, progress, invention and discovery have done quite as much for humanity as for the arts and industries. My memory goes back very clearly to over seventy years ago. The old men and the old women who were in evidence everywhere no longer exist. There are older men and women than were then in age, but

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they are not as old. Then, and for the immemorial time preceding, with approaching old age women wore caps, which emphasized their antiquity, and worsted shawls, which advertised their poverty of blood, while men retired from their life work and sat around the fire at home or gossiped in groups of elder brethren on the counter and nail kegs of the country store. We have no such old women or old men now. They dress so much alike that it is impossible to tell mothers from daughters.

Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Men," which were accepted in his time, and for many centuries after, no longer exist. The second age, "the whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining face creeping like a snail unwillingly to school" is now on the ball field an active player or a fan and a rooter on the benches. Shakespeare says the Sixth Age shifts into "the lean and slippered pantaloons." There are no such people, and "with his big manly voice turning again to childish treble, pipes and whistles." We now often meet in the pulpit or at the bar old men with a control of vocal chords and resonance of voice which gives emphasis to the utterance of their matured wisdom. Then Shakespeare says, "Last of all, that ends this eventful history, is second childishness and mere oblivion, sans eyes, sans taste, sans teeth, sans everything." Science has overcome all that. The dentist has supplied teeth which answer

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every purpose of the originals; the oculist and the optician has provided eyeglasses which, both for long distance and reading, are often better than the ones which nature gives, while, as for taste, the caterer knows, and so does the cook and especially the good wife, that it becomes keener and more exacting with the years.

The telephone has minimized disabilities or weaknesses in getting around; travel, which in the early days was nerve-racking and fatiguing to the last degree, now transports the invalid or the aged from the comforts of home in luxurious annihilation of distance and easy transmission from one climate to another, or from the fireside to the cure. Formerly, on account of the difficulties of communication, a man's interests were confined within a narrow area, and almost purely local. Now, with the cable and wireless, and without any exertion on his part, the news of the world and what happened everywhere the day before, in every department of human activity and interest, are upon his breakfast table in his morning newspaper. The influence of this one contribution to mental activity and brain food, the two things which help for longevity, can hardly be estimated.

The ancients apologized for old age. Cicero wrote a volume, "De Senectute," which is an apology for old age. One of the most famous of

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the Roman writers said, "When you are at eighty, pack your trunk, the end has come." No one now apologizes for old age, elderly people are proud of it, and the older they are, if they have mental and physical vigor, the more they assert their superiority and it is generally recognized.

Nothing has impressed me so much in life as the influence of one man, or one utterance upon the thought and life of succeeding generations. There are many examples in politics and government. You gentlemen of the medical profession still take the oath of Hippocrates, and succeeding ages have been able to add nothing to its force. Probably there is no literature in the world which has so influenced literature and pulpit eloquence and teaching, as "The Psalms," so when Moses or David said, —the world believing it to be David—"The days of our years are threescore and ten, and if by reason of strength they are fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow." There is no sentence in sacred writ which has been quoted so often, or upon which so much emphasis has been laid, and from which so many lessons have been taught. It has been accepted wherever the Bible is known as a semi-divine declaration of the limit of life and the utter valuelessness of an extension beyond threescore and ten. It has been accepted that such an extension is rather a punishment than a favor. I believe that millions have died

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because of absorbing interest in this expression of King David. You gentlemen of the profession know well how many people die because of being obsessed in their own minds that event will occur at a specific time. When I was a senior at Yale, we had a course of medical lectures from one of the well-known doctors of that time, Doctor Knight. I remember of those lectures but one thing the doctor said, "You can bring on yourself any disease, if you will think about it hard enough, and believe absolutely enough that you have it, and you can die at any time almost if you make up your mind that you cannot live beyond that day." In my own experience I have met with many such cases, especially as to dying within a certain limit, believed in by patients. No writer that I know of, no preacher that I have heard, and no scientist with whom I have conversed has ever subjected this dictum in the ninetieth Psalm to an investigation of King David's life, and of how far his poetry was governed by his own experience. King David died in his early seventies. From any standpoint of modern hygiene and pathology, it is a marvel that he lived so long. He was a great warrior; he conquered all the surrounding nations up to the border of Egypt, he was a great poet, but, having come to the throne from the position of a shepherd boy and the hardships of exile and privation, he denied

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himself nothing which unlimited power and wealth could give. His principal weakness was the fair sex, and undesirable husbands with desirable wives were placed in the forefront of the fiercest battle, and widowhood and her capture soon followed. When he was old the doctors found him with weakened mind and anæmic body. He suffered from perpetual chills with poverty of blood. Royal doctors could think of only one remedy, and that was suggested by the King's life, physical contact with a young, healthy and attractive girl, but it is evident from the story as told in the book of "Kings" that the remedy was a failure, and history and the records of the profession do not mention that it has ever been repeated.

My grandfather died at seventy-six, but between that age and seventy rarely left his farm. One of my great-grandfathers, whose environment had been extended by his having been a Senator and Judge, spent between seventy-five and eighty in his library crippled with gout, and writing letters to one of his sons-in-law, a distinguished lawyer, upon the ruin of his country, which he could not, happily, live to see. To his mind that ruin was to come about because Thomas Jefferson had been elected President of the United States. The old gentleman believed, as did those who opposed Jefferson at that time, that this eminent

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Virginian Statesman, through the influence of his contact with the French Revolution, was an atheist in religion and an anarchist in politics. It would not be possible now to make the most hidebound partisan, who had passed the threescore and ten limit, believe such things of any man who had reached the Presidency.

There were three very remarkable men in the Senate while I was a member. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, Morgan of Alabama and Pettus of Alabama. They were all approaching or had passed eighty. Their intellectual vigor, their grasp of the questions of the hour, their vigor and alertness in debate made them easily the leaders of the Senate. I knew them intimately and studied them with the greatest interest. I came to the conclusion that their healthful longevity was due entirely to an unflagging zeal in their work. The high responsibility of the government of a great country, which was in part theirs, was fully realized and lived up to.

I never met but one centenarian. I happened to be in Paris when France and the City of Paris were both celebrating the hundredth anniversary of a great chemist, Chevreul. Chevreul had entered the service of the Gobelin tapestry as a chemist at eighteen. His father was an officer of the state industry. He became famous as a chemist and was elected one of the forty immortals of the Academy. He invented

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a dye for silk which gave France, for a long period, the monopoly of its manufacture and sale. He also discovered margarine and stearine, which resulted in vast industries. On the night preceding his centenary he was given a gala performance at the Grand Opera. All the great artists of Paris, both of the lyric and dramatic stage, played some part during the evening. At the last the curtain rose upon a statue of heroic size of the guest, and angels descended from the wings and placed crowns upon his head, with the orchestra and military bands playing the national anthem, and the crowd went wild with cheering. Then the most famous actor pronounced an oration, Chevreul standing in his box. When I left my seat it was two o'clock in the morning. The next day he reviewed the garrison of Paris, some thirty thousand men, which paraded in his honor, and he read a paper upon the progress of chemistry during his career before the Academy. That evening he was given one of the largest and most magnificent banquets ever had in Paris, and he made a speech. I sat opposite him at the table and so had an opportunity to ask him to what he ascribed his great age with unimpaired mental and physical vigor. He said, "To the fact that I secured a life position with the government when I was eighteen, that, with promotions and increases in salary, I have been entirely

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satisfied with my lot. I delight in my profession, its opportunities and discoveries as a chemist. I have never indulged, or been tempted to indulge in any excesses of any kind. I have never used tobacco or alcohol."

"Well," I said, "what have you drunk," and he answered, "the waters of the Seine." One incident of the dinner was interesting and amusing. There was an old gentleman, who sat beside him, who was constantly rising with a full glass of wine and pledging friends and notables right and left. The glass was empty when he sat down. Chevreul frequently repressed him, trying to prevent his rising and to curb his hilarity. I said to the official who accompanied me, "Who is this man in whom the old gentleman seems to take such a deep interest?" The official answered, "It is his son. He has been anxious about him all his life, especially on occasions like this." I said, "How old is the boy?" The answer was, "Seventy-six." Now the waters of the Seine, which Chevreul said had been his only beverage, are anything but pure. Chevreul nearly died because, at his advanced age, his vitality could not recuperate from the strain to which he was subjected by the extraordinary efforts to do him prolonged and continued honors.

There was in Paris at the same time a soldier of Napoleon's old guard, who had been through all the great Conqueror's campaigns. He was

three years older than Chevreul and earning a precarious living as messenger. He fell down stairs a short time afterwards and broke his neck. Inquiry developed that he had gone to bed drunk every night for sixty years and on this evening had overindulged. My prohibitionist friends say, "This proves nothing, because if Chevreul had led that sort of life, he would have died at fifty, and if the old soldier had lived the life of Chevreul, he would have passed one hundred and fifty."

My experience and observations teach me that the condition of the mind is the controlling factor in the health of the body. The person who is anxious and absorbed at his meals does not get proper nourishment, the food fails to assimilate, the digestive apparatus is always out of working order. The man who carries his business and cares to church, the opera or the theatre and keeps working at his problems, had better stay at home. He simply adds to his fatigue. Enforced sport or exercise of any kind, with the idea that it is recreation, tires both body and mind without any recuperative value to either.

The greatest possible mistake a man can make is to retire from business to enjoy life. I have known great numbers of such men, they generally believe that the country, especially the old farm, or the village where they were born and passed their boyhood days, will

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give them health and longevity. The first year, while building, planning and repairing, goes off very well; the second year they miss their former busy days and become irritable; the third year they begin to study aches and pains and imagine them, become hypochondriacal and take to patent medicines, and soon after their names appear at the head of a longer or shorter obituary in the daily papers, and their heirs enjoy their estates. Now the trouble with those men is, either that they did not continue in their business and vocation and find relief in recreation, or rather in some congenial side pursuit, and this brings me to a recollection of the old men whom I have known who have done just this.

Sixty years ago the recreation and relief of the tired man was after business hours to drive fast trotting horses. This continued almost until the automobile appeared. Near every city was a track, and on all the highways were roadhouses for the special accommodation of these sports. This sport admirably accomplished the purpose, because the driving of a thoroughbred is an absorbing occupation. I have known men who were eminently successful in their profession, or who had accumulated large fortunes in their business or enterprises, who cared more for the applause of their fellow horsemen, sitting on the piazza of the roadhouse and seeing them driving by, and then

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praising their driving and their trotter, than they did for any successes which they had in their vocations. I have never known anything equal to the exquisite enjoyment of one of these elderly horsemen, as I have sat beside him, behind his pacers, while he with great skill got out of them all the speed there was, and at the same time, like an artist viewing his masterpiece, revelled in the superb display of muscle and spirit of his favorites. The automobile abolished the trotting track, and the roadhouse became a ruin. Then followed golf, which is still a national fad. Twenty years ago there was scarcely a golf course or a golfer in the country. To-day the course and the clubhouses are everywhere in evidence. I do not think everybody is fitted for golf any more than in the old days everybody had horse-sense. Billiards have had their attraction and have still, but they are largely enjoyed at the club with too much of cigars and too many cocktails.

Martin Luther, who talked well about many things besides theology, gave to the world two wise sayings in regard to health and longevity. One was, "When I rest I rust," and the other was:

"Who drinks without thirst, and eats without hunger,
Dies so much the younger."

The difficulty with these methods of changing the switch, as it were, or in other words,

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relieving the mind by some other occupation is that, with increasing age they cannot be followed. When the horseman could no longer drive himself, but must have some one drive for him, his doctor and his family both knew that death was not very far distant. The same way, there is a period where the golfer can no longer swing his club or survive the inclemency of all weathers, so it becomes necessary to discover some other method, and this is not difficult. I think it can be found in service; service to your country, your state, your community, your church, your neighbors. This does not mean becoming a noisy reformer or hunting headlines in the newspapers. Church settlement and philanthropic work of all kind have their attractions, but they do not appeal to everybody. There is only one service which does and that is private interest in public life. Nearly seventeen millions of citizens cast their votes in the recent election. There were seventeen millions of women just as much interested, and all youth also from very early years up to the eve of maturity. This interest was intense while it lasted. It began with the nominations by the National Conventions, was apathetic during the summer and fall until about four weeks before election, then everybody was willing and anxious to advocate his belief, to praise his candidate, to attend political meetings, to march and to shout,

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“Save the country!” The salvation of the country under our form of government is absolutely in the hands of its citizens. If it is corrupt or extravagant they are to blame; if it is inefficient to meet what is required or expected by the most enlightened sentiment and by the opinion of the world, the fault lies not with the law makers but the electorate. A great city will be notoriously, badly and corruptly governed with everybody complaining and few doing anything. Then will come, under some energetic leadership, a concentration of public opinion which drives out the rascals and puts in honest men, but before the reform administration has been long enough in power to correct the evils of the past and mature a program for the future, interest dies out and the old order returns. It is the eternal lesson of preparedness. One veteran is worth a company of recruits. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Few people appreciate the fascination of politics in the best sense. Lawyers do largely, because they see rewards for their profession. Judicial offices are great prizes, and activity in public life enlarges acquaintance and brings clients. There is general abuse of party organization and party leaders or bosses, but the prizes are so great in government, national, state, municipal and town, that there will be a section of the public that they will always attract. This

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section of the public become experts and professionals. They may occasionally drop into obscurity, but never into oblivion. Their emergency is as certain and as irresistible as the locust. We rarely consider that practically all we care for, and all our opportunities for enjoyment or for success in life, are dependent upon the government which we make and can control.

The doctor is peculiarly fitted for this public service. He also needs it as a relief from the absorption of his profession. His training and practice educate him in inductive reasoning, in estimating values, in knowledge of mankind and for service in the large amount of charitable work which he does. The one member of his constituency which the legislator fears is the country doctor. The physician is much more than a medical adviser, he is the confidant of the family. His opinion of men and measures is the more powerful from the absence of personal motive. The doctor can, himself, and he can inspire others to take an interest in the character of the candidates and in the operations of municipal bodies and state and national officers. He can easily learn the sources of political power. They begin in the caucus, they continue in the convention and are decided at the poles. The primary, instead of diminishing the power of the boss and the politician has enormously

increased it. In nearly every state, after the novelty of the primary has passed away, the indifference of the public and the keen trained ability of the politician enable him to control the machinery of the primary and decide its action. So long as life lasts, and no matter how great the age or impairment of physical activity, public life for a private citizen can still have absorbing attraction.

In free governments there must be parties. The nearer they are in numbers the better the government. The membership of a party is partly temperamental and partly psychological. There will always be, what President Wilson calls, "forward men." They accomplish much that is needed but are not always safe. Their propositions are radical, especially in economical, industrial and social legislation. There are other men who are satisfied with the existing order. They are comfortable under it and do not want it disturbed, and especially do not want themselves disturbed. They are the brakes on the motor. When the radicals have gone too far, there are enough of conservatives among them to use more caution, and put the opposition in power. Thus the country never goes headlong over the precipice or dies of dry rot.

The study of the origin of parties in our own country, and the lines upon which they have generally divided is most fascinating. It goes

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down to the very roots of our existence and the very foundation, if I may change the simile. It illustrates again the continuing power of masterful creative genius and the grip of a dead hand that cannot be loosened.

Alexander Hamilton was one of those original geniuses who defy analysis. As a boy he mastered the principles of government and elucidated them with such clarity as to capture the minds and imagination of the statesmen of the Revolution. Thomas Jefferson had rare gifts and acquirements, and a wonderful and intuitive understanding of popular impulses. Hamilton believed in a strong central government and checks upon hasty popular action. Jefferson had been in close contact with the French Revolution and wanted power and authority in the states rather than in the general government and the fewest possible restrictions on the immediate action of the popular will. In the framing of our Constitution is seen the results of the influence and teaching of these two antagonists harmonized into general principles by the overwhelming power of George Washington. Washington was not a genius, unless common sense belongs to that category, and he had more common sense than any man of his period in this or any other country. Soon after our government was started under this Constitution, John Marshall was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme

Court. He remained such until his death, thirty-four years afterwards. There came before the court almost every possible question of interpretation as to the power of the general government and that reserved to the states. Chief Justice Marshall in deciding these questions established upon impregnable foundations the power of the general government to enforce its authority and perpetuate its existence. His decisions were on the lines of Hamilton's ideas. This so enraged Mr. Jefferson that in a letter to President Madison he said:

"The rancorous hatred which Marshall bears to the Government of his country, and the cunning sophistry within which he is able to enshroud himself."

Nothing can be more entrancing than the study through various administrations, many crises and vital measures, the changes of public opinion, and political action upon these various questions and the attitude of parties upon them to-day. It is this exhaustless field which I commend, not only to you but to all others, as to activities outside of one's vocation which are necessary for health and longevity.

Many of you have said to me, "Tell us something about yourself." So far as I can judge, I am in as good condition on the eve of eighty-three as I was at fifty. On this very question of another work rather than play for recrea-

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tion I have had this experience. There could be no more exacting position than President of a great railroad company. Between the public, the patrons of the railroad and its employees, he has his hands full. The exactions and demands of conflicting municipal, state and governmental authorities are no small part of his troubles. Most executives retire early or die before their time. They give their whole thought and mind without relief to their duties and the strain becomes too great. I early came to the conclusion that insomnia and nerve-racking were relieved rather by change of occupation than by sport. I had a faculty for easy preparation in public speaking and received innumerable requests, and the platform became my change of work. I found that in speaking at the dinners of the Trades Associations who had their annual banquets in New York several times a week, the year round, I won their favor and added to the traffic of our lines. One day we had a conference of rival interests and many executives were there in the effort to secure an adjustment without a railroad war. For the purpose we had an arbitrator. After a most exhausting day in the battle of will and experience for advantage, I arrived home "used-up," but after a half hour's sleep I awoke refreshed and consulting my diary found I was down for a speech at a banquet at Delmonico's that night.

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I arrived late, the intervening time having been devoted to preparation. I was called early, the speech attracted attention and occupied a column in the morning's papers. I was in bed at eleven o'clock and had between seven and eight hours of refreshing slumber. On arriving at our meeting place, one of the ablest of railway presidents, at that time, took me one side. He said, "Chauncey, by making speeches such as you did last night, you are losing the confidence of the people in your attention to your business." "Well," I said, "my dear friend, did I lose anything before the arbitrator yesterday?" He said very angrily, "No, you gained entirely too much." "Well, I said, I am very fresh this morning. What did you do?" He said he was so exhausted that he went to Delmonico's and ordered the best dinner he could. He went on to say, "A friend told me that a little game was on upstairs, and in a close room filled with tobacco smoke I played poker until two o'clock and drank several highballs. The result is, I think we had better postpone this meeting for I do not feel like doing anything to-day." I said, "My dear friend, you will get credit of giving your whole time to business, while I am discredited simply because I am in the papers. I shall keep my method regardless of consequences." Although younger than myself he died years ago.

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Collective investigation in England showed that a large proportion of very old people had always been early risers. The greatest mistake such a one can make is to yield to the usual desire to turn over and remain in bed longer when his hour for rising in the morning has come. No matter what keeps one up the night before, arise at the usual hour. Take a nap during the day, its recuperative power and efficiency in the enjoyment of the evening is wonderful. Above all, keep your mind serene. You never saw an old person who had been choleric all his life. Regularity in habits is the key note of healthy living and thinking in old age.

I gave up tobacco twenty-five years ago because I had become absolutely dependent upon it and after nearly a year of agony got over insomnia and indigestion. When any appetite becomes injurious, whether alcohol, tobacco or drugs, it can be cured by will power. The joy of such a victory compensates for every suffering. Stable health and the consciousness of added years of vigor make each year one of thanksgiving.

With an inherited tendency for worry, and the exaggeration of hard luck or disappointments, I have discovered that it is possible to cultivate optimism and hopefulness. Without practicing the insipidity of "Pollyanna" any man or any woman can dispel care, escape

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morbidness, have faith in humanity, love crowds, do little kindnesses as a habit, have an eye for a pretty girl, but tell your wife, and long for the prolongation of a life so full of daily content and happiness.

Speech at the Dinner given by the Lotos Club
of New York to Mr. Booth Tarkington,
November 25, 1916.

Gentlemen:

This welcome to-night, for one of the most eminent of the younger generation of our men of letters, is full of reminiscence of the authors who have honored us in years past. I recall two occasions of marked interest. The guest of honor was Lord Houghton, known before he was elevated to the peerage as the poet Mockton Milnes. Lord Houghton had the habit, then common in the English Parliament, of interlarding every speech with quotations from the Latin classics, especially from Horace. He had an idea that our membership was made up of men who possessed the American equivalent of the training of Oxford, or Cambridge University. The result was that Latin sentences illuminated his address. We rose to the occasion by vigorously applauding and showing more vociferous appreciation of his Latin than of his English. Anyhow, we knew what he ought to have said. The next occasion, which was one of the most brilliant in our history, had a rather tragical conclusion. It was in honor of Canon Kingsley. His novels were household words and especially his

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“Hypatia” and his “Westward Ho.” To show a special appreciation of his clerical position, the late Bishop Potter made the principal address. The Bishop was noted, during his whole career, not only as a fine preacher and a man of letters, but one of the most courtly and tactful of gentlemen. On this occasion he made the only break in his life. It came in an address which was most complimentary and dispersed with delightful humor. The Canon was of rubicund countenance and the reddest and largest nose I ever saw. The Bishop’s allusion to this feature as a headlight which had illumined literature and led it to the most brilliant heights of this, or any age, was deeply resented by the Canon and forgiveness denied.

Such an evening as this recalls to mind in rapid succession the brief story of American literature. There is little in the Colonial period; in the next era, the intellectual world was dominated by the Clergy. They were great theologians, and Dr. Jonathan Edwards’s lurid descriptions, and powerful presentation of the fate of the wicked, frightened the whole nation. We must remember that one of the reasons for the monopoly during that time of this strictly doctrinal and gloomy literature, is the fact that, for the first hundred years, there were no lawyers in New England. Our next era was literature in oratory. People

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cared little for books, but went wild over the orations of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, and Edward Everett. Webster's orations, in their literary finish and perfection, were literature and survive. The others do not live because with the exception of Everett, they exhausted themselves upon transient political issues. Then came a brilliant age; it was composed mainly of the men of genius who lunched once a week at the Parker House in Boston. Among them were Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Theodore Parker, Dr. Channing and others. They placed American literature upon the map of the world. In a volume of old letters recently published is one from Sir Walter Scott to a New York friend. Sir Walter says that he has just read a book by one Washington Irving, which has the grace and manner of Addison and Sterne, and predicts a future for the author. Thus, for the first time, was answered the well-known question of that period, "Who reads an American book?" Irving became, and still holds the position of Father of American literature. There is a letter also of Washington Irving's, which is the first indication on our side of the ocean of a life devoted to letters. He says, "I'd rather be a successful author and starve in a garret, than have all the money of John Jacob Astor." He referred to the original Astor, who was then the richest man in the United States.

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We live in a revolutionary period, it is one of startling changes and wonderful contrasts. We have just gone through a general election, New York has always been a pivotal State, it became a maxim that as goes New York, so goes the Union. But this election has broken the tradition, the flag of victory goes to California. So in literature the center of original thought and ideas is transferred from Boston to Indianapolis. By the way, we are all philosophers now and have no politics, so what did this election decide? I think practically nothing. The reason is deep in the undeveloped results of this world tragedy. We are not in it, but we are of it. As a people we are groping to find our place, or what place will be forced upon us. The Atlantic States, like New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Maine, fearing future possibilities, want army and navy preparedness to meet them; the Middle West, composed of a people just as brave, but having no fear of invasion, have a greater fear of the possibilities of war. They are not at all sure but what if New York as they conceive it to be was wiped off the map, even by a hostile fleet, it would be a blessing to the country. Hence you see rock-ribbed Republican Kansas going Democratic, Republican Minnesota saved by only a few votes, and California giving twelve thousand majority for Wilson and three hundred thousand majority to Governor

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Johnson, the Republican candidate for United States Senator. This thought lands us square into the Middle West, whose brilliant representative is our guest to-night. Indiana was discovered by La Salle, the famous Jesuit explorer. It was for a hundred years part of France. Under the Mendel theory, the strongest element in an ancestor may skip several generations and then break out, so now we have the vivacity, variety, and interpretation, which is French genius, appearing in Booth Tarkington, Whitcomb Riley and George Ade of Indianapolis. Irving said, in one of his works, that the Middle West would in the future form a lawless interval between the abodes of civilized man like the waters of the ocean, or the deserts of Arabia. He was familiar with the civilization and culture of the Atlantic East, and of the possibilities of the Pacific, but he did not grasp that a race, strong, vigorous, independent and ruthless of traditions would make the boundless prairies of the Middle West the dominant factor in the politics and literature of the United States. Like the Bowery, in the topical song, "They say such things and they do such things," and are original. When Whitcomb Riley's birthday arrived, the whole State turned out. The Governor came with his staff to Riley's home, the courts adjourned, the factories closed, the children flocked, Vice-President Fairbanks illu-

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mined the occasion with his most genial smile, Vice-President Marshall wore a dress suit and Senator Beveridge made a speech. No other state ever so expressed its love and admiration for its poet; no such demonstration ever came to Lowell or Holmes or Longfellow. Such appreciation is bound to produce more poets, and inspire incipient genius to wonderful achievements.

While I was in the Senate an appeal was made to me to assist in securing charter for an American Institute of Arts and Letters whose membership should rival the immortals of the famous French Academy. The Middle West ridiculed and opposed it. They said it created a chartered aristocracy. They had no prejudices against cowboys becoming multi-millionaires or telegraph operators, railroad presidents or porters in the stores, merchant princes, for those opportunities were open to all men. But they would not stand for the United States putting its great seal of recognition upon certain citizens as superior beings and give them a power to say who for all time should be their associates. The bill became a law, and the Academy has had its first meeting. It finds that we have no standards, our poetry is not inspired by the Muses, and our novels lack circulation of the blood and a nervous system to sustain their muscular vigor. But the Middle West will go right on with new standards

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and fresher ones like James Abbott McNeill Whistler and Walt Whitman who were more of the unbridled West than the corraled East.

At this time, when there are no great issues to divide parties or arouse antagonistic opinions, I discover by accident that the public must always have an issue of some kind. We once had a bloody riot here in New York to determine whether Forrest or Macready was the greatest tragedian. I recently had occasion in an address to the Academy of Medicine on longevity to allude to the discrepancy between King David's advice and his life. King David lived twenty-five hundred years ago, but his remark, made before a body of scientists, brought him out into the lime-light and demonstrated that he had a multitude of militant defenders. The next time I have to illustrate a point or emphasize a thought, I shall try Rameses or Nebuchadnezzar. I know Nebuchadnezzar is safe because during the reception a young author said to me, "What will you talk about?" I answered, "Nebuchadnezzar." He said, "What is that?"

And now, my friends, let us rejoice that we have men of letters, who in books, in plays and in journalism, can give us the characteristics, the idylls and the aspirations of American life. Let us unite with Indiana in honoring the author of so many admirable novels and excellent plays. I went the other night to witness

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“Mr. Antonio,” written by Booth Tarkington. In the mass of folly, useful only for a laugh, of which we have so much, it was a delight to sit under the charm of a portrayal of character and of life, which carried one back to the comedies of classic English. Our friend and guest has not yet reached his prime, he is still under fifty, may he live to delight his countrymen by his contributions to the stage, and to general literature for generations to come.

Speech at the Dinner given by Mr. Frank
Munsey to Ambassador James W. Gerard,
Ritz-Carlton, New York, December, 1916.

Mr. Munsey, Mr. Ambassador and Friends:

We are all grateful to Mr. Munsey for so graciously and hospitably giving us the opportunity to meet and greet our old friend, Ambassador Gerard, on his brief vacation from Germany.

For many years the American people have thought little of the diplomatic service; one President of the United States told me very emphatically that its usefulness had ceased, because the business between the United States and foreign governments could be as well transacted by cable between our State Department and their Chancelleries, but he said, "I think it wise to continue the practice for this reason, every other nation can decorate deserving citizens, in monarchial countries they have titles, in France they have the legion of honor. We have nothing, but these diplomatic appointments take their places. The reason why I am changing our diplomatic service, almost entirely, is to fill the vacancies in order to decorate distinguished and deserving citizens."

The present world war has demonstrated

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that he was wrong. Our neutrality is largely dependent upon daily communication of our Ambassador or Minister with the foreign ministers, Sovereigns or Presidents, of the countries to which he is accredited and the tact, skill and wisdom with which he performs his duty. The services of our Ambassadors, especially at London, Paris and Berlin, have been of incalculable value to our people abroad, to our commercial relations and to our friendly intercourse ever since the beginning of the war. Certainly the position of the Ambassador to Germany has been very difficult. He has had upon him, not only the eyes of his government and our people generally, but special scrutiny from the large number of very intelligent, prosperous and clear-sighted American citizens of German birth or ancestry. He has had also the very delicate task of looking after the interests of Great Britain, which, according to the custom in war times, the belligerent nation always requests the representative of a friendly power to attend to. It is enough to say that it is a high and deserved tribute that, during these critical two and a half years, he has retained the confidence of his own government, maintained personal and cordial relations with the Kaiser and his Cabinet, and vindicated the rights and interests of our people.

We have all listened with pleasure to the illuminating speech which he has just delivered.

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A diplomat speaks under difficulties. For his audience, he must say much; on account of his position, he can say nothing. I remember when a boy in the country one of the pleasures of life, because of its thrills and dangers, was to skate on thin ice. This elastic covering of the water would rise in a wave before the skater, and the sensation was exhilarating unless the crest of the wave broke and then the skater went under the ice and generally continued his journey to some destination in another world. Our friend this evening has not broken the ice. At the same time he has given us much valuable information in regard to conditions abroad. There was one part of his speech which especially appealed to me as a veteran protectionist. He is a life-long Democrat and free-trader. I have heard him often, with great skill and eloquence, denounce protection as the sum of all robberies. But then his father and grandfather, whom I had the privilege of knowing very well, were also free-trade Democrats. It is difficult to escape from the clutch of heredity. His picture to-night was a vivid one of the danger of our markets being flooded when the war is over, by the products of German industries equal to our own, but made at much lower wages. Of course the only way to protect ourselves from being submerged, our factories closed and our working men thrown out of employment, is by raising

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a barrier in the shape of an old-fashioned protective tariff against the dumping process. I am sure, his excellency, the Ambassador, will forgive me for expressing my gratification for this high official testimony to the soundness of my opinions on this economic question.

Ever since President McKinley's days I have taken a deep interest in the diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States, for he very kindly tendered me the Ambassadorship which I had to decline, but I have another very charming recollection of a brief interview with the old Emperor. I was at Salzburg in Austria. It is principally noted as the place where a citizen got rid of seven wives by tying them to a bed post and then tickling their feet until they died of suffocation from hysterical laughter. His eighth wife broke the cord and exposed him. He was hung and in the churchyard he lies beside his seven victims. The Emperor arrived one evening, accompanied by his grandson, the present Emperor, and a large staff. He was past ninety and assisted into the hotel, but when he saw the crowd he straightened up, threw off his attendants and marched up the stairs behind his iron camp bedstead, like a grenadier. He was ill for several days. There were three of us Americans in the hotel, we sent him a basket of flowers with an address which I wrote. When he was to leave, an officer said to me, "The Emperor is

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very much pleased with your address and the flowers. There is a large crowd of English standing near the stairs to present him with an address and bouquets. He does not want either, but wishes to show his appreciation of you Americans, so if you will be at the foot of the elevator, he will see you there." He was very gracious and so was his grandson. He had left the hotel and been gone for some time before the hundred or more English, with their bouquets, discovered how sadly they had been left. I was very much impressed with the grandson, even in that brief interview, but thought it would be a long time before he would come to the throne, but within a year his grandfather died, his father succeeded, lived but a few months and died, and he became Emperor. I am glad here to pay him this tribute which he eminently deserves, and that is that no German sovereign has done so much to expand the commerce, to develop the industries and to enlarge the mercantile marine of his country, and to increase its prestige and power.

I feel a sort of fatherly interest in our distinguished guest. I think I am the dean of the American diplomatic corps. Just fifty years ago I was appointed and confirmed as United States Minister to Japan. There is no one living who was in the diplomatic service as a minister a half century ago. I know of nothing,

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in the way of historical contrast and national development, equal to the progress of Japan, since my appointment. Then it required six months to make the passage and an equal time for the mails. Not long ago Mr. Edison sat at one desk and I at another and he sent a message which went around the world and through Japan and reached me at my desk in twenty-six minutes. Japan, at that time, had a feudal monarchy and to-day it has a constitution with representative government, universal suffrage and a cabinet of responsible ministers. Its navy was then the antiquated junks and now it has one of the most modern, efficient and powerful of any nation. Its army still used spears, bows and arrows and were protected by armor, while its most efficient modern army has successfully and victoriously fought one of the most powerful of military nations. It has a school system for universal education and universities for higher education. It has the telegraph, the telephone and every appliance of science and invention which is possessed by the most advanced nations. The marvel of this is that Japan has accomplished these miracles in fifty years and caught up with the Western nations who have been developing for twenty centuries. The greater marvel is that, while Japan had an Eastern civilization which antedated the Christian era, and had a literature which was classic,

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while Europe was in the Dark Ages, yet within this brief period of a half a century she threw off the prejudices, the teachings and the heredity of the East and, to take her place as a world power, adopted the civilization and progressive results, ideas, and policies of the West.

I was only a few months in the diplomatic service when I resigned, because I was unable to leave the United States and go to my post. Nevertheless, once a Minister—always a Minister. I hail and greet Mr. Gerard as having kept up and worthily sustained the best traditions of American diplomatic service.

Speech at the Dinner given by the "New York World" to President Wilson and Others, in Commemoration of Securing Permanent Light for the Statue of Liberty, December 2, 1916.

Mr. President, Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The power of the press is a well worn theme, but it successfully performs other functions than moulding or leading public opinion. It originates and leads in contributions for philanthropic purposes and to relieve from great calamities, for scientific research, for exploration and discovery. The *New York World* has to its credit, among other things, two successful efforts, the second of which we celebrate to-day. When France offered to the United States the noble Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, a pedestal had to be provided. There were no national or state appropriations, public contributions were inadequate when the *World* appealed to the people, and in a few days the required amount of over one hundred thousand dollars was secured. Liberty Enlightening the World had ceased with the years almost entirely to illuminate the pathway to this port of hope for those seeking the refuge and protection of American liberty. Again this great

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newspaper made its effort and appeal and now for all time the statue will flash its beneficent message to the sky, the waters and the earth.

It may be well to recall briefly the origin of this gift from France to the United States. The idea originated among patriotic Frenchmen who wished to create an enduring monument to the intimate ties and century old friendship of these two greatest Republics of the world. Two hundred and seventy thousand of the men, women and children of France contributed to the fund. The French government gave to the enterprise its cordial support and sent a notable delegation of its eminent citizens to the unveiling. This occasion tonight is for me one both of memorable and sorrowful recollection. Of all the famous company who participated in the ceremonies thirty years ago, I am the only survivor. Among the French were Count de Lesseps, then at the zenith of his fame as the builder of the Suez Canal and projector of what seemed another triumph at Panama, and the sculptor Bartholdi. They have joined the majority and so have most of the statesmen, generals, admirals and men of letters who accompanied them. President Cleveland received the statue and was surrounded by Bayard, Secretary of State, Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, Lamont, Secretary of War, Vilas, Postmaster General all are gone. The chairman of the committee

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was William M. Evarts. The opening prayer was made by the Rev. Richard M. Storrs, and the benediction pronounced by Bishop Potter. They too have left blessed memories. I delivered the oration.

There was no appropriation for the entertainment of these distinguished visitors, so, at the request of the Secretary of Navy, I took them to Chicago, and Frank Thompson of the Pennsylvania railroad carried them to other places of interest, to Washington and back to New York. Niagara Falls received amid the acclaim of all present its finest tribute from Admiral Jaurès. Said the Admiral, "I have sailed around the globe and seen all its wonders. This is the finest. When there shall be held an exhibition to which all the stars and planets of the universe contribute their best, the earth will display Niagara Falls."

M. LeFaivre, the representative of France, in presenting the statue said, "To us American and Frenchmen liberty is not only a common doctrine, it is also a family tie. This statue, pledge of a fraternal union between the greatest Republics of the world, is greeted simultaneously by more than a hundred millions of free men who tender friendly hands to each other across the ocean." To this President Cleveland responding said, "The people of the United States accept with gratitude from their brethren of the French Republic the great and

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complete work of art we here inaugurate. This token of affection and consideration of the people of France demonstrates a kinship of Republics and conveys to us the assurance that, in our efforts to commend to mankind the excellence of a government resting upon the popular will, we still have beyond the American continent a steadfast ally."

Thus, before this statue and its significant message, thus, in the presence in spirit and through their representatives of all the people of France and of the United States, was reaffirmed our gratitude for the unselfish sacrifices and devotion of France in our hour of need and the joint obligations of both peoples to liberty.

The story of how France came to our rescue in the most critical period of our Revolution is the most romantic in history. It surpasses in its realism all efforts of the imagination. The way had been prepared by the essays on liberty of Rousseau, Voltaire and other Frenchmen of genius. A nation ground down by tyranny and taxes saw in these theories a ray of hope, and a frivolous court wearied of pleasure an interesting plaything. The imagination of a young French noble of the greatest position, largest fortune and prospects in his own country of the most brilliant future was captured by their writings. The Marquis de Lafayette was a guest at a dinner given by his general to a Royal Duke, brother of the King

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of England. The Duke said, "The most amazing madness of this mad age is the Declaration of Independence made by our American Colonies," and then he read it. Lafayette at once wrote his wife, "Dear Heart, when I heard the American Declaration of Independence my heart enlisted." It reduced to practice the theories in which he believed. In spite of the opposition of the King and his ministers, Lafayette purchased a ship, sailed to our shores and placed his life and fortune at the service of American independence. To our Congress, hesitating to receive one so young (Lafayette was twenty) Lafayette wrote, "After the sacrifices I have made, I have the right to exact two favors, one to serve at my own expense and the other to serve as a volunteer." Washington, with his rare insight into the worth of men, was captured, when, after showing the French officer accustomed to the pomp of the most brilliant army in the world, his ragged continentals with an apology for their difference in equipment from the French, Lafayette answered, "Sir, it is to learn, not to teach that I am here." Then was formed one of the closest of friendships between Washington and Lafayette. Adoration with love from Lafayette, gratitude and esteem from Washington.

The year passed during which Lafayette rose steadily in the esteem of his Commander as a

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soldier and a citizen. With our credit exhausted and our resources almost gone, Washington wrote to Lafayette, "We are nearly at the end of our tether." Lafayette returned to France. Nothing could resist him. Against the advice of statesmen and financiers he carried France into an alliance with the United States. France had all to lose and nothing to gain, while to the United States the armies, the fleets and the gold from France were vital to its independence. The adventure cost France about four hundred millions, or in values of to-day two thousand millions of dollars. Already in serious financial difficulties this additional expense bankrupted her treasury, raised her taxes to an insupportable burden and brought on the French Revolution. Marie Antoinette's enthusiasm for our cause gained over the King and Court for the alliance, and in the aftermath both fell victims to the Terror. Then came Napoleon, who organized into resistless armies the democratic spirit of the revolution, tumbled kings from their thrones and destroyed forever the doctrine of the ruling by divine right. Then, in the fullness of time and largely because of the success of the American experiment came the French Republic.

Liberty is won by sacrifices and maintained by vigilance. History is full of dramatic contrasts. None are greater than the horrors to civilians in the war now raging in Europe, and

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the march of the French army from Newport, Rhode Island, to Yorktown, Virginia, and return. They were accustomed to the license of the soldiers of all nations at that period, but aristocratic officers and peasant soldiers came here in a condition of chivalric exaltation. In their long marches, and with many privations, not an apple was taken or a fence rail burned without the consent of the owner and full compensation. In wars of that time women were the sport and spoil of armies, but every home in our land rang with praises of the gallantry and courtesy of the French army.

Thirty years ago, when the Statue of Liberty was inaugurated, was a time of intellectual and patriotic exaltation in France. Ten years had passed since the surrender at Sedan and the subsequent occupancy of the country by the enemy. Moltke said, "To reduce France to impotence for the future we must take more territory," but Bismarck answered, "With wresting from her Alsace and Lorraine and imposing an indemnity of five thousand millions of francs in gold we have bled France white." The days of miracles may have passed, but there are no limits to the miracles of patriotism. Thiers appealed to the people and in a few months from them came all their savings. The indemnity was paid and France was free, but with their dearly bought liberty came an energizing of spirit and strength which in

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a decade had worked another miracle in the regeneration of France. There is sentiment as well as savagery in war. For two years and until the indemnity was paid in 1872 the enemies' army of occupation held Verdun. When this war began the idea of the enemy was to capture Verdun with its vast fortresses, and the memory of 1870 and its defeats would paralyze France. There was a new France at Verdun in 1914. They were not the disheartened soldiers of the corrupt Third Empire, but the children of a third of a century of Republican government. They have refuted the age-long belief that democracies cannot organize and patiently sacrifice and endure for war. The strongest, ablest, and one of the most courageous armies the world has known has for two-thirds of a year, in ceaseless and bloody battles by day and night, been hurled against Verdun. Though more than a half million have died to take Verdun, it is still French. Thermopylæ and Marathon after three thousand years still fire the blood. There is day after day in our sister Republic a drama of liberty enacted in the same spirit but infinitely greater, than Marathon or Thermopylæ.

Gay, pleasure loving, intellectual France, with a ring of steel and bursting shells all along her borders, and her enemy in possession of part of her territory, is giving her whole population for the preservation of her life and

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liberty. Greater than any nation of ancient and modern times, she has found her soul. Mothers who have lost their sons, grieve that they have not others to give. Wives, whose husbands have fallen, rush to enlist in any service which will fill their places. France, our friend in our time of trial, the French Republic, the child of our Revolution, is a living embodiment of Liberty Enlightening the World.

Speech at the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the
Philharmonic Society of New York, Wal-
dorf-Astoria, January 21, 1907.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

A famous politician in his frequent appeals for popular support was accustomed to say in his speeches, "The greatest danger to the people is the possession of a million dollars." When he died, and his estate was appraised, it was discovered that he had only seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A hundred years is the popular climax of life and history, but three quarters of a century, in its story and interests, is often quite as interesting and important. In fact, there is no century of the past which equals in its contributions to art, science and invention, to liberty, humanity and social justice, these seventy-five years of the life of the Philharmonic Society.

And while all of the achievements of this marvelous three quarters of a century in the uplift, liberalization and expansion of civilization are now drenched in blood, we can here to-night hail the peaceful beginning, the upward course and the triumphant and beneficent closing of its seventy-fifth anniversary of the Philharmonic Society.

The older I grow and the more I study and

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observe, the more I am impressed with the power of heredity. Great as we are, and in many ways we have marched ahead of older nations, we lag far behind in the higher arts and in music. The highly civilized peoples of older countries, from the folk lore and folk songs of thousands of years, have developed in a wonderful way both music, its composers and interpreters. But we, for nearly a hundred years, were dominated by the Puritan spirit. The Pilgrims of Plymouth before they came to England lived many years in Holland. They enjoyed its hospitality, the opportunities of its universities, and a knowledge and practice of civil and religious liberty in the only country in the world, at that time when they existed. They sang hymns when they embarked from Delfshaven and brought some literature and practice hymnology with them to Massachusetts, but the heavy Puritan emigration which came a few years afterwards to Massachusetts Bay belonged to that army of iconoclasts who smashed organs, drove out choirs and suppressed church music. For nearly a century the Puritan ministers governed the New England Colonies.

Music is irrepressible, song is in human nature to express its joy or its sorrow, and cannot be wholly eliminated. The Puritan ministers discovered this and in their slow evolution met many difficulties. The first was should those who were not members of the church be per-

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mitted to join in the singing. The next and most difficult was, should women be permitted to sing. At this point they ran against St. Paul's injunction that women should keep silent in the churches. The present excitement over Woman Suffrage is nothing compared with the agitation with which the women endeavored to enforce their claims. They even attacked the divinity of St. Paul and claimed that some of his utterances were those of a man who was a bachelor and not inspired by the spirit. Finally the ministers announced that it was not the harmony but the heart which was acceptable. They quoted St. Jerome who wrote:

"They are not artfully to supple their jaws and throats, for if a man has an unpleasant voice, if he has good works, he is a sweet singer in God's ear."

Some even went so far as to insist that every member of the congregation, whether they knew anything of music or not, and without regard to time or harmony, should give full-throated expression to their feelings, but even in such unpromising surroundings there grew up a resistless body of music lovers and music teachers.

Dr. Lowell Mason was the father of American church music. But the prejudices against its improvements and expansion received their hardest blow when Henry Ward Beecher, then

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at the height of his reputation and influence, brought out a hymnal in which he had incorporated many of the well-known and popular tunes. He annihilated his critics by declaring that the "Devil is not entitled to all the best music."

But it was one hundred and seventy years after the landing of the Pilgrims before they had the first oratorio in Boston. That was given in honor of the visit of President Washington. When he first arrived in Philadelphia, two or three years before, to preside at the Constitutional Convention, from which came our Government, the Philadelphians greeted him with an opera. Washington was the most complete all around man of common sense and poise that ever lived. It is singular that Philadelphia and Boston, and subsequently New York, should have greeted him with classic music. Great as he was, he was ignorant of music, for he lacked heredity and opportunity. I believe Jefferson played the violin, but otherwise none of our presidents or great statesmen were musicians, though in Europe music has for centuries owed its existence and promotion to the support of the government. General Grant, our most famous soldier, told me that he only understood two tunes, one was "Old Hundred" and the other was "Yankee Doodle," but that he could not tell one from the other. It was my privilege, many times, to meet with one of the

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most remarkable men of his period, Mr. Gladstone. His encyclopædic knowledge was unequalled. When he was Prime Minister, and there was an acute crisis in the House of Commons, I was in the same box with him at the Opera at Covent Garden. The Whips of his party were arriving, receiving instructions and returning to Parliament. Mr. Gladstone, in the intervals, gave a history of Opera in London so complete and exhaustive that it might have come from the pen of the most competent musical critics. He said he had been a close attendant upon opera for sixty years. He then picturesquely painted word pictures of the different singers during that period and also of the operas presented and a discriminating comment upon their merits. He said that so many years ago, naming them, the conductor of Covent Garden raised the pitch. This compelled most singers to use the tremulo. Since then I have never enjoyed the opera.

I remember when singing societies sprang up all over the country. The suppressed musical spirit had burst its bonds. They were crude affairs but educational. The singing master in our village was a stern elder, who knew only psalms and hymns. He believed in the tuning fork but was suspicious of instrumental accompaniments. It was a mighty struggle which brought into the churches the organ. I also with keen enjoyment recall the traveling singing

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societies which began to give concerts. It is over seventy years ago when the first of these came to our village of Peekskill, and two of their songs left an indelible impression upon my memory. I can to this day repeat a few lines and the way the words were pronounced. The first was:

“Roll on, silver moon,
Guide the traveller in his way,
While the nightingale’s song
Is in tuueen.”

As a boy I never heard a nightingale, or of one, and doubted the efficacy of the moon as a lantern. From the next song I recall:

“We will chase the antelope over the plain,
And bring the tiger home with a chain.”

Again I was at a loss how this elderly family were to chase the antelope and lead the tiger.

I remember as if it were yesterday the arrival of Jenny Lind. She came under the auspices of Barnum. I was then about sixteen. That matchless showman heralded her in such a way that the harbor was full of boats to meet her ship. The steamboat whistles blew and she rolled up Broadway in her carriage under triumphal arches to be greeted by the Mayor and Municipal authorities. The papers were full of the wonders of her voice. She had cured the sick, she had brought the dying back to life, she had given a realization of the

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heavenly choir, and the song birds of the air were her pupils. None of our great men, generals, or statesmen ever had such a triumphal march through the country.

“The Beggars’ Opera” was presented in New York at Society Hall in 1759, but the effort was not sufficiently successful to encourage its continuance. In 1825 New York had a season of Grand Opera. The artists were the Garcia family. Their triumph was in presenting the “Barber of Seville” by Rossini. Father, mother, daughter and son took the leading characters. The father, Almirina, his daughter Rosina, his son Figaro, and his wife Bertha.

With Colonel Watterson delivering one, I delivered the other oration at the opening of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. The music of that great celebration of the discovery of America was under the management of your one time great leader, Theodore Thomas. To him, as much as any, is our country indebted for education in the taste, extension and encouragement for higher music. It is most interesting to study the beginnings of great men or successful enterprises, or the origin of revolutions. Throwing tea into Boston harbor started the revolt which ended in the Republic of the United States. Hurling a town counselor out of the window at Prague in Bohemia began the Thirty Years’ War which devastated Europe.

The Philharmonic Society grew out of a

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funeral. A remarkable genius, Mr. U. C. Hill, gathered the musicians of the city to give what he called a mournful concert in memory of one of their fellows, Daniel Schlesinger. The success was so great that the performers adjourned to the Shakespeare tavern to talk it over. In those days, as in the times of Shakespeare and Sam Johnson, everything of moment was discussed and decided in the tavern. Hill's energy and enthusiasm overcame all opposition, and seventy-five years ago he organized the Philharmonic Society. The Society has been fortunate in its secretaries. These gentlemen have recorded, with great picturesqueness and spirit, the story of each year. The Secretary says in the earlier meetings of the Society, "The conductor said let the oboe sound A," and then they marched in solemn procession to the platform, the effect of which was to produce in the audience respect, awe and anticipation.

The Secretary of fifty years ago records that the concerts of the Society were so constantly disturbed by the talking and laughing of frivolous auditors that after an hour's lecture on proper manners and decorum by Mr. Willis, the music lovers were formed in groups about these disturbers and awed them into silence. Opera goers who are not interested in the opera still exist. I heard one night in a nearby box at the Metropolitan a wife say to her husband,

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a well-known financier, "My dear, don't you think the performance fine and Caruso great?" "Oh," he answered wearily, "Caruso, Amato, Scotti, all sound the same to me, I can't tell them apart." Another Secretary reports, in the early struggles of the Society, that they were facing a deficit and possible bankruptcy, when the conductor decided to omit gloves. This led to a saving of \$4.75, which rescued the Society from impending peril and placed it upon a solvent basis. Another Secretary reports that on the death of President Lincoln, for the first time in its history, the Society postponed its regular concert. A month afterwards they had one in commemoration of Mr. Lincoln and played Beethoven's Third Symphony. The Secretary remarks that Beethoven composed this Symphony to portray the workings of Napoleon's mind, which the composer conceived to be most chaotic until the great master, like the universe out from original chaos, evolved harmony. And the Secretary says the playing was so wonderful in the funeral march that the audience could hear the tears dropping on the lid of the coffin.

At certain periods are developed great geniuses in different departments of human activities. They seldom come alone, but in numbers, and leave a marked impression upon their own and succeeding generations. This is true in art, in letters and in arms. The Phil-

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harmonic Society was fortunate in being born in one of these periods of spiritual elevation. The great masters of music in many countries were giving to the world their wonderful creations. They appeared in Italy, Germany, France and England. Though feebly presented, at that time here by strolling artists, yet the United States was feeling the effect of the works of these marvelous masters. Among them were Purcell, Handel, Hayden, Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. Happily your Society was sufficiently organized, educated and harmoniously led to grasp, present and preserve these wonderful opportunities. While in the cataclysmic changes of this three-quarters of a century thrones have been overthrown, dynasties have disappeared, great nations have been organized, great battles fought and advances and reforms brought about by bloody wars and infinite sufferings, the Philharmonic Society has pursued its way peacefully and harmoniously. It has given great pleasure to three generations, but it has been a powerful institution for instruction and education in the higher walks of music. It is one of the few societies which has survived the inevitable difficulties of a voluntary organization. It celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary more perfect in its arts, more powerful in its presentation, more prosperous in its career and with better promise for the future than ever before.

Speech at the Dinner given by the Pilgrims Society to Hon. Joseph H. Choate on his Eighty-fifth Birthday, the Union League Club, New York, January 27, 1917.

Mr. Chairman and Friends:

In my sixty years on the platform, I have been introduced by all sorts and kinds and conditions of men and women, but never in my life have I been frescoed and rubbed up and down and painted so luridly and multifariously as I have been by the chairman to-night. (Laughter.)

There are sceptics who will throw doubts upon vigorous age. I recently delivered an address before the Academy of Medicine upon the art of living long and growing old gracefully. In the accidents of newspaper selection, as to what the public wishes, the speech found a place on the front page of papers all over the country. Among many letters which I have received was one from Los Angeles, California, in which the writer says, "I have read in our local newspaper what you have to say about growing old. It is in the main all right. I am eighty years of age myself, but when you remark that you are as well in every respect at eighty-three as you were at fifty, it shows that your mind is impaired." (Laughter.) To live

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to be eighty-five or a hundred and five is not in itself a distinction or cause for congratulation. The elephant and the turtle can do better. Old Thomas Parr is reputed to have lived to the age of one hundred and fifty-three. George III, desiring to see this wonder, invited Parr to dinner. The unusual event and the royal food was too much for him and he died that night. The only thing known to either his contemporaries about him is his great age. To have lived is to have got out of life all that our ability and opportunity has permitted.

We have had many lawyers in this country, and our Bar has been remarkable for its famous men. It is an unusual distinction to rise to the leadership of the American Bar and to hold it unquestioned for a long period. This our friend did. He also took a leading part in many cases of national interest in which were settled principles of vast importance to the commercial, financial and industrial activities of our country. To have been associated under such conditions for more than half a century and have enjoyed the intimacy, admiration and friendship of all the great lawyers of our land, is in itself a rare and beautiful life. To its pleasure and distinction is also added that our highest courts, which have always been distinguished, have been swayed by the learning and eloquence of the advocate. But in the progressive value of services so important in

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settling principles of law may be added that in the International Tribunal, which at The Hague sought to establish and have adopted by all nations a code for the righteous settlement of international difficulties, the most powerful contributor was our friend. (Applause.) Unhappily the most belligerent powers refused to accept the decision of that great court, unhappily the principles that were adopted have been violated with the result that the most disastrous, destructive, cruel and bloody war of all times is now upon us. But in the great settlement, when the peace of the world must be established upon a sure and permanent foundation, the exhausted nations and peoples will come to an agreement substantially on the terms both adopted and rejected at The Hague with a world court, and a world power to enforce its decrees. (Applause.)

When I came to New York permanently, over fifty years ago, there were nearly a score of orators of national reputation, especially as "after-dinner" speakers. I mean the after-dinner speech which, while promoting gaiety and hilarity, also enforces a truth or leaves a lesson. Taking the first twenty-five years of this fifty, there are William M. Evarts, for a long time the leader of our national Bar and the wittiest man in the country; Ogden Hoffman, with rare gifts; the two Bradys, James T. and Judge John R., both remarkable; Richard

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O'Gorman with scintillating Irish humor and eloquence; Henry Ward Beecher, who was rarely equalled and never surpassed; Doctor Storrs, Doctor Chapin and our always altogether witty and charming General Horace Porter. But first of them all Mr. Choate. Our city has increased several times in population, in public meetings and demands for men who can acceptably present the thought of the hour. It is unaccountable that, with this great ancestry of oratory, humor, wit and wisdom, there are not to-day a half dozen or even anywhere near that who enjoy the local or national reputation of these wonderful ancestors in eloquence. We read with pleasure of the tilts in arms by the Knights of old, especially as described by Sir Walter Scott in "Ivanhoe." But the tilts between the Knights who were the speakers of the evening in those glorious days, were quite as exciting though not so dangerous. For forty years very many times during the winter I have broken a lance with Mr. Choate. Unlike the ancient tournament, it was the one who spoke last who had his innings. I remember on one occasion he put me entirely out of commission. In a town in Western New York, which had been named after me, the borers had struck natural gas and immediately after the American fashion formed a company and proceeded to sell stock. Choate got hold of their prospectus which read, "The

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Depew Natural Gas Company, Limited," and then in his own inimitable way brought down the house and overwhelmed me by asking, "Why limited?"

I have been going to Europe annually for half a century. During that time I came to know very well our Ministers and Ambassadors abroad. Whatever may be said, and much of it is true, against the fearful and wonderful way in which we have been represented at the court of foreign nations, our long list of Ministers and Ambassadors to the Court of St. James is without an exception one of rare and eminent ability and distinction. I remember when, during our Civil War, some act was proposed by Great Britain and the remark by our Minister, Charles Francis Adams, to Lord John Russell, "My Lord, this is war," prevented that action. Lord John Russell knew that Mr. Adams spoke for his country and meant what he said. James Russell Lowell was a brilliant Minister, he easily was the foremost in reputation among the diplomats in London of his period. When he was appointed all England read his works. One Duchess, who had been pleased with the "Bigelow Papers," greeted him with great cordiality and said, "Mr. Bigelow, I have read your book with delight, I hope Mrs. Bigelow is with you." Emory Storrs of Chicago was a successful lawyer and an ambitious politician. President Arthur refused to give him the

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Attorney-Generalship which he had asked for but soothed him and gratified his vanity by making him a roving Ambassador without power, his commission being on parchment, signed by the President and Secretary of State and with the great seal of the United States attached. Storrs was on the same steamer with me going over. I said, "What do you expect to do?" His answer was, "I understand that Lowell, our Minister to England, hardly ever entertained Americans. I am going to make him give me a dinner." We were again on the same steamer returning home. I said, "Well, Storrs, tell me of your diplomatic adventures." He said, "I was in the Dresden Gallery, in the room where they keep that marvelous picture by Raphael, the Madonna and Child. It seems to have been the result of a divine inspiration. It has no equal in the world. While I was gazing on it enrapt in admiration and awe, I felt that the large crowd, all Americans, were looking at me, and not at the famous painting. I said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I am only an American lawyer and my clothes were made in Chicago; what is there in my appearance which is so singular that it draws you away from your pilgrimage to see this marvelous work of art, and to gaze at me?' One gentleman stepped forward and said, 'Excuse us, Mr. Storrs, you are more to us Americans than all the

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pictures in this gallery, because Mr. Lowell gave you a dinner." (Laughter.)

Robert Lincoln was a most popular Minister; he has rare social gifts and is a charming conversationalist. Labouchère told me that when Mr. Lincoln arrived in England, Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, said to Labouchère, "I am exceedingly anxious to meet the new American Minister, Mr. Lincoln. I have the greatest admiration for his father." Labouchère arranged a dinner at his house, an hour out of London. He called for Mr. Gladstone, and Mrs. Gladstone exacted a promise that her husband should be returned and inside his house at eleven o'clock. At the dinner something started Mr. Gladstone's intellectual. He launched into a resistless flow of oratorical monologue. Mr. Lincoln's efforts, even to ask a question, were drowned in the flood. At eleven o'clock Mr. Labouchère interrupted saying, "Mr. Gladstone, it is now eleven o'clock, and I promised Mrs. Gladstone to have you back home at this hour, and it will take an hour to return." Mr. Gladstone said, "Yes, yes," and hastily bid everybody good-night. While riding down to London Mr. Labouchère said, "Well, Mr. Gladstone, you have had an evening with Mr. Lincoln, what do you think of him?" He answered, "A very charming gentleman, but does not seem to have much conversation." (Laughter.)

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Mr. Phelps was a great lawyer and an able Minister; he also won distinction both as a speaker on general occasions and especially with the Bar. Dining with English judges one night, the discussion ran upon a decision they had arrived at upon a novel point of law. They invited Mr. Phelps to participate in the discussion and the result was that they took their decision off the file and changed it. It was in competition with the great ancestry of American diplomats that Mr. Choate entered the service as Ambassador to Great Britain. He was there for six years. As a diplomat, he took an active and influential part in the settlement of acute questions of difference between the two countries. He soon became the most popular speaker for general occasions and especially for after-dinner speeches. His wit, genial humor and charming personality won social England as it seldom has been won by any foreigner. At country houses all over the land, the week-end parties were repeating the last mot or epigram of the American Ambassador. (Applause.) He did much to put life into the fruitless efforts to provide adequate homes for our representatives abroad. It was when Congress was thrilled by the story which came over the cable that Mr. Choate, standing in the rain on the corner of his street one night, was accosted by a policeman who said, "Move on, old gentleman, it is time you were at home."

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And Mr. Choate answered, "I have no home, I am the American Ambassador." (Laughter.)

The venerable Law Society of the Benchers of the Inner Temple have entertained for centuries in their ancient Hall sovereigns and judges, among them Queen Elizabeth. Though we are so closely allied in the common law and its traditions, yet for the first time in the history of our American Bar the doors of the Inner Temple were opened to an American lawyer, and Mr. Choate was elected a Bencher. (Applause.)

We pilgrims are not only proud of our President but grateful, especially for the services which he has rendered during this great war. The purpose of the Pilgrims Societies, one in New York and the other in London, is to promote friendly relations between the two countries. The position of the United States has been difficult since the beginning of the war. While a vast majority of the American people sympathize with the Allies, nevertheless, there is such a strong body in our electorate who are blood and kin with the Central Powers, that our politicians have been afraid, and many of our newspapers uncertain. But Mr. Choate, speaking both officially as President of the Pilgrims and personally from his own great position as foremost American citizen, has not hesitated to speak with vigor, incisiveness and eloquence in sympathy with the Allies, and that

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they were fighting for the right of liberty and civilization in the world. (Loud applause and cries of good, good!) His utterances have done much to voice American public opinion and give comfort and gratification to our friends abroad, in Great Britain and France.

We pay many tributes in our lives to distinguished men because of their intellectual achievements. Many tributes to dear friends because of their characters and personal qualities, but to-night our heads and hearts are in unison in greeting, in hailing and in extending most cordial good wishes to Mr. Choate, that he may pass his century and reach the goal of his ambition to be the oldest living graduate of Harvard University. (Loud applause.)

Speech at the Luncheon given by the Executive Committee of the Pilgrims Society to Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Bankers Club, New York, May 7, 1917.

Mr. Chairman, Sir Herbert and Friends:

It has been my privilege many times in the past to bid hail and farewell to eminent English, Irish and Scotch men of letters and actors who have honored us by their visits. We have been glad to see them, and after their triumphs in our country to couple our farewell and bon voyage with an earnest invitation to come again.

We are happy to include in this distinguished list our guest of to-day. He has peculiar claims upon our admiration and affection. He has always been most hospitable to Americans visiting the Mother Country, and on all occasions given cordial service for friendly relations between our two nations.

We are all fond of Shakespeare and there is no author so universally read and no dramatist whose productions and reproductions we love so well. I recall in my undergraduate days at Yale University that the student mind and imagination were captured by a wonderful preacher of that day in New Haven, the Rev. Doctor Bacon. It was his daughter who had inherited the creative and audacious mentality of her

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father, who believed and tried to prove that the author of Shakespeare's plays was Lord Bacon. It is singular how that Bacon cult grew and expanded and how much ingenuity was exhausted in endeavoring to enlarge the fame of the great philosopher and jurist into the all embracing accomplishments of the myriad minded Shakespeare. We who love Shakespeare owe a debt of gratitude to Professor Wallace of Nebraska and his wife, whose unselfish and laborious researches among the musty records and ancient documents of various repositories in London have restored to us from the dim and clouded past the daily life of Shakespeare, and enabled us to see him as he was in his own time as an ordinary man among his fellows and the incomparable genius among his fellow-workers in letters.

In every generation some actor of genius restores to us our idols. We are indebted to Sir Herbert Tree for his high appreciation and splendid reproductions of these masterpieces. Our friend leaves us to encounter in order to reach his home perils of the sea unknown before, perils occasioned by savagery, a violation of all law, international, human and divine, a lust for the lives of innocent travelers never known in the history of the world. It is a curious philosophy which believes that the killing of the weak will terrify the strong. It is a reversal of the experience

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of the ages, which is that the dullest natures are aroused to heroic deeds in protecting or avenging their defenceless kindred. "All the world is a stage," says Shakespeare, but there is now being acted, day by day, the tragedy of the centuries. The dynamic truth of the equality of all men before the law, and at the Judgment Seat of God has been working its way from Calvary to the battle of the Marne. Defeated in one country, it has been successful in another. It has overturned dynasties, it has changed the boundaries of kingdoms, it has peopled wildernesses with settlers seeking civil and religious liberty and successful in their search.

Now for the first time in history the whole world is in arms with autocracy, absolutism, feudalism, militarism on the one side and freedom and civilization on the other. The thought occurs in this presence that if Shakespeare could have created his masterpieces out of the limited material at his disposal what wonders would have emanated from his fertile brain in picturing the actors and the acts, the motives and the aims, the ambitions and the sacrifices of this mighty struggle. Shakespeare had for the basis of his historical plays the Chronicle of Holinshed, probably the poorest history ever written. A genius who puts the divine spark into the mummy is not a plagiarist. By Shakespeare the dry dust of Holinshed's nar-

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rative became such immortal and living presentations of English history that the great Duke of Marlborough never read any other history than Shakespeare's plays and said they were the inspiration of his victories and his policies. So in his romantic plays a forgotten and worthless story was transformed into such a realization of the loves, the hates, the passions, desires and ambitions of human nature that they appeal with equal force to every generation.

An American friend told me that some years ago he met the Crown Prince of Germany several times. His Royal Highness was very frank in statements of what he expected to do when he came to the throne. Apparently his most absorbing thought was that, with Germany's unquestioned superiority in her army, her navy could also be brought to a perfection where she could smash England and so remove the only great obstacle to her universal expansion and power. The tragedy of such a conception is that the day was not distant when this young man would have the power as the successor of his father to attempt this appalling task. An Austrian Archduke was killed by a student and the aged Emperor sent a note to Serbia, because this student was a Serbian, giving that little kingdom twelve hours in which to surrender her sovereignty or be destroyed. We have now been three years in war because of that note and because it was followed by the

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German Emperor's declaration of war against Russia and the German army's invasion and desolation of Belgium and part of France. The other day the German Emperor presented to the Hohenzollern Museum at Berlin the pen with which he signed the papers that brought on the war. The pen with which the aged Emperor of Austria signed the manifesto to Serbia, and this pen of the Kaiser dripped not with ink but with blood. According to a recent statement there have already died in this war, killed in battle, by wounds and starvation and privations, as many people as constitute the population of Great Britain. To bring that statement home, every man, woman and child in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana, would have to be swept off the face of the earth to equal this holocaust.

This war must end only when no man can ever again have the power to plunge his country and the world into war. It must be so ended that no class can ever be so entrenched in authority that they have the same power. This world must be made a place where men and women can lawfully live and breathe and move and have their being in peace. When that time comes, if Providence shall give us another Shakespeare, the finest literature of the world will be commonplace compared to the creations

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of his genius. The stage then and forever after will become a great university teaching the triumph of liberty through the most ennobling sacrifices and heroic deeds and thoughts. We wish that peace and its interpreter may come soon enough for our friend to lead in the presentation of these plays.

As I look back over sixty years of intense activities and more than seventy-five years of easy recollections, it is difficult for me to grasp the changes and revolutions of the period. I was born and lived in the village of Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, forty miles from New York. It was during the Revolutionary War on the borders of that neutral ground where the partisans of both sides mercilessly raided each other's farms and were in perpetual battle. Peekskill was far enough from New York in my boyhood to have a population composed almost exclusively of Revolutionary families. There had been little immigration from the outside. The passions of that war were still intense. There were enough Revolutionary soldiers to fill the platform on the Fourth of July. On that day the war was fought over by the orator, the reader of the Declaration of Independence and the veterans of the Continental Army, and we boys danced around the bonfires singing, "Fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman, dead or alive I will have some."

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For more than a generation the politician found twisting the tail of the British Lion and fighting over the battles of the Revolution was both popular and patriotic. It is within quite recent memory when a man was elected a Congressman and reached the Vice-Presidency of the United States, whose entire oratorical stock in trade was the war of the revolution as yet unsettled. The age of miracles has returned. President Wilson's speech before Congress, one of the noblest utterances of our statesmen, has placed the United States in the family of nations upon the eternal basis of humanity and liberty. The question, what this dreadful war has accomplished or will accomplish, is partly answered. The English speaking peoples of the world, of the United States, Great Britain and the self-governing Colonies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, are one in an alliance for the same ideals. Representatives of them all joined in singing "The Star Spangled Banner" in the old Cathedral of St. Paul in London. The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were entwined above the House of Parliament when the United States entered the war. In our own country the Allied flags float from the Capitol and White House at Washington and all over the land. Old Peekskill in our new birth of freedom has forgotten its inherited animosities, and from the ancient oak on Academy Hill,

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from which swung a British spy a hundred and thirty-seven years ago, to the Hudson River are intermingled the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack and the Tricolor of France.

We all believe that those who have gone before are deeply interested in the people and the things they loved on earth. It is a wonderful Parliament which is watching this titanic battle. There are George Washington and George III, and Chatham and Burke, who were our friends, and Napoleon and Bismarck. Napoleon is saying to the German statesman, "When I predicted that Europe would be either Republican or Cossack, I should have said, it will be either Prussian or Republican. You are unchanged but the Cossack has become a Democrat." Washington, Chatham and Burke are rejoicing that the union which they desired, and which was impossible a century ago, by the success of liberal institutions in the United States reacting upon the Mother Country and its colonies extending around the earth, has belted the globe with English speaking nations each working out its own destiny and all united in promoting that higher civilization in which there is free growth of humanity and liberty.

Speech at a Special Meeting of the Union
League Club of New York, May 24, 1917,
in Memory of Hon. Joseph H. Choate.

Hon. Charles E. Hughes, President of the Club, in introducing Mr. Depew said, "It is now my great privilege to present to the Club—not that he needs introduction—one whom we always delight to hear, in whose continued vigorous youth we take the greatest satisfaction—always optimistic, always eloquent—our friend, Chauncey M. Depew!" (Applause.)

Mr. President and Fellow Members:

Language is inadequate to measure or describe the time in which we live. Events of incalculable importance to humanity and to government happen over night. The record of a month surpasses in its consequences the orderly processes of centuries.

I have just returned from Washington where Congress is dealing with appropriations which stagger the imagination and concentration of power in the hands of the few for efficiency in war never before contemplated. The extraordinary has become the usual in our thoughts and experiences.

It is only a subject of importance which justifies a meeting under these conditions. We

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have had many memorable celebrations in this historic house. They have been in honor of Presidents of the United States, of Generals immortalized by great victories, and Governors of States and diplomats of international renown. But we are met here to-night to pay our tribute, not only of respect and admiration, but also of affection for a fellow member and a former President of our Club, Joseph H. Choate, who in his long and distinguished career held but one great office, and that late in life, but who when he died had a position which in a great and enlightened democracy is superior to any office—he was our first and foremost citizen.

At a dinner given him last January in this Club, on the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday, it was interesting to note in his speech what recollections were for him the most interesting. They were, his first speech in a presidential canvass, and his first fee as a young lawyer. Those who were privileged to hear him will recall with what charming picturesqueness he told of that first case, of his fee of two one dollar gold pieces, and of the recovery of one of them over fifty years afterwards from the descendants of a young friend with whom he had divided his two dollars. The other reminiscence which he dwelt upon with equal picturesqueness was his speech made in 1856 for Fremont for President. He had

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preserved the poster and pointed with pride to the announcement that addresses should be given by Joseph H Choate and James C. Carter. Both of them were young lawyers, recently arrived in New York to make their careers and their fortunes. What wonderful careers have been won in that sixty years. Choate easily had become the head of the Bar and of international fame, while his tribute to Carter, who died a few years ago, condensed in one sentence a wonderful eulogy, when he said: "The death of James C. Carter made room for a thousand lawyers."

That he spoke in 1856 for Fremont was specially interesting to me, because I, too, just out of college, canvassed the country in the same cause. Both Choate and I spoke also for Hughes in the recent campaign. It is the only record I think of ardent orators of 1856 after sixty years still as ardent and quite as vigorous upon the platform for their party and its candidate. .

As President of the New York State Constitutional Convention, Mr. Choate revealed a capacity for managing a Legislative body and a constructive statesmanship in preparing the fundamentals of government in a written constitution which demonstrated the highest statesmanship. If he had spent most of his life in Congress, he would have ranked among the first statesmen to whom we owe the devel-

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opment of our institution. But Mr. Choate was of too independent a mind, and too rebellious a spirit, to succeed to office in strict party government. He was a party man, but never a partizan. The organization always feared him, and organization leaders knew they could not control him, but his marvelous faculty in presenting the principles and policies in which he believed brought the leaders instantly to him to make the keynote speech after they had built their platform and nominated their candidates. But if their platform and candidates did not meet his approval he would have none of either. He was not a reforming crank nor a cranky reformer, far from either. He recognized that there must be a larger surrender of individual opinions to make an organization, but when he distrusted the leaders or the candidates, or the purposes of the organization, he was instantly in revolt.

Those who were closely associated with him at the Bar can speak more intimately of his career as a lawyer, and yet I had an opportunity of knowing his supreme ability in another way. I was General Counsel of a great corporation for many years. The General Counsel as a rule is always near or within call of the Executive. If the Executive amounts to much, he must be one of those masterful men who, in accomplishing his will and what he believes necessary for the corpo-

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ration of which he is chief, is rebellious and defiant of restraint. It is the General Counsel's business to keep the Executive from violating the law. So the General Counsel in administering legal matters retains members of the Bar in different parts of the country. He thus has unusual opportunities to become familiar with their abilities and equipment. The two greatest lawyers I ever met under these conditions were William M. Evarts and Joseph H. Choate. They were partners, but both extraordinary in their knowledge of the law, in their singular power of discernment and discrimination and in their wonderful faculty of so clarifying their case that it commanded the assent of the court and the conviction of the jury. In one of the most famous of will cases, after it had dragged its weary length along for over two years, Mr. Choate was invited to take charge and in twenty days had broken down and destroyed the whole fabric so long elaborately and skillfully built by the contestants.

In another case, certain transactions were continued for a number of years with a large firm, the members of which retired and passed the business over to their managers, with whom the same transactions and customers continued. The bankruptcy of a principal led the receiver to bring an action against the members of the old firm on account of what occurred during their period, and another action against the

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new firm for the transactions which continued with them. The facts were precisely the same and the principles governing them the same and the amount involved was very large. Mr. Choate represented part of the divided firm and some very excellent lawyers the other part. Mr. Choate won his case, the other part lost. Then when both came to the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Choate won for both.

There never was a more remarkable partnership than William M. Evarts and Joseph H. Choate. Evarts was long the leader of the American Bar, and Mr. Choate by general consent succeeded him. Mr. Evarts was not only our greatest lawyer, but he was also our keenest wit. Mr. Choate, in addition to his wonderful legal ability, was also a wit and a humorist of the first order. He gave me a delightful account of his farewell to Mr. Evarts when he went to Great Britain as Ambassador. Mr. Evarts had been ill and confined to his bed for a long time and was gradually fading away. Evarts said to Choate, "I am delighted at your appointment. You have gained all the distinction possible in our profession. You are eminently fitted for this great place." Choate answered, "My only regret is leaving you after more than forty years of close association, without any differences or frictions, but when I come back I hope you will be restored to health and we shall resume together our old activities."

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“No, Choate,” said Evarts, “I can never leave this room. I know I am a burden because of my helpless and hopeless condition. I feel like the schoolboy who wrote home to his mother a letter of twenty pages, and then added at the end, ‘P. S.—Dear Mother, please excuse my longevity.’”

The Benchers of the Inner Temple are the most venerable and the most authoritative body in Great Britain. One or two of the lawyers of the Colonial period, who emigrated to America, were Benchers, but since the formation of the Republic, no American lawyer had been admitted to this distinction. But after Mr. Choate had been Ambassador for several years, there was a new tie and a most unusual one created between the old country and the new. Mr. Choate had so impressed the judges and the lawyers of England that he was unanimously elected a Bencher of the Inner Temple. Coincident with the tributes to his memory, which are paid by his countrymen, are other tributes equally sincere, eloquent and convincing, from his brethren in this great and powerful company of the law, on the other side of the Atlantic.

Many years ago Mr. Choate was elected President of the New England Society in New York, and continuously re-elected. After a little, his annual address became an event for its wit, humor and audacity. Its free hand-

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ling of important personages and current questions made an opportunity to attend the New England dinner the most sought for privilege of the year. The occasion grew into national importance; men of the highest distinction and position gladly accepted invitations; it was a free platform, and the broadest discussion was invited, providing it was not too long. Sumner came there with his ponderous periods and stately eloquence, and Roscoe Conkling was there at his best. So were Presidents and ex-Presidents of the United States, and with them great journalists and educators, but on these occasions, some of which were historic, the master mind was easily Joseph H. Choate.

Mr. Choate believed with me that the mind is fresher and more capable of grasping the questions arising in one's vocation or profession, if there is relief in some other direction. We both found that in after-dinner speaking. For over forty years, many times during the season, we were on the same platform. I was a speaker with him at both the Irish and Scotch annual dinners, where his wit and audacity so amused and offended. When he suggested at the St. Patrick's Society, at a time when Home Rule had failed in Parliament and every office in New York was held by an Irishman, that the absence of governing talent from the other side had probably led to the failure of

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Home Rule while that same talent transferred over here governed us absolutely, and that if they would go back home their abilities would undoubtedly secure the independence of Ireland and give the native Americans an opportunity to govern themselves, he did not mean to offend, but the whimsical and mischievous audacity of his humor was so strong, and his enjoyment of it so great, that he did not care if objectors became angry.

So at a Scotch banquet, I sat next to the Scotch Chieftain, the Marquis of Aberdeen, then Governor General of Canada, a man of the highest distinction in public life and of family, who was the guest of honor. He was in the full regalia of his Highland Clan. Choate asked me if his legs were bare. After investigation, I said, "Yes." When it became Mr. Choate's turn to speak, he could not resist this same whimsical, mischievous and audacious humor. He said, "If I had known that our distinguished friend was coming here to-night in the costume of his Clan, I would have left my trousers at home."

This mischievous humor made him the most delightful of companions at any function. I have been a member with him for more than a quarter of a century of a private dinner club. Its confidences were those of a family and there was no publicity whatever. The members were free to give their views frankly on all subjects

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and in the exchange of opinions and experiences Choate's contributions, if permitted to be published, would be an inexhaustible fund of wit and wisdom. At the dinners given me, purely private ones, by my wife on my birthday, Mr. Choate's toast and speech in that admirable combination of praise and mischief of which he was master was always the feature of the evening. On one occasion it had been suggested by the hostess to the architect of the table that it would be a delicate compliment if he would present the guest, that is myself, as Cicero in a miniature statuette delivering an oration. The architect from a photograph and personal acquaintance made an excellent likeness, but as his familiarity with Cicero was not with history, but with Romans on the stage the figure did not have the toga of a Senator, but the belt and sword of a gladiator of exaggerated muscular development. Charles Lamb never did anything more delicious in its humor, more audacious or mischievous than Mr. Choate's picture of what would happen to the octogenarian orator as a gladiator.

I have been going to Europe for half a century and thrown in intimate contact with our representatives abroad. We have been peculiarly happy in our ministers and Ambassadors to Great Britain. I saw much of Mr. Choate while he was in London and his popularity with both government and society was beyond that

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of the representative of any other country. Choate was the finest flower of democracy. He had no comprehension or respect for distinctions founded only upon family or pedigree. His easy familiarity with great personages never offended. He was accepted from the King to the commoner as an equal. King Edward, who was one of the most appreciative and capable of sovereigns, delighted in Mr. Choate. In England political and social life are closely intermingled. Politics and government are largely run at the week-end parties in the country, and also those parties are the best part of the social life of Great Britain. The epigrams and stories from Parliament are large contributors to conversation at these gatherings. He had not been long there before he was more quoted than anybody, and his wit and wisdom repeated all over the land. His speeches at universities, on the platform, and especially at great dinners presented the rare combination seldom found in a speaker, of profound thought, picturesquely expressed and illuminated by that light touch of the perfect artist which makes a disagreeable truth palatable.

Mr. Choate was always natural. In court, addressing the jury or arguing before the judges in their robes, he was the same masterful, genial, humorous and irresistible Choate. This characteristic differentiated him from his colleagues as an ambassador. They assumed

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court manners with their elaborate court uniforms, while he was the cultured, dignified but easy going citizen.

Centuries pass with their revolutions in government and exchange of power from the throne to the people. Great Britain has become one of the most democratic governments in the world, but the ceremonials of the Georges and Queen Victoria are in full force. At a court function after the present King succeeded his father, Edward VII, I was a guest at Buckingham Palace. As usual the ambassadors in their uniforms covered with gold, and the American ambassador in a plain black dress suit stood in a semi-circle about the royal family. Outside this circle were the invited guests. The King and the Queen would walk around the ambassadorial circle and greet and talk with each. In the interval before this royal march began to the banquet, Choate stepped out of the ambassadorial semi-circle and went over, as he would have done at home, to talk with the host and hostess, and soon both the King and the queen and others of the royal family were gayly enjoying Choate's wit. The other ambassadors standing stiffly in their places looked horrified. But their horror was increased when Choate singled me out of the crowd and saying, "Chauncey, come over and be introduced to the Queen," led me into the royal circle where the charming and gracious Queen ignored the break of

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traditional usage and made both the American ambassador and his friend feel "just as if we were at home."

The world knew little of the valuable work done by our friend through his membership of public institutions. He did much for both our great museums of Art and of Natural History, and the Society for the Blind owes its light-house to his efforts as its President. He took a deep interest in the American Indians, and the exploiters and rascals who are always seeking to prey upon them by Congressional Legislation found in him an alert, resourceful and successful enemy.

When we, who knew him so well, have passed away, posterity will inquire, "What was the secret of his great power?" I have heard most of the orators of my time of this and other countries. With the exception of Mr. Gladstone, Wendell Phillips and Mr. Choate, I cannot recall any who had that elusive and indefinable quality which, beyond the argument or its setting, beyond the logic or its force, captured audiences and juries, which even penetrated and swayed the calmer judgment of the court.

James M. Barrie in one of his plays presents a masterful woman of wonderful ability and genius, who makes out of a dull husband a success in politics and a leader in Parliament. He is carried away by the flattery which comes

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to a position gained by his eloquence and leaves his wife to follow a society belle. His success is due to his speeches, all of which are written by his wife. The hard-headed Scotch brothers of the wife discussed how it was possible that the other lady so volatile could have led him away from so superior a woman as their sister. One of them solved the problem by saying, "It is her damn charm." When to that charm is added genius, the combination is irresistible. I have been present when Wendell Phillips swayed hostile audiences which had driven other orators of superior logic from the platform because they fell under the sway of the magnetism of his voice and manner. So Mr. Choate won victories in the courts where other great lawyers failed and captured audiences bored by other speakers.

Our friend two years ago entered upon a new career. He was a man of peace and had devoted time and effort for the peace of the world. He left everything to go as Ambassador to The Hague for that purpose, and was amazed, although he did not comprehend it then, at the studied opposition of the German representatives. As an international lawyer of great erudition he was shocked by the German Chancellor's views that treaties are scraps of paper and at the atrocities in Belgium and France. But after the war had been in progress for less than a year he became convinced that

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it was a battle between autocracy and democracy in which the United States was vitally interested. He believed that if the Allies were defeated, Germany would then possess the resources of France, Great Britain would be helpless and the United States the next victim of ruthlessness and spoliation. He was the first of our public men to preach preparedness and to insist upon our entrance into the war. Each new outrage upon our citizens drew from him a sterner and more emphatic declaration of our duty to freedom, humanity and the preservation of our own liberty. He hailed with approval and unstinted praise President Wilson's address to Congress for an immediate declaration of war against Germany, and with that magnanimity, which was his characteristic, he withdrew the criticisms he had made against the President, saying, "He is right now. I can quite believe he was right all the time and only waiting for the opportune hour."

At eighty-five years of age he was anxiously seeking where and how he might serve his country. When the Commissioners were sent from France and Great Britain he saw his opportunity and grasped and fulfilled its duties, though they were far beyond his strength. The last five days of his life will form an inspiring chapter in American history. This venerable American citizen, known and loved on both sides of the ocean, saw the great service he

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could perform in cementing the ties between the United States, France and Great Britain, so recently formed. He was Chairman of the Committee in the ceremonies on which rested the eyes of the whole world, for those ceremonies were to test the sincerity of the alliance. Thursday he met the French, Joffre, the great soldier, and Viviani, statesman and orator; rode with them through the crowded streets and avenues and assisted in their entertainment in the evening. Friday he accompanied them to the meeting with the merchants of New York, where his speech compared favorably with the impassioned eloquence of the French orator. Friday he also met and received England's veteran and most accomplished statesman, Mr. Balfour, spoke to him on behalf of the American people at the City Hall and accompanied him through the crowded streets. Again in the evening at a memorable banquet given by the Mayor of New York, where were gathered representative men from all parts of the country, in pathetic and stirring eloquence he expressed his delight at this union of English speaking peoples and this renewal of our old alliance with France for liberty and humanity, and then with that practical touch which always characterized his efforts, he put his fatherly hand on Colonel Roosevelt and said, "If our most distinguished and best known citizen is willing to give the inspiration of his presence in Europe,

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and the possible sacrifice of his life to the cause, let him go." In advocating our government sending troops to France, he condensed the sentiment in a shout, "Hurry up!"

Saturday he escorted these great Commissions to the Chamber of Commerce where he again assured them that the enterprises, commerce and trade, represented in that venerable body were all pledged to victory.

On Sunday he went with the representatives of Great Britain to the cathedral of St. John the Divine. He regarded that solemn service as a consecration of the alliance as the National Anthems were followed by the prayer and praise and hope of the Christian Doxology. There were angel voices mingled with those of the cathedral choir, the great soul of Mr. Choate had been summoned and the gates of Heaven were ajar. Dying a few hours afterwards he said, "This is the end." The end, yes, of his earthly life only. His country and his countrymen will always cherish as an inspiration for succeeding generations a life so useful, so full and so complete and a death preëminently in the service of his country, for democracy and for liberty. (Prolonged applause.)

An Appreciation of General James W. Husted
at the Unveiling of the Husted Memorial
in Depew Park, Peekskill, N. Y., July 4,
1917.

The tribute we are paying our old friend, General Husted, is eminently deserved. He did great service during his life for our village and county and our State. My own relations with him were close and intimate for forty years. I was prepared for college at the Peekskill Academy and entered Yale as a freshman in 1852, sixty-five years ago.

Peekskill, at that time, was a small village and my knowledge of the world was confined to what happened within its boundaries. No greener or fresher young man ever appeared on the college campus. My origin was as evident as is the countryman who appears in the market place with hay seeds on his back and a clover blossom in his buttonhole. While I was selecting, as was the custom, furniture for my rooms from the left-off results of senior use, I was cheered and relieved by a cordial greeting from Husted. He was then a junior, and thoroughly up-to-date in appearance and manner. He said, "Hello, Depew, I'm from Bedford, Westchester County. You're from Peekskill. Let me help you." That expression was characteristic of General Husted's whole career.

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His life and activities were largely made of helping others. During the remainder of his two years, our friendship grew and we were as near as it was possible to be, with the wide gulf that separates the lower from the upper classes.

After I graduated and returned to Peekskill, I persuaded Husted, who was then teaching, to accept a tutorship in the Peekskill Academy and study law with me in the office of Edward Wells.

Mr. Wells was more than a lawyer and had a sort of law school in his office. Husted's interests and ambitions were more political than legal. He soon became the ablest and most trusted lieutenant of Judge William H. Robertson, our County Leader. Immediately after admission to the bar, he was elected School Commissioner for the Third Assembly District of Westchester and remained in office almost continuously, local or state, from that time until his death.

He was, for more than a quarter of a century, often a member and always a trusted adviser of the State Committee. His distinction was in a deliberative body; whether it was a political convention or the State Legislature, in them he was a dominant figure. He knew instinctively the temper of a legislative body. If it is true, that women are "uncertain, coy and hard to please," the Legislature is always feminine.

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There are times when it will turn down any measure, no matter how greatly needed, and at other times, when it will pass almost anything, good or bad. In his twenty-three years in our State Assembly, Husted came to have charge of public bills coming from the Governor or the State Departments; while others failed in these measures or had them amended out of recognition, the General invariably succeeded. He had a faculty without oratory or rhetoric of so condensing and clearly stating the object of the measure that it carried conviction. He was the most complete master of parliamentary law and its subtle distinctions and exceptions that I have ever known. As a presiding officer, he had a rare faculty of instantaneously deciding a point of order, and appeals from his decisions always failed. He was one of the very few speakers, either of Congress or of our State Legislature, who could make the gavel talk. Most presiding officers are perpetually banging the desk with very little results; while the first rap of Husted's gavel brought the house to attention and order. In most of his many campaigns I was present when he gave enthusiasm and inspiration to his lieutenants from every part of his district. His address always closed with General Grant's famous remark, "Let no guilty man escape."

During his long service in our Legislature, he was always the confidant of the Governor,

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whether the Executive was of his own party or not. He was very broad-minded and would never join in any scheme to cripple the efficiency of an opposition state administration in order to put the Governor in a hole. He was specially trusted by Governor Tilden, and was his great aid in carrying his reform measures through the Legislature.

The General was an enthusiastic sportsman. He loved the woods and the streams. The Adirondacks were rapidly disappearing into private ownership and the forests being destroyed in the most wasteful manner by contractors and timber thieves. The Adirondacks were the General's favorite recreation grounds. He was intimate with all the guides and knew every stream in the wilderness. The State is largely indebted to him for the measures which have gone so far in protecting this natural park and health resort, and putting it into the hands of the State for the recreation and health of our people.

It was an early romance which decided the permanent residence of General Husted in Peekskill. My mother was fond of giving young people parties, which at that time were called soirées. At one of the soirées Husted met a young lady just out in her first season and one of the prettiest and most charming girls of our community, Miss Helen Southard. He instantly fell madly in love with

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her and the courtship ended in a happy marriage and the settlement of the young people here. The next week after the soirée, the *Highland Democrat* had an unsigned poem addressed to "The Girl I Met at the Soirée." The poem was widely read and commented upon in our village. It undoubtedly had its effect in helping the General to success in his courtship.

Thirty years afterwards, when we were reminiscing at a National Convention, I said: "By the way, do you remember the poem you printed in the *Highland Democrat* long ago, called 'The Girl I Met at the Soirée?'" As an illustration, both of his memory and of the value he attached to his early and successful message of love, he at once recited it without omitting a word.

Peekskill honors itself in erecting this monument to General Husted. The interests of our town and county were always foremost in his thought and activity. His name is indissolubly connected with the progress and development of our State. The list is very long of the young men whom he placed in positions and gave a start in life in governmental and state service and private employment.

His death came dramatically while a delegate to a National Convention; or rather shortly after because of his exertions there. He was a politician of wonderful skill and knowledge of popular currents and shifting opinions. He was

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a statesman who with rare opportunities and long service did much for our State and country. He was the most genial, companionable and lovable of men. Few men in public life ever had so many and devoted personal friends.

Speech to the Drafted Men of Tarrytown, N.
Y., Who were leaving for Camp, September
10, 1917.

My Friends:

I am here on behalf of your neighbors and friends to bid you farewell and Godspeed upon the glorious and patriotic mission upon which you have entered. I am reminded of a similar scene in the northern part of this old county, fifty-five years ago. A company of young men had enlisted in the army of the Union. They were all in the early twenties and full of pluck and determination. They knew perfectly well what they were fighting for. It was to preserve the Union of the States which make up the American republic. They knew that in the preservation of that republic was the hope and the future for the liberties of their country. They felt that no sacrifice was too great for this result. They were part of the volunteer force which had been called by President Lincoln, and they sang a favorite song of the volunteers, "We are coming, father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." An army which knows what it is fighting for, and is fighting for the right, is invincible. The battles may be long and there may be many hardships, but in the end victory is certain.

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Our allies who are battling in Europe know what they are fighting for. The Belgians are struggling to regain their country which has been devastated and plundered as no land ever was in civilized times. They are fighting to get back their homes and their liberty. France is struggling to maintain the government which in many forms, but always growing more democratic and always French, has existed for centuries. They, too, wish to regain their lands which have been ravaged by the enemy and to make them again prosperous and happy. They are also fighting for a victory which will make their frontiers safe from the perpetual threat of war, invasion and destruction, which they have endured for more than forty years.

One hundred and forty years ago a French army at the request of Lafayette, and commanded by Rochambeau, marched past this spot over yonder Broadway, then as now the highway between New York and Albany. Without the assistance given us by France in our Revolution, it is doubtful if we could have won our independence. France has never asked any return. But now the American army in France and American soldiers joining their comrades there are joyfully giving to the French people a recognition of their aid to us in our hour of trial.

The British know what they are fighting for. It is to preserve that democracy which

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has been growing steadily and progressively in their world-wide empire. It is that England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and the great self-governing colonies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa may work out their destiny, which is a democratic destiny, in peace and safety. So the Italians are fighting to regain lost territory with its kindred race. Russia is struggling desperately to save the soul and salvation it has so wonderfully found. All are fighting for a peace which no autocrat and no privileged class can ever break and plunge the people of the world into the horrors of war.

— It is marvelous that in this twentieth century of the Christian era, the essential and fundamental rights of nations and individuals should be in peril because of the ambition of a ruthless autocracy to dominate, control or conquer the whole world. I cannot but believe that if the German people knew what they are being forced to fight for they would cease to make such frightful sacrifices to gratify the ambition of Kaiser, king or aristocracy.

It is the privilege of age to have witnessed and participated in great epochs and historical events. When I was a boy in Peekskill, just north of you, there were still surviving a few veterans of Washington's Army of the Revolution. They were our venerated and most honored citizens. In those days we were still

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near enough to the Revolution and keen enough in the enjoyment of its benefits to celebrate the Fourth of July. The day was ushered in with the firing of cannon and the ringing of church bells. There were processions and mass meetings, illumination and fireworks. The place of honor at the head of the parade and upon the platform on which was read the Declaration of Independence, and from which the orator delivered the oration, was occupied by these heroes of the War of Independence.

They took precedence of public officials, of the men of the professions and of business, because all felt that the opportunity of American life for themselves and their children had been won by the valor of these soldiers. So now, upon every public occasion, the right of the line and the first place in the meeting, the position of honor and distinction is given to the veterans of the Civil War. Ranged beside you here is living testimony in these vigorous old soldiers who, representing the Grand Army of the Republic, are at once for you both inspiration and hope. As one of them, I join in bidding you Godspeed and good luck. We all feel and know that that faded old uniform represents the preservation of a Union in which the descendants of those who fought to preserve, and the descendants of those who fought to destroy equally rejoice. In this great fratricidal strife each side, brethren as they were, believed

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they were right. But now, with slavery destroyed, with the Declaration of Independence meaning what it said, and with the wonderful result of a country reunited and enjoying all the blessings of the law, order and liberty, the South and the North, the men who fought under the Union banner and those under the Confederate, are all happily and joyfully Americans. Our great contests have been for liberty. In the Revolutionary War it was to win our independence and become a Republic. In our Civil War it was for equality of all men before the law, to make safe and perpetuate the principles of the Declaration of Independence, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and to keep the Republic of the United States united and sovereign as the ark of Democracy.

We are in this war for no selfish purpose but to preserve what was won by the army of Washington and established upon firmer foundations by the armies of Lincoln and Grant. Modern inventions have annihilated distance and time. If the Allies are defeated and Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia are powerless, nothing could stop or prevent the invasion of the United States and with all its horrors. Anything can be done against an unprepared people. In a country where there are good roads and railway communications, and the air, of course, always free to a thoroughly

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equipped and disciplined enemy, it is your mission to keep that enemy away from our shores, and co-operating with our Allies to make not only our own country, but, as President Wilson says, "The world safe for Democracy."

I believe in the value of heredity; heredity of great deeds and patriotic associations. It is a privilege and a rare one to be a citizen of this old County of Westchester. Every foot of it is hallowed ground. Where we stand was the neutral land over which, one hundred and forty years ago, marched and remarched the patriot army and the enemy. The site of this beautiful village and these prosperous hill-sides were frequently raided and ravaged. But with all the savagery of that war as of all wars, history records none of the outrages on land or sea which in this contest make us blush for humanity. Women were always safe. Within a stone's throw from where we stand, Major André was captured by three Westchester farmer boys who were enlisted in the service of Washington. They were poor but patriotic. They knew what they were fighting for. Major André offered them money which would have made them rich and independent, if they would let him go on with his papers. If they had yielded the treachery of Arnold would have been successful and the success of our forefathers most seriously endangered. But they

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resisted the bribe, and to-day among the immortals, not only of Westchester but of our country, are those three farmer lads, Paulding, Williams and Van Wart. It was one of the proudest days of my life, when in 1880 the whole county assembled here at the unveiling of the statue to their memory, and I was the orator. Across the river is Stony Point, famous for the great victory of Anthony Wayne. Within your village lived the father of American literature whose pen made the Hudson almost as romantic as the Rhine.

I may recall a little incident of the Civil War. The 18th regiment of the National Guard of the State of New York was a Westchester regiment. I was its adjutant. We received orders to rendezvous and move at once to the front. General Lee had invaded Pennsylvania and was threatening Philadelphia and Washington. History makes much of coincidences. They are the favorite opportunity of the imaginative historian to paint striking word-pictures of the causes of great events and victories. The day the 18th regiment arrived at Baltimore, General Lee and his army had left Pennsylvania and retreated into Virginia. If I was an imaginative historian I might paint in vivid colors how the story of Westchester in the Revolution accompanying this regiment had convinced the great commander of the Con-

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federate forces that it was better not to further tempt his fortune by arousing and intensifying the spirit of the Revolution.

When I was recently in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, I found that in every locality there was a considerable percentage of those who had been drawn, who claimed exemption and release. But there was one little town up in the hills whose quota was only three, those three claimed no exemption, passed successfully the examination and went gladly into camp to join their comrades. The name of that little town was Peru. Its leading citizen said to the organizer of the meeting, which I addressed in the city of Pittsfield, in which I narrated this incident, "Chauncey Depew has put Peru on the map." Boys, it is for you not to put old Westchester on the map, but to keep it there. Your ancestors, one hundred and forty years ago, put Westchester on the map; your fathers, forty odd years ago, kept Westchester on the map, and the old blood which fought successfully for liberty and independence and again successfully for liberty and union, will fight again through you successfully that the liberty they won shall not perish from earth, and that the fruits of that liberty shall be enjoyed by all the world. Remember, boys, that a grateful country will keep and hold you in its fatherly and brotherly care while you are abroad, and will welcome

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you back and place you among those like the veterans of the two wars of our history, whose services for their country will always be gratefully remembered.

Address before the Young Men's Christian
Association, First Presbyterian Church,
Peekskill, N. Y., October 22, 1917.

(Stenographically reported)

My Friends:

It is a very great pleasure for me to be here to-day. It is a great pleasure to me that this meeting is held in this old church. When one gets along in life he goes back more and more to the beginnings, and more and more cherishes the early days and their associations. My mother's mother was in this church a hundred years ago. My mother was a member of this church during the whole of her life, and I was baptized here.

It is impossible to describe the emotions one feels when brought face to face and in intimate association with the best recollections of a lifetime. As I stand here I can point out pews where the elders and deacons and leading people in the church of that day used to sit. The pew right down here was where I came as a little boy with my mother, and right behind it sat a stern disciplinarian and deacon of the church, who made one of my ears longer than the other by pulling it because of my inattention to the sermon. (Laughter.)

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I remember my mother used to take me from a very early period to the prayer meetings in the room in the rear, and the peculiarity about some of the elderly men who attended those prayer meetings was that they always made the same prayer. I got so I could repeat the prayer of every one of them, and once, with the audacity of youth and with that sense of humor which has been my salvation all my life, and has brought me into no end of trouble, I made a suggestion to one of those deacons. He was one of the most solemn of the deacons and he always began his prayer like this: "Oh, Lord, thou knowest that I am full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores." After hearing that for nearly a year, one night as we were coming out of the chapel I said to him, much to the horror of my mother, "Deacon, why don't you take something?" (Laughter.) Of course, the good deacon meant it spiritually, yet he was such a good man that I think he overstated his own case.

But we are here to-day for the annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A. I have been associated in one way and another with the Y. M. C. A. organization since its foundation. If I remember rightly it was organized in Boston in 1852. That was the year I graduated from the Peekskill Military Academy. (Applause.) It does not seem to be 65 years since then. It seems as if it were yesterday, when I stood up there

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with those boys delivering what I thought was an oration that Demosthenes would have envied, to my mother, my father, and my brothers and sisters, but most of all to the girls on one side. (Laughter.)

The Y. M. C. A. was on too narrow a foundation in those early days, and it did not get on very well. When I came home from Yale, having graduated in June, 1856, I became a law student in the office of Edward Wells, one of the most public-spirited and best citizens of the town. And we young men headed by Mr. Edward Wells formed a Young Men's Christian Association in the summer of 1856 in the lecture room in the rear of this church. There were gathered probably thirty young men in that room, and I remember that the first paper was read by myself, and the subject was "Paul on Mars Hill." When I visited Athens many years afterwards I could not help recalling that my first address before a Y. M. C. A. had been on "Paul on Mars Hill," and when I stood on the spot which the guide told me was the very spot upon which Paul stood I thought I would test with my tenor voice what sort of a voice Paul had when he shouted, "Ye men of Athens." It was a very clear and beautiful day, as it usually is in those classic climes, and about half or three-quarters of a mile off were some Greek workmen repairing a road. Standing in Paul's place and raising my voice

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to its highest pitch I shouted, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." They picked up their spades and started for me and I left in a hurry, and I wondered whether Paul's reception was something of the same kind, though I believe he spoke in Greek, but my gift of Greek, modern Greek especially, was not strong at that period.

So I have been in the habit ever since I went on the platform sixty-one years ago on leaving Yale, of celebrating Peekskill as the center and source and beginning of all good things all over this world. (Applause.) I had in mind, in doing that, that the best thing I ever met in my life was my mother, but I had in mind, also, the fact that the Hudson River has no equal; that this bay has nothing like it; that these associations of Revolutionary period make it holy ground all around here, and so now, whenever I have anything to say to the Y. M. C. A. anywhere in the country, and it happens I quite often do, I say that it was founded in Peekskill.

Well, my friends, it is wonderful what will grow from small beginnings. The Y. M. C. A. amounted to little during the first ten or fifteen or twenty years of its life for the reason that it was built on too narrow a basis, for the reason that it was thought at the time that only church members would be admitted, for

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the reason that it was thought that only in a religious view could it be conducted. The rescue work, which is the real virtue of the Y. M. C. A., that takes a young man and brings him back to his home and brings him back to the proper life, proper thoughts, proper associations and makes a man of him and then makes a Christian of him, so that the Y. M. C. A. has become the recruiting ground of the church, was of slow growth and did not come immediately. But now the Y. M. C. A. is performing a work such as no other organization, not even the Red Cross with all its wonderful accomplishments, is doing. The Y. M. C. A. all over the country is doing this for the young men who are absent from the associations and the protection of a home. It is furnishing them with that sweetest word in the language and with all that it means, a home. These camps that are everywhere, where our boys are freed from the associations that are right, from the influence of home and neighborhood and friends, and where they are subject to every temptation, it is there that the salvation of the camp is the tent erected by the Y. M. C. A. Because around those camps gather the sharks and the harpies and the preyers upon youth, both women and men. These boys are receiving a salary which they have no use for, except to spend, and as soon as they gather in a camp these harpies and thieves and demoralizers of

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youth gather about the camp in order to collect that money.

And it is abroad that the Y. M. C. A. is performing its greatest, its most noble work just now. I saw a letter the other day from a young man who was in one of the first groups of American soldiers that landed in England, and he said, "Mother, the wonderful thing about it was not the trip, nor the submarines, nor the war, the wonderful thing was that the Y. M. C. A. met us all as we landed, and they took us where there were all the comforts and surroundings of a home, and they introduced us to people who were most kind and who welcomed us as sons and as brothers, and they never left us one moment, but their shadowing influence was with us until we went to France."

I know much of France. France never took much stock in the Y. M. C. A. It did not see any particular benefit that could come from such an organization, but now the French welcome the Y. M. C. A. above all other things that are coming there from this wonderful country to help them in this war. Because they have discovered what it is doing. And it is the Y. M. C. A. unit near the soldiers everywhere that is furnishing them with what they can find only at home.

Last week there came to see me one of the most promising ministers in the Presbyterian church, and he differs in no way from

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the ministers of any other church; he is a young man; he is a bachelor; he has made a wonderful name for himself by his eloquence, by his parish work, by his devotion; he had a wonderful future before him; great churches in the cities were clamoring for him. But he said, "I feel it is my duty, and God is impelling me to go over there with the Y. M. C. A. I see these boys go, I see them go as men, I see them go to become heroes, and I am afraid they may come back rotten in spirit, in morals, in flesh, and I want to go there that they shall come back not only heroes, but Christian men, and I can not stay, I am going." (Applause.) And I bade him good-by.

Well, my friends, this war is upon us. No matter what you talk about you can not help talking about the war. I heard of a lady who summoned all the women of her neighborhood for an entertainment and she said: "We are very weary talking about the war and sewing for the war, knitting for the war and working for the war, so I thought I would vary the entertainment, my daughter will play on the piano and recite or we can talk war." And the women shouted unanimously, "Talk war." (Laughter.)

I think we do not appreciate, and I certainly never have seen it properly presented, how close to us as Christians, as church members, as Y. M. C. A. members this war is.

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And there is another point which I have never seen stated, but which strikes me very forcibly, and that is that we are responsible for this war. And therefore it is our duty to fight it out and fight it to a successful conclusion. Now you inquire: How are we responsible for this war?

This world until Christ came upon earth was given over to tyranny and oppression, given over to the few who ruled with an iron hand and to the others who were slaves, giving their products and their sons as well to fight for a government that robbed them. That was the Roman empire. The Roman empire, which is the model and the guide of the German military class to-day, had the whole civilized world under its feet. It governed all the provinces and nations and states of the world by proconsuls with the Roman legions behind them. It took from every nation and race the products of its industry, its skill, its genius, and of its art, and it took its children also, so far as it needed them. And it gave nothing in return except to preserve an iron order for the benefit of the Roman people. And this tribute gathered from the whole world, from the farms, from the merchants, from labor, was sent into the central treasury and carried to the great imperial city of Rome, that those people might live in idleness and luxury and enjoy the barbaric and frightful amusements of the gladiatorial shows.

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Just then Christ came on earth. He came alone. He came from the humblest of beginnings. He preached a doctrine never heard of before, the brotherhood of man. He preached the equality of all men before the law. He said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind" and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That doctrine was destructive of Rome. It was destructive of tyranny. It was destructive of classes, where two-thirds were slaves. It was destructive of the divine right of kings, because then Cæsar had proclaimed that he was divine, and everywhere was his statue or his bust which had to be worshipped. And here we have the origin of the divinity of kings. After Augustus came Tiberius, who was frightful, and then came the worst creatures who have ever existed in human form, Caligula and Nero, and every one of them had to be worshipped as a god because he was divine. The doctrine of Christ struck right at this divinity of kings, and for that reason He was crucified, for that reason His followers were crucified and were given to the wild beasts and to the gladiators in the shows, and Christ, when He died upon the cross, had to admit that His mission was a failure. It was a total failure. There was the Roman empire untouched, tyranny untouched, slavery untouched, autocracy untouched, militarism untouched and su-

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preme, and His doctrines were left to eleven ignorant, uneducated fishermen. Was there ever such an appalling beginning for any system of theology or principle?

But a divine truth can not be stopped. A truth had been enunciated, and for that reason its originator had died on the cross and it was going onward, and it went on until it overthrew the Roman empire, it broke up that mighty organization, and then came the Middle Ages of darkness, and the churches became the refuge of those who were persecuted. The church preserved literature, and then came the Renaissance when the academies sprang up, and with the academies came education, and with education came a better and a larger knowledge of what Christ had taught, and then came the apprehension of civil and religious liberty. That apprehension of civil and religious liberty first stirred Great Britain, and there it brought forth the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, which is the foundation of American liberty and the foundation of English liberty; then it went over to little Holland and there it made a sanctuary of civil and religious liberty; then it inspired the Pilgrim fathers to sail for the New World where they could have liberty of conscience, of thought, and of action; and in the cabin of the *Mayflower* they framed this wonderful charter, "We will form a government of just and equal laws." No such thing had ever

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been known or heard of in this world. A government of just and equal laws! And then from that a hundred odd years afterwards came the Declaration of Independence.

Lafayette, a young man, was an officer on the staff of the general commanding the French army. The general gave a dinner to the Duke of Gloucester, a brother of George III., an autocrat and a tyrant, but with institutions that enabled him to be one. And at the dinner the Duke said: "Our colonists across the Atlantic over there in America have revolted, and they have put forth this reason why they have revolted from our government and our king," and then he read the Declaration of Independence, beginning, "All men are created equal; they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and "All power is derived from the people." "Why," said his Royal Highness, the Duke, "that doctrine would destroy all government, that doctrine would lead to a revolution which would disrupt the civilized world." Young Lafayette retired from that dinner and wrote a letter to his wife in which he said: "Dear Heart, I have heard to-night from the lips of the Duke of Gloucester the story of American independence. It touches my heart and I am going to fight for it." In spite of the efforts that were made to keep him, and they

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were very great, he landed in America. The Continental Congress was overwhelmed by foreign adventurers seeking commissions and salaries, but this young man said: "I ask nothing but to fight for you at my own expense." They put him on the staff of General Washington. And as the intimacy grew, the friendship grew, until the friendship between George Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette became one of the historical friendships of all time; on the one hand a reverence and a devotion for the greatest man who ever lived, and on the other hand a fatherly affection which nothing could surpass, for Washington was childless. And then after two years came the dreadful campaign of Valley Forge, when our soldiers had neither food, nor clothing, nor anything sufficient, and no pay, and Washington said to Lafayette, "We are nearly at the end of our tether." Then Lafayette took passage for France; his arrival at that gay and brilliant court was an event; he captured instantly the imagination of Queen Marie Antoinette, and she brought over the King, and then, in spite of the wise men and the financiers who said, "We will be ruined," the King and the Queen—for they were autocrats—said: "We will give Lafayette an army and a navy." And Lafayette returned with Rochambeau and a large French army, and with a navy under De Grasse and D'Estaing, and with that army and

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that navy and with the gold they brought Washington was enabled to pay his debts, and equip his army. They won for us American independence. (Applause.) They asked nothing in return. It was a tragedy that they did for themselves, because the expense of that war and the other wars that it brought on, added to the tremendous financial difficulties of France, led to burdens so great that the people revolted and Marie Antoinette and her husband both went to the scaffold. But the truth lived, the same as the truth lived from Calvary. You can not suppress the truth. Death does not injure truth; death sanctifies truth. And so the French government said: "We ask nothing in return for this expenditure"—seven hundred millions of dollars, a frightful sum at that time—"if you capture Canada which belonged to us you can keep it, we ask nothing."

One hundred and forty years have passed and France has gone through many revolutions, empires and kingdoms, and is finally a Republic on the same basis and as free as we are, founded on the same principles and with the same ideals and ambitions. And France is in a life and death struggle for her sovereignty, her civilization and her liberty. And now, after a hundred and forty years, another army, not led by Rochambeau, but led by Pershing, and another navy, not led by De Grasse and D'Estaing, but by Sims and Mayo, are on the

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French coast, and as the men from that army and navy go ashore and come to the French army, they say to the Frenchmen of to-day, "We are Americans here after a hundred and forty years, as you came to us, and we will remain with you and fight for you until we do for you what you did for us." (Applause.)

Now then, it is a very difficult situation which faces us, yet it is one every boy and every girl ought to be able to understand. I have tried to make clear that it is a Christian war and that it is the result of principles that began on Calvary.

Let us see the other side. Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo. Napoleon was the driving force of the French Revolution and of the principles of liberty, though he tried to overcome it so far as he himself was concerned. What he did was to overthrow thrones, what he did was to knock out the divine right of kings and make it absurd, what he did was to put puppets in the royal chairs which he emptied. He was crushed by the unity of autocratic power at Waterloo. At the same time Bismarck was born. Napoleon at that time made a very remarkable prophecy. He said, "The time will come when Europe will be either Cossack or republican." He said Cossack because at that time Russia was the only complete autocracy, for Germany was divided into innumerable principalities fighting one another. Now the

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time has come when it is to be settled by arms whether Europe and the world will be autocratic or republican.

At the same time that Napoleon died Bismarck was born, one of those remarkable personages that make history for the welfare or destruction of the world. He was born at a time when there was taught in all the schools of Prussia autocracy and militarism. Frederick the Great, the founder of the Hohenzollern dynasty, had but one theory, which he had no hesitation in expressing: "Every state, every nation, every country that I can conquer belongs to me by right and every people that fight my right to take that position must be crushed out and destroyed." That has been the doctrine of the family ever since down to to-day. And so they made Prussia alone of the many states of the German empire a purely materialistic and militaristic organization, the army being everything, the civilian authority subordinate, and the civilian authority was told, "We, the army, will keep you in your position and keep enemies off, we will conquer other countries to enrich you, but you must sustain the army with your money and with your men."

So Bismarck perfected that Prussian militarism until he got it complete, but it was not strong enough; he wanted then to be the master of the German people, a great people in

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themselves, and so he went to Denmark and made war upon her without any excuse whatever and took away two of her best provinces, Schleswig and Holstein, and annexed them to Prussia. That made possible the Kiel canal. Then he found that Hanover, the adjoining country, about as large and populous as Prussia, was not very strong, so he attacked Hanover without any reason, tumbled King George off the throne, captured that and annexed it to Prussia. Then without any reason he attacked Austria, and having a better army and better militarism in six weeks he had conquered Austria, and he compelled Austria to surrender the leadership of the German people and the titular title of the Holy Roman Empire, which is the whole thing. By the shrewdness of his diplomacy and by just that very sort of cozening which characterizes militaristic diplomacy, he persuaded England that it would insure eternal peace if Heligoland, which she owned and without which the German navy could never have existed, should be given up for peace forever. And so Heligoland was given up. Then he attacked France and conquered it in sixty days. He took away two of her best provinces; he imposed upon her a fine which he thought would bleed her white. Then he said, "Now we will form a German empire," which they did, with the Prussian king as Emperor with autocratic power.

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We do not appreciate what power the German Emperor has. You meet a German here on the street who has not studied the question, and he says, "We have the Reichstag elected by universal suffrage." That is true. But you have got a Bundesrath of 58 men, all of whom are appointed by the princes and kings of the different states of Germany, and a majority of whom are appointed directly or indirectly by the Kaiser himself. No bill can be passed, and nothing can be done unless the Bundesrath sanctions it. If the Bundesrath should happen to sanction it, the Kaiser can veto the whole thing and do as he has a mind to.

Now then, the Emperor, brought up in this school, has gone on for twenty-six years, gone on day by day and night by night making Germany the most extraordinary military power that the world ever saw since ancient Rome. And then comes something which is very near to the Y. M. C. A., very near to the Peekskill Military Academy, very near to this and all churches. Bismarck's theory was that the Emperor and his government must control the intelligence and the conscience and opinions of the people in order to have autocracy work its way and have unlimited means and men to do it. So every teacher from the kindergarten to the university and the theological school and the technical school gets his salary from the state and is appointed and removed by the

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state. Every preacher gets his salary from the state and is appointed and removed by the state; and there is a bureau of education which sees to that, and a bureau of theology which sees to that, and a bureau of the press, so that inspired articles go out to the press, and nothing can appear in the press that is not approved by that bureau and that censorship. Forty years of such instruction has educated eighty millions of people until to-day every man, woman and child believe that the world belongs to Germany, and that Germany has the right, as long as she has the power, to capture other nations, their men, women and wealth, for their own benefit. When at the beginning of this war the Kaiser and his armies started out, the people danced with joy all over Germany, jubilant because the time had come, as it was in ancient Rome, when the spoils of the world would be brought into the Fatherland and they would all enjoy the possession of it.

And then came also this belief, that those who oppose this world wide conquest are fighting God as well as Germany, and therefore if their houses are destroyed, if their women are violated, if their property is taken, if they are shot, they are only getting their just deserts.

My friends, this wonderful scheme of universal conquest would have succeeded except for

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what? A miscalculation. In my long life I have seen many a man busted from a miscalculation. (Laughter.) And it is easy for a country to be busted from a miscalculation. They did not think that Belgium would resist, but she did, and held them for three weeks. If she had not, they would have got to Paris. They did not think that the French army could stand up, but it did, and besides 150,000 Englishmen had gone over there. They did not think that England would do anything, because they thought she was in the throes of civil war on account of the Irish question, and beside that they always said nice things about England. Was not Queen Victoria the grandmother of the Kaiser? Great Britain would not do anything. And the Kaiser was in such a rage when Great Britain did come in, because he knew her power and he knew what the race will do, that he sent word to the British ambassador: "I value more highly than anything else that I am a Major General in the British army and can wear its uniform, and an Admiral in the British navy and can wear its uniform, but I have burned them both." And then when the war went on they said, "Why, America won't come in, and if she does, what does she amount to? America is all dollars. You can buy America if you want to. If it becomes necessary we will just buy her up. And if she should lose her head and come in, she

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won't fight. They have been doing nothing but making money there since the Civil War; the stamina and the blood is all out of them; America doesn't amount to anything." I have had that told me. Our representatives and our consul generals said it was told them on the streets and told them in private, "Why should we delay this U-boat destruction of neutral vessels on your account? You don't amount to anything."

My friends, we come to this point: The German autocracy, the Kaiser, the militarists, commence everything by saying, "God is on our side." The Kaiser sends a message to the King of Greece, "We will put you back on your throne because God and the mailed fist will do it." He compliments the Turk, who has assassinated and starved in cold blood a whole nation of Armenians, two millions of them, and he says, "God and the mailed fist will help you to maintain your sovereignty." He goes to the army which has ravaged Belgium and Northern France, which has sacked cities, killed and murdered and ravaged and says: "Brave men, Almighty God is with you." I think he believes that, because, my friends, there are battling on the battlefields of Europe to-day two gods. Heinrich Heine, one of the great poets of Germany, in 1834, wrote this prophecy, "The present generation of Germans are degenerating, they are too weak, and Christian-

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ity has made them so; but the old stone gods will rise in time from their graves and then Thor with his hammer will smash into splinters the Gothic cathedrals." And that god whom they worshipped was the god of the Teutonic race of that period, the god who said, "Might makes right and power must be yielded to and consult only itself. Might makes right, and whatever might can win belongs to might, and there is no other standard of justice or of righteousness in the world." Against that is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Those are the two principles that are to-day fighting on the battlefields of Europe. And why are we there? Because we had no right to stay away. We had no right to stay away. We are fighting for what Christ stood for and was sacrificed for. We are fighting for what George Washington stood for. We are fighting for what Abraham Lincoln stood for. We are fighting for liberty as they understood it and as they enjoyed it and gave it to us. And we are fighting for the civilization which has come to us under this glorious American flag and for all that it means.

Two men, the Emperor of Germany and the Czar of Russia, had the power, without consulting anybody, without asking their people,

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to plunge the world into the horrors of war, to impose upon it autocracy, and to destroy governments of the people and by the people. The lesson of this war for us is that it shall be fought until no single man and no two men and no class in any country shall be able to unite with an exclusive class in another country to bring on war. All the wars of the future must be only by the full consent of the people themselves. And there must also be safeguards by which all peace loving and free governments can restrain hostile action by any country, unless the judgment of all justifies it.

But I meet constantly men who say, "Why don't you wait until they get here, wait until they come?" I pity a man or a woman who knows so little of modern warfare. When the soldiers marched out to Lexington and Concord neither side had anything but an old musket that would shoot about a hundred yards, and so there was no such thing as putting down such people. And then there were no roads. Now our railroads and good roads are all our weakness. With the British army and navy destroyed, with France destroyed, with Russia impotent, it would be no difficulty at all for a million of men to land here. And they could cut off New York and instantly impose, as they always do, an indemnity of many times more than the whole cost of this war is going to be to us. And then they would come

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up Broadway with its splendid roadway and they would reach Yonkers, and by way of example, and frightfulness is one of their creeds, they would burn Yonkers after looting it. And then they would come up to Tarrytown and would stick a musket into a Tarrytown house and would say, "You are trying to shoot us," and then they would loot Tarrytown, and would take fifty or a hundred of the leading citizens and put them against a wall and shoot them. And then they would take the young men and the young women and put them in the army. By that time they are on the way to Peekskill over the best road there is in the world, and they have armed motor cars, and they have guns that will carry explosives weighing a ton, which will blow up a whole village or a whole brigade at a time, that will shoot twenty miles, they are carrying them with them; and the chief of the pacifists has said, "Suppose they did, wouldn't a million Americans with shotguns and Ford cars drive them back into the ocean?" (Laughter.)

I had a letter from an American friend who was one of the Relief Committee that followed the French army going over the district in France which the Germans have occupied for the last two years and a half, and in his letter he said: "The first town we came to was Noyon, one of the most beautiful cities in France, beautiful in its shaded streets, beauti-

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ful in its museum and its cathedral and its town hall, a Gothic structure; beautiful in the splendid orchards around, which were the delight of the whole country; beautiful in the most finished and artistic residences that there were in France. When we arrived there the day after the German army left there was not a house standing; they had all been blown out from the inside; there was not a church standing; they had all been blown out from the inside; the museum and the town hall were down, they had been looted of all their treasures. There was not a piece of furniture of any kind in that whole city. All the beds and bedding, all the parlor furniture, all the bedroom furniture, all the kitchen furniture had been swept off and carried along with the army. All the clothes of all the inhabitants except what they stood in had been swept off. Every tree in all the orchards had been girdled and killed. Even the graves in the old churchyards had been dug up to see if there might not be plates on the coffins or jewelry among the dead." And then he said there was gathered in the market place all the young men and all the young women between 15 and 30 and every one of them carried off.

Now, my friends, we are in this war why? Because of that? Because of Belgium and France? Yes, in part. We are in it because of ourselves. When the *Lusitania* went down one

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hundred and twenty or more American men and women and children were lost. And then came a dozen more ships, until it ran up to a thousand or more American men, women and children murdered. And then Germany said, "We will let you go on the ocean with one ship a week, painted as we order, and going just the lines that we say you may take, and with things on it that we say you may carry."

Why did the old *Constitution* and the *Guerrière* fight in the war of 1812? Why did Farragut lash himself to the mast in front of Mobile? Why did Dewey win his victory at Manila? Why did Sampson and Schley win their victory at Santiago? It was in part that the United States should have its place on the ocean amongst the best and foremost people of the world. We are developing an industry and agriculture that would crush us by congestion unless we had the markets of the world, and is any nation strong enough, any people big enough, to say, "Yankees can only go where we permit them to go?" That old flag will go wherever it wants. (Applause.) Any American who travels under it, whether it be upon the high seas or wherever he lawfully is under international law, will have over him and around him the power of a hundred million Americans and all that that means. (Applause.)

Why, the Kaiser said to James W. Gerard, our ambassador, "When this war is over I

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won't stand any nonsense from the United States," which means, "Away goes your Monroe Doctrine." The General Staff in their calculations which have recently been published assessed the United States as indemnity in this world tribute to Berlin eighty-seven billions of dollars. That is our part, eighty-seven billions. (Laughter.) We are trying now in the Liberty Loan to raise three. Why, it is an insurance policy to raise three against that eighty-seven.

Well, my friends, this subject is most entrancing, most interesting. It is the privilege of a man at my time of life to feel bitterly and deeply all that it means and hopefully all that it promises. To have gone through the Civil War and see this country placed again upon surer foundations and with the whole country welcoming the reorganization; to have lived long enough, as I did, to meet in my boyhood the soldiers of the Revolution, for I knew my grandfather very well, I was old enough for that, and he had been a Corporal in a Westchester regiment in the Revolutionary War, and there were twenty Revolutionary veterans around Peekskill at that time; that is a life, that is an education, that is an inspiration. And to live now to see this country grown to its present position of first and foremost in all that makes in government life worth living, and to see it once more in peril, is to wonder—

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though I do not wonder any more—why the whole nation does not rise up for civilization, for American liberty, and for a world in which it is safe for liberty to be.

Oh, it is a glorious thing to be an American to-day! It is a glorious thing to see these young fellows in khaki going forward as I saw them go forward in blue from this old village fifty odd years ago. It is a glorious thing to feel that in all the world we stand for nothing but civilization, liberty and right. When the French soldier sees, when the English soldier sees our troops there, he knows that we ask nothing in the way of territory, nothing in the way of indemnity, but that we are fighting with them that we may all be free. And I think when the German soldier sees us, when we finally get into the trenches, now I understand he is denied the privilege of knowing we are there, the question will be: "What are the Yankees here for, what are the Americans here for?" Finally it will get through the cordon of steel and the iron band of autocracy that the American soldiers are not there for German territory, not there for German loot, not there for German money, not there for German men, not there for German women, but they are there that all, all, all, may be free and enjoy the blessings of American liberty and Christian civilization. (Prolonged applause.)

Speech at the Rooms of the Geographical and
Biographical Society of New York on the
Occasion of the Hanging of Mr. Depew's
Portrait by the Society on their Walls,
December 13, 1917.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have faced a greater variety of conditions and met as many unique situations as almost anyone in the country. The present occasion is unique and original. This ancient and honorable society has presented itself with my portrait, and I am called upon to make the address. I do not know whether I am to give a biographical sketch of the subject on account of my familiarity with it, or am to criticise the picture as a work of art. Mr. Quistgaard has produced an excellent likeness, a picture of great merit. There is one thing, however, I can do gratefully and that is to thank the society for this distinction. I noticed that Mrs. Depew, who had her first view of the portrait when the artist drew the veil, vigorously applauded. This settles the opinion of our family and its harmony.

The ancient Egyptians had their own way of preserving the likenesses of their friends or of their rulers by embalming their bodies. There are limitations to this method of expressing

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affection or admiration, and one of them is that the work cannot be duplicated. The mummy of Rameses in the museum at Cairo presents that great monarch in as good condition apparently as when, as Pharaoh, he ordered his army to follow the Israelites into the Red Sea.

It is impossible to recall incidents of the past which are not duplicated and re-duplicated in succeeding generations. When Pharaoh pursued the Israelites, he let his armies rush between the walls of the lane in the Red Sea, through which the Jews had passed dry shod, and they were all drowned, but King Pharaoh and his sons stayed on shore. (Laughter.) The result was that he enjoyed the throne for many years and his sons succeeding him. There were not at that period any socialists or social democrats or liberal-minded subjects or newspapers to question divine right and threaten its continuance. This war with its awful sacrifices is now entering upon its fourth year. It is estimated that four millions of Germans have been killed and wounded and every family in Germany has lost one or more of its members, but the Kaiser and his six sons have still undisputed leadership and vigorous health. They have stayed on shore. (Laughter.)

We have never appreciated fully how much of history and the instructive teaching of it there is in portraiture. Important events follow each other so rapidly in the story of nations

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and periods overlap which are so full of heroes and men of genius in every walk of life, of evolution and revolution, that it is impossible with the enormous exactions of our busy times to keep properly familiar with the past. We are making history now every day and world history of such importance that the whole world is to be, as a result of this tragedy, so reconstructed that future generations will make a new start from this war and what has resulted, and care little what preceded it. The Civil War led for a generation to an absolute forgetfulness of the Revolution and what it stood for.

Very few of us have the leisure to explore the library, but a portrait always interests and arouses inquiry. Two conspicuous examples are Washington and Lincoln. Stuart's portrait of Washington and Carpenter's of Lincoln have been accepted as the two best presentations of those great men while in life. They are in all the school books, all the histories, every library, museum and State Capitol, and on frequent occasions illumine the pages of the daily and weekly newspapers and also the magazines. There is no doubt that this constant reproduction to the eye of youth, middle age and old age of Washington and Lincoln keep before each generation the story of the founding of our Republic, of the emancipation of the slave and of the reconstruction of our nation. Every child who has arrived at school

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age can point to a picture of Washington or of Lincoln with full knowledge of their lives and deeds. This method of teaching is as old as the human race. Sign language gives evidence of this in the picture the cave man sketched or carved upon the walls of his primitive abode which are illustrations of the educational efforts of our ancestors millions of years ago.

The sculptor is far more limited than the portrait painter. We have a recent example of a controversy which would never have arisen in the case of a portrait, because the sitting impresses the personality of the subject upon the artist. In this recent statue of Lincoln, the sculptor, of course, never saw him, but has endeavored with great talent to present in one figure Lincoln's divergent characteristics. I knew him very well and saw him in several moods. He never got away from his early trials, experiences and influences. He was normally always the country lawyer, the inimitable story teller, the keen politician and shrewd man of affairs. On the other hand, he was an idealist of the loftiest sentiments and the tenderest sympathies and emotions. The artist has endeavored to convey in metal these characteristics, but to grasp the idea one must have imagination and see what the artist unquestionably was impressed by in his study of Lincoln's character. Such a statue cannot be an accurate portrait. What we always

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want is the man as his family, his friends and his neighbors knew him.

There was a famous inquiry which went, years and years ago, through the country and that was, "What becomes of all the pins?" Quite as important a one is, "What becomes of all the portraits?" There is nothing that disappears so rapidly as a family portrait. The children look at it, they care for it, but the grandchildren—it is nothing to them; and the great-grandchildren don't care anything about it except they have a genealogical craze and want to accumulate a lot of those things on the walls. But the family portrait, as a rule, is sent to the garret, from there to the junk shop and then into the dust bin. You can go into junk and antiquarian shops all over New York and find family portraits which they will sell to you for the frame. But if the portrait happens to find a place in some society which has permanence, into some institution which will live, then there is an opportunity for the man or the woman who were painted to have the illustration of his or her life teach its lesson. But there has become a new view and value of the portrait. All the distinguished men and women, and the men and women of no distinction whatever, but who had the money, who were painted in the period of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Romney and Hopner, have portraits which are of incal-

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culable value. A Sir Joshua brings one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, a Gainsborough one hundred thousand, and so on down to the lowest twenty-five thousand dollars. I trust, Mr. Quistgaard, the day will come when yours will be as valuable.

There are numerous families in the old world, I know many of them, where the fortune has been dissipated and the family saved by the family portraits. The ancestor, either by grants from the King or by his extraordinary genius in some line, accumulates a vast fortune. Then he buys his great estate with its forests, hunting preserves, meadows and palace in town. In natural course his son succeeds, and is followed by the grandson and the great-grandson. By that time the fortune has been impaired and the estate mortgaged, but upon the walls are the Sir Joshua, the Gainsborough and other masters, and that heir, facing bankruptcy, capitalizes his ancestors. It is one of the wonders of modern finance.

I know an instance where, through no fault of his own, a distinguished member of the British House of Lords, in consequence of the extravagance of his father, grandfather and great-grandfather, found his estate so mortgaged and encumbered that he could not meet even the interest upon the debts. What to do he did not know. He was in despair, when one day a picture dealer called and said, "My

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lord, I understand you have a famous Sir Joshua. May I look at it?" "All right," he said. So he went in and my lord coming in a few minutes afterwards saw the picture dealer taking this picture down. He said, "What are you doing?" "Why," the dealer answered, "an American client of mine has heard of that picture and is exceedingly anxious to have it, and I am taking it to him." "Sir, I don't sell my ancestors." The picture dealer laid on the piano twenty thousand pounds in new crisp Bank of England notes and then took the picture under his arm and started for the door. My lord said afterwards to a friend, in narrating the occurrence, "I wanted to stop him, but I had to have the money." (Laughter.)

I remember when a series of portraits were used as a picturesque and effective argument. President Harrison sent for me to come to Washington. When I arrived, the Hon. Stephen B. Elkins, who was Secretary of War, called upon me with a message from the President. "The President wants you," he said, "to accept the position of Secretary of State in his Cabinet, Mr. Blaine having resigned." When I explained to him that it was impossible for me at that time to make such a sudden change in my life, he said, "Let's take a walk." He conducted me over to the offices of the Secretary of State and then pointed to the portraits, beginning with Thomas Jefferson, of

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those who had held that position. He said, "You will notice that in the line of Secretaries of State there is more distinction in statesmanship and ability than in the line of Presidents of the United States. To be in that line is fame."

My friends, I want to congratulate my friend, Dr. Dexter, upon his delightful address. I have heard a great many talks at Yale commencements on Yale's past, but I never heard anything so informing and so delicious as the bits of student history which came up under that picture which was drawn so deftly by my distinguished friend. But I felt also about it a bit of embarrassment because when your President asked me to come here for the unveiling of this picture, he said, "I have selected for the time when your picture will be unveiled and when you will make some remarks in regard to it the day when Dr. Dexter from Yale is to speak to us about conditions in college a hundred years ago." (Laughter.) Well, the Lord has treated me very well, both in vigor and health, but I want to assure you, ladies and gentlemen, I am not in that class. (Laughter.) I hope to be and certainly am using every effort in my power so that when the next professor, or the Professor himself, I trust, extends his remarks and his stories of student life at Yale a hundred years ago, I can sit on the platform and say, "Yes, I know all about that, I was there." (Laughter.)

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Our meeting to-day is an illustration in a minor way of our national situation and popular characteristics. A militaristic and autocratic government trains its people from the cradle to the grave primarily for service to the State. When war comes civil life practically ceases, and the thought and power of the people is concentrated on the contest. We, on the contrary, have developed as individuals and our thinking and our efforts are along peaceful lines.

We are in the greatest and most savage war of all times, and our civilization and institutions are at stake. In our first six months we have recruited half as many men and spent four times as much money as Lincoln did during the whole Civil War. Our hearts are enlisted and our minds are intent upon victory. Nevertheless, the ways of normal peaceful living are so deeply imbedded that we take on war as a necessary burden. The flying needles knitting comforts for soldiers and sailors are present here and everywhere, but we enter with keen enjoyment with Dr. Dexter into the faculty and student life at Yale during its first century. Music lovers enjoy the opera and concert, and the theatre and screen are of absorbing interest, but we all support the President in every effort and every call for any sacrifice for success for right, justice, humanity and liberty. (Applause.)

Speech at the Luncheon of the Pilgrims Society,
in Honor of Brig. General William A. White,
R.M.O., Bankers Club, New York, Decem-
ber 18, 1917.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

In these war times greetings are frequent by the Pilgrims Society of New York to the visiting delegations from Great Britain, and by the Pilgrims Society of London to representative Americans. We have received here every branch of the service diplomatic, military, naval, trade and recruiting, who have come to us in this interchange of ideas and experiences. The United States and Great Britain have been at peace for a hundred and two years, but during that period there have been many occasions when friendly relations were strained to a point where war was averted with difficulty, and after diplomacy succeeded there was left a residuum of hostile feelings.

Our differences arose mainly from the fact of a general misunderstanding of each other's ideals and aspirations and a misunderstanding easily fostered by ignorance. Of our vast population very few went abroad and we were more familiar with the stage type of Englishmen represented by Lord Dundreary than by

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Mr. Gladstone. At the same time the average Englishman knew the stage Uncle Sam better than he did Abraham Lincoln. Two years and a half of war, and especially six months since we entered it, have done more to make us acquainted, to bring us together, than a century of peace. There is no amalgam like the trenches and no brotherhood so strong as fighting, living and dying, and winning victories for the same ends and ideals.

A hundred years ago autocracy ruled the old world, and the United States was alone of democratic governments, but to-day Great Britain and her self-governing colonies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa have the rule of the people by representative governments. France and Italy are highly developed democracies, so are the Scandinavian governments, and Russia, though groping in the dark, will find its way to orderly liberty. Germany, Austria and Turkey alone represent the divinity of kings, the supremacy of militarism and the lust of conquest.

Two incidents illustrate the perils of autocratic power. One is the correspondence between the Kaiser and the Czar, in which Willie and Nickie treated independent nations, peoples and governments as if the world was a chess board and these two sovereign players could move the pawns as they liked, regardless of any rights or any law except their own

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ambitions. I do not give the exact language, but the correspondence ran like this:

Dear Nickie:

The time has arrived when we better take over Denmark. Love to Alice.

Willie.

Dear Willie:

All right about Denmark. You arrange details. Love to Victoria.

Nickie.

Dear Nickie:

We had better include France. Love to Alice.

Willie.

Dear Willie:

I am rather bound up with France, but will see you later. Love to Victoria.

Nickie.

The second incident was the interview granted by the Kaiser to Ambassador Gerard. The Kaiser shook his finger warningly in the face of the American Ambassador and said threateningly, "When this war is over, I will stand no more nonsense from the United States." This translated means, "I have conquered Belgium, I am on my way to Paris, I will absorb the wealth of France, I will dominate Great Britain, I will conquer Russia, and as the spoils of all the world found their way to Rome, so shall they traverse the seas and the highways

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to Germany. Your country is the richest and from your accumulated wealth, exhaustless resources and enterprising people, I shall collect the largest toll of tribute and indemnity." But France bared her breast to the onrushing hosts of the Kaiser at Verdun and said, "You shall not pass." The British, with their small army, sacrificed most of it when the French at the Marne, as their ancestors did six centuries before, saved liberty, civilization and Christianity.

The English language to-day is taught in the schools of all nations, but is native to a people which encircles the globe. It embraces in its literature the best of human thought, achievement and hope. It is an inspiring fact that now as the sun pursues its course around the earth, its morning rays are greeted in every clime by English speaking peoples, united as never before in their efforts, in their battles and in their ideals.

The God of battles is appealed to daily by the contending hosts, but there are two Gods. The poet Heinrich Heine, in a famous prophecy eighty years ago, said that the Germans would resurrect from their graves the stone gods of their ancestors, and the hammer of Thor would smash the weakness represented by Christian cathedrals. When the commander of the U-boat, which sunk the *Lusitania* and drowned its passengers; when the commander

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of the U-boat summoned to his deck the survivors of the *Belgian Prince*, and then submerged hilariously leaving them in the ocean, both were praised and decorated with the iron cross, and their acts were proclaimed as proofs of God's help. When Belgium was ravaged with unspeakable horrors, when the villages of Northern France were destroyed, their orchards cut down, their men killed, their women outraged and deported into slavery, and it was claimed that all this was done by the help of God and in partnership with him, that God was again the stone god of the German forests. When the other day the British army captured Jerusalem, and after a lapse of six centuries brought the sacred places under Christian rule; when they sacrificed thousands of lives to win by the bayonet rather than by shell which would desecrate hallowed temples and tombs, they restored to the world the spot where Christ died for the brotherhood of man. The Christ whose doctrines, uplifting the world for two thousand years, have given to us all the blessings which we enjoy, it is that God under whose banner of the cross we fight, under whom we are united and with whose blessings we will win.

I am not discouraged by the troubles in Russia and her present helplessness. The French revolution broke the shell of Divine Right, but it took generations to establish orderly liberty. Events move more rapidly

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with us in these heroic days. A people emerging from autocracy to democracy are experiencing a change of life. They are hysterical, see visions, dream dreams, but in the evolutions of democracy, the people will escape from the tyranny of the mob as they have from the oppression of the Czars and justice, right and liberty will prevail.

It is easy for the directors of public opinion in Germany to inspire the press to teach the people that Great Britain is fighting to crush German commerce and trade and industries, that France is fighting for revenge and reconquest of her provinces, but the United States is puzzling the editorial writer of the Kaiser. He is worried by the war message of President Wilson, especially when he finds that it was so generally accepted by the American people. He is still more worried when the American people six months afterwards with unanimity and enthusiasm hail the masterly statement of President Wilson a few days since in the war message against Austria. In looking for a selfish purpose, he writes that the United States desires to annex Switzerland. Happily the United States, its government and its people have been interpreted to the German people for generations by the letters which millions of emigrants have written home describing the prosperity and the freedom which have come to them in this blessed land.

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Thirty years ago I was in Prague, the capital of Bohemia, as a tourist. A committee called upon me and asked me to go with them to a large garden where were gathered thousands of Bohemians. They said, "We had with us recently some hundreds of our countrymen from the United States who were visiting us. They told us such wonderful stories of your country that when we found you were here we called to ask you to tell us more." Their band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and long before we were accustomed to so greet our national anthem they arose and stood uncovered. No barrier can stop the truth. The American soldiers in the trenches will have every appliance of modern warfare, but they have more, they have the purpose, the unselfish purpose, for which they are there. They are not fighting for territory, or for loot or the lust of victory, they are not fighting for glory or fame, they are fighting that they may preserve for themselves and their countrymen, and that they may help all the world, including their present enemies, to enjoy the blessings of government "of the people, by the people and for the people." The immortal words of the Declaration of Independence, "All men are created equal, with unalienable rights among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," are with them. They will go over the top. They will penetrate barbed wire defences,

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trenches, dug-outs and pill boxes. They cannot be stopped by barrages, machine guns, rifle fire or bayonets. They will penetrate the triple armor forged about hearts and brains. The ideas of liberty will demoralize enemies and convert its foes.

Speech at the Inauguration of Mr. Depew as
President of the Pilgrims Society, Bankers
Club, New York, Wednesday, January
23, 1918.

Brother Pilgrims:

I have been in active life for sixty-two years. During that period I have done my best to meet the requirements of American citizenship and to win such honors and rewards as I could. Looking back on this long period and fully appreciating what life has done for me in continuing health and vigor, mental and physical, on the eve of eighty-four, I am content and happy. Of the many honors which have come to me, political, professional and social, none has given me more pleasure and pride than this selection by you at this crisis in the world affairs as President of our Society.

The record of our year, since our last annual meeting, maintains the high standard of the past. We have, however, met with a great and irreparable loss in the death of our late President, Joseph H. Choate. No man was more perfectly fitted for a position. He was our foremost American citizen in private life and had the affection and admiration of his countrymen. During his six years as Ambassador to Great Britain, he not only met all the requirements of his great office with remarkable

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ability, but he impressed himself, as few Americans have done, upon the people of England. His personality and his eloquence were great factors in cementing the bonds of unity between our two countries. Earlier than most Americans he grasped the significance of this war and the part which our country should take. He was an advocate of preparedness and of the United States joining the Allies for common purposes and common protection of our most cherished principles and ideals. He died in service, and his last days will be a memorable part of the history of this struggle.

Our two societies, the one here and the other in England, have been laboring successfully for years to remove misunderstandings and promote friendlier relations between these two great English-speaking countries, and that object has been accelerated by the war beyond the fondest dreams of the Pilgrims. The rape of Belgium and the sinking of the *Lusitania*, with continued outrages and horrors, were strengthening ties until the President brought us all together by his declaration of war in April last year. Lloyd George, the Premier of Great Britain, formulated in a wonderful speech the aims and purposes of all the Allies, but President Wilson a few days later in an address to Congress, which is one of the ablest and most illuminating state papers in our history, made so clear and emphatic what we are all fighting

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for, that his utterance has been accepted by the world as the purpose and object of our alliance, of our diplomacies, armies and navies. When the victory comes, as it will, the greatest and strongest power in men and resources will sit at the table desiring neither territory nor indemnity nor reward, but determined that this world shall hereafter, so far as the unity of civilized nations can make it, be a paradise of peace, justice, humanity and right.

We, who have been laboring for many years for unity among English-speaking peoples, can rejoice in a triumph where Great Britain will develop along her lines, and the self-governing colonies of Canada, Australia and South Africa according to their conditions, and the United States in accordance with its genius and necessities, but together they will have common ideals and aspirations.

If our marvelous prosperity and the wonderful results on the material side which have come to masterful men have tended to create classes and class antagonism, it is one of the beneficent results of this war that the equal draft of our people and their resources is producing national unity. The camp is the great leveler. The country and the city boys, the young men of the East Side and of the Avenue, the product of the clubs and of the gangs, are occupying the same tents, having the same rations, wearing the same uniforms, subject to the same discipline

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and performing the same duties. They are discovering that the same manhood, patriotism and Americanism are the foundation of them all. The gangster is becoming a gentleman, the gentleman a democrat, and both good Americans. If we would preserve this healthy, vigorous and inspiring democratic spirit among future generations and provide for the safety of our country from internal disorders or foreign foes, we must have as part of our permanent policy universal military training. The unexpected and discouraging development in our trial and distress of racial disloyalty has demonstrated that our much boasted "melting pot" has proved a failure, but the amalgam of the camp educates and trains the soldier and the citizen to be at all times and under all circumstances American.

We had last week a singular spectacle. Men who had come here and having no opportunities for rising above their station in their own countries, developed under the hospitality and equal chances with our own native born into wonderful prosperity and wealth. They have succeeded in business and in the professions. No inducement under Heaven could make them return to the countries from which they had emigrated and subject their children to the iron rule of autocracy and militarism, and because they were using their position and influence to aid the enemy and defeat the United States,

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they were arrested and put upon a boat to be sent to an internment camp in the South. They were taken out of this most inclement of all seasons, out of the rigor and deprivations of our insufficient coal supply, to be treated with every comfort and every luxury under the balmy skies of Georgia and Florida. Every shivering citizen and citizeness who saw them go envied them their trip. What was their answer? As the boat passed the Statue of Liberty, they gathered at the rail and sang "Deutschland über Alles." If Americans under similar conditions, and for like offenses, had done the same thing in Germany, they would have been lined against a wall and their journey to another world would have been hastened by rifle and machine gun.

We are to-day in a controversy at Washington which is interesting deeply the whole country. There is a feeling everywhere that the success of this war depends upon the absence of partisanship. It is the people's war and all parties are anxious for victory. We have the highest respect and the greatest loyalty for our President, and we want to strengthen his hands. We can learn lessons from the experience of our Allies. In the most terrible of trials, they have been taught and slowly acquired their present policies. I was in England a month before the war when partisan politics were never so fierce. They

had reached a point where civil war seemed imminent. I was in London again for several months after the war was declared. The Prime Minister of England, who has much of the power of our President, was Mr. Asquith. He is the ablest parliamentarian, one of the greatest debaters and one of the most accomplished statesmen of his time. He said, "I now see that to conduct this war successfully I must have as my coadjutors the leaders of all parties." He was too conservative and was succeeded by Lloyd George. Lloyd George for twenty years had been the most uncompromising of partisans. He had fought without mercy the aristocracy and the Unionist party, but he formed a War Cabinet in which he placed Balfour, the leader of the Unionists, the strongest members of the aristocracy and the ablest of the labor leaders. He tried to put in both factions from Ireland.

I remember as if it was yesterday the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln as one of the dramatic episodes in our history. As he faced that vast crowd in front of the Capitol, few had ever seen or knew much about him. Surrounding him as his Cabinet were the ablest leaders in American public life, nearly all of them his opponents, some from his own and some from the other party. The assembled people knew them and all about them.

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Mr. Lincoln made only one appointment on account of friendship and that was his intimate friend, Caleb H. Smith, who had been a colleague in Congress. But Smith was not equal to the demands of that strenuous period and was replaced by a stronger man, John P. Usher. Simon Cameron was appointed secretary of war. Cameron was able, had great influence and power and had been a most important factor in the success of Mr. Lincoln's nomination. But when, after a year's trial, Mr. Lincoln became convinced that for a more vigorous prosecution of the war an exceptional official was required, he asked for Mr. Cameron's resignation. He then astonished the country by not only going outside his party, but by selecting an uncompromising Democrat, who had been his most bitter and virulent critic and had characterized him as a gorilla. So Edwin M. Stanton, the most energetic, able and brutal of war secretaries, had the opportunity and won great fame. Mr. Lincoln with rare tact maintained harmony among these hostile elements in his Cabinet. He so utilized the superior ability of each that the country had the service of its ablest statesmen. But the President was stronger because of their strength. He became and remained supreme master and stands alone in the people's memory as the genius of the reconstruction of our Union.

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The four greatest constructive statesmen in our history are Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln. If either of them had the responsibilities of this war, which are greater than all our wars put together, he could not have survived the task, but together their united experience and unequalled intelligence would have utilized all our resources and consolidated the country confidently behind them. We want President Wilson to remain our President, we don't want to overburden or kill him, we want him to have at his service all the help there is in the demonstrated brains of our countrymen.

There is a story of the Old Testament. The children of Israel were at the crisis of their long journey from Egypt. Amalek and his hosts were arrayed against them. They represented the ruthless aristocracy and militarism of that period. Moses sent out Joshua with the army of the Israelites to fight. That he might watch and direct the battle, he sat on a hill and had with him the leaders who had differed with him but had the experience of their forty years of trial. When Moses held up his hands, Joshua succeeded; but when through fatigue his hands fell down, the tide of battle was with the enemy. Then Moses, the most self-reliant character in sacred or profane history, called for the help of Aaron and Hur, who were with him, and said to them,

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“You stand on either side of me and hold up my hands.” The result was that behind Joshua’s army and in its ranks the whole power of the Israelites was united, the victory won and the Promised Land gained.

Speech at the Dinner given by Mr. Julien
Stevens Ulman to Dr. Milenko Vesnitch,
Representative of Serbia, January 31, 1918.

Your Excellency and Friends:

The characteristic of the United States has been its hospitable reception of peoples of all nations since the formation of our Government. We have furnished an asylum for the oppressed and opportunities for the ambitious. We have welcomed them all to the equal liberties, the equal opportunities and the equal prospects which we, ourselves, enjoy. We have thrown open to them our citizenship and given them the protection of our sovereignty and our flag. They have all advanced in life and their children with our common schools, high schools and colleges, have reached the foremost position in every department of American life. The acid test of their gratitude, loyalty and appreciation has been their attitude and conduct during this world war. The proof of their patriotism is that among so many millions so few have been actively or sympathetically traitors to their adopted country. The great mass have stood loyally by the United States and the President in this crisis.

While this war with the rigid military

TRIBUTE TO DR. MILENKO VESNITCH

demands of their own countries has stopped this tide of emigration, we have had a singular and very delightful duty in welcoming the representatives of our Allies, with whom we are fighting for all that makes life worth the living. First came the English Mission, headed by Mr. Balfour. We owe a special debt to this distinguished Statesman because as Prime Minister of Great Britain at the time of the Spanish War, he prevented a European coalition against us. The impressive idea in the reception of that mission was that, after a hundred years of peace, the English speaking peoples of the world had become so one in their ideals that we were in a close alliance for the same world purposes, liberties and rights. It was an inspiring thought that the example and principles of the American Revolution had so permeated the Mother Country that their institutions and liberties differ from ours in form but not in substance. There was tender affection in the welcome of the French. We rejoiced that after a hundred and forty years in the crisis of the fate of France, when she was giving all she possessed for her liberties, we could reciprocate in kind for the help which she gave us in our trial and without which we could not have won our independence. We had sympathy with the aspirations of Italy, and for outraged Belgium a grim determination to act with the representatives of liberty

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and righteousness for Belgium's restoration and reparation.

And now, we are glad to receive this delegation from little Serbia. Hidden away in her mountains and so distant, her trials, her sufferings, her sacrifices and her patriotism have not been so well known nor come so near to us as Belgium, and yet to save her sovereignty, her honor and her soul one-half of her population have died upon the battlefield, or by outrages upon the civil population, of burnings and massacres and starvation. When the roll is made up of those who have given most and suffered most for their country, a front rank will be assigned to Serbia.

I sometimes think that the nations will care little for their history prior to this war. Its magnitude and its tragedies are so vast and universal that for present and future generations history will be written as if the whole of it was embraced within this war period. Macaulay made the most fascinating of histories out of a section of the English story and that not of the greatest importance. Future Macaulays can find events and the evolution of principles far more fascinating and thrilling than any in the world's history in every year of this conflict. It will give to the world endless plots for novels of entrancing and captivating charm and it has the materials for epics far greater than came to Homer or Virgil or Dante, or of dramas beyond

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anything of Shakespeare. Great lessons are taught in pictures, a single canvass will embrace more of history and suggestion than a library. When we look at a painting by Detaille of one of the battles of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, we read the whole tragedy of the betrayal of France, of her superb struggle for her life and of what she lost because of the overwhelming power of her enemy.

After this war some great artist will execute a masterpiece which will become the greatest of historical canvases. It will represent that fateful meeting in the Imperial Palace at Potsdam a few months preceding the declaration of war. The Kaiser presided, the Crown Prince and his brothers were there, the General Staff was present and the Chancellor. The people were not represented. They never are in a military autocracy. It is for them not to reason why but to do and die. The General Staff said: "After forty years of preparation Germany is in a position now to conquer the world. We have the largest and best disciplined army and the second best navy. We have accumulated military stores and supplies for over two years. Belgium will not and cannot resist our advance. We can be in Paris in a few weeks and before France can get ready. Our Emperor controls, as he has demonstrated, the weak Czar Nicholas, so we have nothing to fear in Russia. We will this time make a clean job of France, her

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resources will be ample compensation for the present and immense revenues for the future. We need have no fear of the interference of England because our Ambassador informs us that she is on the eve of civil war on account of the Irish question. After we have conquered France and are in possession of the channel ports of France and Belgium, Great Britain will be glad to make any terms for peace. Our plans in the East are so perfected that we will easily dominate the Balkans, Persian Gulf, Mesopotamia, Syria and Egypt on the one hand and India on the other will be within our grasp. Then Berlin will be like ancient Rome and all Germany will share in the tribute flowing in constantly increasing volumes over every sea and from every continent for our power and enrichment. As for the German people we have through our schools, colleges and universities, through the pulpit and the press, all of which we inspire and control, infused them with an ambition equal to our own and with a belief that nothing can resist nor ought to be permitted to stand in the way of our conquest of the world. The only thing necessary is to find a pretext and that the Chancellor must do." The meeting adjourned and the Crown Prince wild with joy said, "Now we will have a jolly good war." The pretext was found in the murder of Archduke Ferdinand and his wife by a Serbian student. Under the dictation of

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the German Government, Austria demanded of Serbia submission within twelve hours to twelve peremptory orders. Serbia, anxious for peace and knowing that four millions could not resist a hundred and twenty millions of Germany and Austria, immediately assented to eleven of these propositions and only asked that the twelfth, which was her sovereignty as an independent nation, might be submitted to the Hague Tribunal. According to estimates made by an English statesman, as the immediate result of the conclusions of that little gathering at the palace at Potsdam forty-seven millions of people, or almost one-half of the entire population of the United States, have died in battle, or of starvation or of deportations like the Armenians, or of ruthless destruction of their homes with themselves as in Belgium, Northern France, Russia, Poland and Serbia.

Now that we are well along in the fourth year of the war and that its tragedies are of daily repetition, now that our President, representing the largest potential power in the conflict, has said the United States asks nothing for itself but the peace, the safety, the rights and the liberties of the whole world, how do we account that the military autocracy of Germany can still have the loyal support of an obedient population. A population which is equally suffering in the loss of its sons and in great privations, but not equally suffering in the devastation of

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its cities, villages and homes. The answer is that nations fight for either patriotism or plunder. If it is for patriotism, they are always ready for peace with justice and right and liberty. If it is for plunder, then, as in all cases of brigandage and piracy, the share of each is the continuing stimulant. Patriotism can be merciful but piracy never. It is always ruthless because it has to make sacrifices for that which it comes to believe is its own, and when that belief is coupled with partnership with God conquest has the soothing of conscience and the fanaticism of religion.

Of all countries Serbia has suffered most cruelly because of this ruthless spirit. She is so surrounded on all sides by enemies that the Allies could give her little help. Austria and Bulgaria were hungry for her land and resources. Turkey on the other side wanted to again extend over her population the oppression, extractions and murders of her six hundred years of rule, while Greece was unsympathetic if not actively hostile. The Russian revolution had paralyzed the active aid of that great power. The world has been interested for three thousand years in the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon, but that army was marching through a hostile country which they had invaded to reach the sea and their homes. Each succeeding generation finds thrilling interest in the retreat of Napoleon's grand army from Russia, but in Serbia we have a retreat

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which will become historic, a tragedy without a parallel and a resource of most romantic interest. It was the Serbian army driven through their own country across the border, and to the sea, accompanied by old men, women and children, their fathers, their mothers, their brothers, their sisters, who preferred death itself to the slavery with which they were threatened. The Serbian army, refreshed and invigorated among its friends, has returned to the front. It is daily doing heroic service to regain its homes. As a bit of land is recovered, the people come back to restore their devastated but loved homes. Our friend here tonight, the cultured statesman, the distinguished lawyer, the man of letters, in the strength of his vigorous manhood, represents superbly to us a people which can neither be enslaved nor killed, but who in the righteous adjustments of victory will come again into the independence which they won from Turkey and into the sovereignty and liberty of a progressive and unconquerable people

Speech at a Mass Meeting of the Citizens of
Bates County, Va., at Hot Springs, July
4, 1918.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

On the Fourth day of July, 1776, this day was consecrated as a patriotic anniversary. It was to be celebrated forever by the American people in memory of their charter of liberties. How it was to be celebrated was best indicated by a speech attributed by Daniel Webster to old John Adams in which he said: "I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore."

In its true spirit the day was observed all over our country so long as the heroes and veterans of the Revolution remained alive. It gradually became neglected or perverted for many reasons, one, and the principal, that its due observance and the lessons which it taught were not properly a part of the curriculum

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of our schools. German unity in the worst of causes, in the most aggressive, savage and inexcusable of wars, is a lesson which teaches what can be done with a people if taken in infancy and every means of instruction utilized for a single purpose.

Then again, some twenty millions of immigrants came to our land. They were of many races and languages, and many traditions and ideals. Most of them had only the vaguest apprehension of our Constitution, our institutions and our laws. They should have learned our national spirit and the meaning of the Declaration of Independence. Unfortunately we neglected their education. We permitted them to form separate communities where they brought up their children in their own languages and traditions and with a divided loyalty between the country from which they came and the country in which they acquired citizenship, independence and liberty. They celebrated their own national holidays and kept alive the ideals and traditions of the institutions from which they had fled rather than the Fourth of July. So, after a time the Fourth of July was observed as a holiday because made so by law but instead of reviving and reinforcing the great truths which it embodied it became a day purely of pleasure, for excursions, picnics, and social entertainments, for dinners and dances.

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One of the beneficent results of our entrance upon this war is that to-day we go back and envision the Fourth of July, 1776. We sit with those fathers of the Republic who, when they signed their names to the immortal Declaration of Independence, pledged to it also their lives, their property and their honor. We feel what they felt, we believe what they believed and we enjoy the realization of what was to them only an ardent and prayerful dream. Their hopes have been realized, and all their visions have come true. From thirteen colonies scattered along the Atlantic coast the principles which they enunciated that day have enabled their descendants and those who came afterwards and accepted the truths of their declaration to people a continent and to build a Republic which is the most powerful nation in the world, which enjoys all the liberties which they promised; a nation which has proved by its 142 years of experience that the truths enunciated in 1776 were immortal. A hundred millions of people are to-day, as never before, assembled together, not only to rejoice in what has been achieved, not only to glory in our liberties, the equality of our laws, the unity of our people, our wonderful progress in material prosperity, the development of our resources and the universality of a prosperity and industrial happiness never known before in any nation, but to return thanks to God that he has so signally

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blessed the work which was begun by those inspired founders of our Republic.

To-day, messages from the President of the United States, one of which has been read here, are read also in 37,000 places in all parts of our vast domain where the people are gathered as we are to celebrate in spirit, faith and hope the Fourth Day of July.

But this Fourth of July makes a record of its own. It is not only celebrated in this unprecedented manner in the United States and in all our outlying colonies and possessions, but it is receiving respect, recognition and observance wherever round this globe there is a group, however small, of American citizens. Its greatest significance, however, is that it goes beyond our borders and penetrates the territories, the people and the hearts of all the twenty-one nationalities who are united under one banner fighting for civilization and liberty. France has made it a national holiday and it is celebrated there with the same fervor with which they celebrate the anniversary of their liberty from tyranny on the 14th of this month. Our American army, occupying a front of forty miles, within a few hundred yards of the German trenches, have on either side of them the French army with its millions of patriots and heroes. Along that whole line this is a sacred holiday. The Stars and Stripes and the Tricolor of France will be entwined. "The Star

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Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise" will alternately fill the air with their inspiring and militant music. All over France these celebrations will take place. The President, Poincaré, leading on the civil side, and Foch, Commander in Chief of all the armies of the Allies, on the military.

Over a hundred years ago when Washington died, Napoleon directed that a memorial should be celebrated by the armies of France. That was out of respect and veneration for the greatest of men and the father of the American Republic. To-day's celebration is not one of veneration for a great patriot but of the brotherhood of men who are united for the greatest purpose for which we can live or for which we may die, and that is the preservation in our institutions of all that makes life worth the living.

The millions of Germans, Austrians, Hungarians and Bohemians in this country have been writing for generations to their friends at home of the liberties which they enjoy but which were denied to their brethren in the home land, of the prosperity which had come to them which was impossible in the Fatherland, and of equality before the law and the absence of classes, caste, privilege and militarism, which meant so much for the prosperity, the independence, the character and the future of their children. These letters brought more im-

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migrants to swell the millions already here. They also carried this information into most of the homes of the enemy's country. I wonder—and it is a pregnant thought—whether the shouts and the cheers which are carried over No Man's Land into the enemy trenches, on this eventful Fourth of July may not start a dangerous inquiry among those who are being led to slaughter day by day under the flag of autocracy and militarism. It seems to me it must raise the question, what are these Americans rejoicing about? They have not been here long enough to be engaged in the great disastrous and bloody battles of the last three years. They have won no victories, why should they be shouting as if our lines had broken, we were routed and they were on their way to the Rhine? The General Staff can suppress information, the aristocratic officers can disseminate misinformation and suppress the truth, but after all the stories and experiences which have been coming to them from their relatives and friends here for so many generations a ray of the light of truth must have penetrated the brains which have been triple-armored by the teacher, the preacher, the journalist, the school, the academy, the university and the all-commanding and all-powerful throne and militarism. That ray of light ought to admit into the dullest brain this idea, "We have fought and our brethren have died, we are fighting and we

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are about to die like the ancient gladiators in the Roman arena for our Emperor, his divinity, the continuing of the autocracy, of his royal house and of the aristocracy. No benefits are to come to us or our children while those Americans over there on the holiday of their country's birth are shouting to-day and fighting to-morrow that we may not destroy the liberties which have made them great and free and that if they win we may also, as they, enter into the temple and receive its equal blessings."

To-day Great Britain celebrates the Fourth of July. The King and Queen and Parliament and the people join with our boys and our citizens in paying honor to the Fourth. The baseball club of the American army in England is to have a game with a similar club of the Canadians and the King will throw the ball. The day will be celebrated in all the great self-governing colonies of the British Empire, in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Each of those colonies has a government founded upon our example and with the exception of a sentimental tie to the mother country are as free in their own affairs as we are. These amazing and miraculous results, and this war itself, came naturally in the due course of evolution from the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth day of July, 1776. Listen to these immortal

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words which have become the charter of world-wide liberty:

“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its power in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.”

It was that assertion of principles which brought Lafayette and the French army and navy to our country and without their aid we could not have won our independence. It was the absorption of these principles carried by the French army back to France which, after many revolutions, finally resulted in the present Republic. It was these principles carried back by the British army which have, in the course of 142 years, changed the British Government from the autocracy of the reign of George III. to a government under George V. as demo-

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cratic as ours and more easily responsive to public opinion. It was these principles which changed England's ideas of colonial government and enabled Canada and Australia to become independent commonwealths. It was these ideas, when South Africa was conquered which, instead of making it a dependency of the crown, created it a self-governing community and so won the affections of its people that their ablest leader, civil and military, General Smuts, is now a member of the War Cabinet of the British Empire. It was these principles which inspired Garibaldi and his associates to unite modern Italy and give to it a limited monarchy and representative government, to make Portugal a Republic and Belgium free. Their influence is also felt in a commanding way in the institutions of the Scandinavian countries and Holland. They are the life of all that stands for order and law and liberty in South and Central America and Mexico. The militarism of Frederick the Great and the power of the Hapsburgs have prevented their penetrating Germany and Austria. In 1848 an effort was made by the best minds of Germany to break the Prussian traditions but it was ruthlessly suppressed and gave to us great statesmen like Carl Schurz and splendid soldiers like Sigel.

German sympathizers tell us that the Reichstag, the Lower House of the German Parlia-

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ment, is elected by universal suffrage and has free debate. That is all the freedom it has. For exercising that the ablest and most constructive leader of the Social Democratic Party, Liebknecht, is now serving a term in state prison. No act passed by the Lower House can become a law without the approval of the Upper House. This is a body appointed by the Emperor and the various kings and princes of Germany. The majority of it is controlled by the Emperor and his veto is final, if by some miracle anything which he did not like should pass the Upper House. His autocratic authority is still more firmly entrenched in Prussia where the popular body is elected under a suffrage so limited as to give a class the control. The genius of Bismarck created modern Germany. He put into ruthless practice the ideas of Frederick the Great and made them a living force in German policy. Those ideas of his great ancestor are the mainsprings of the thought and action of the Kaiser; absolutism at home, the control of every organ of education and of intelligence; the strongest military establishment in the world, and under a banner that makes might right destroying the sovereignty of weaker nationalities, annexing their territory and enslaving their people.

This is a world war because it differs from all others that have ever been fought. It is a war of ideas. Ideas have no boundaries, no physi-

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cal limits but express the soul of humanity. The free nations of the world who are enjoying the principles proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence were at peace with each other and with all others. They were using every means known to diplomacy to maintain peace but the autocracy of Germany, after fifty years of preparation, began the war for world conquest and the extermination of government by liberal ideas and the consent of the governed. When autocracy becomes too arrogant it grows isolated and is unable to grasp the situation in liberal countries and becomes drunk with power and the allurements of conquest. When Bismarck declared war upon France he had first carefully detached from her Great Britain and Russia. When the Kaiser told Austria to declare war upon Serbia, he had made no such preparations but took for granted these conditions. He thought England, on account of the Home Rule question in Ireland, was helpless and on the eve of civil war. He thought Russia was exhausted and impotent because of her defeat by the Japanese. He thought the United States was of no account whatever. It had neither a navy to be considered, its army was insignificant, its people were untrained, it was unprepared in every element of warfare and that there were enough trained Germans in the United States to control the situation. So the Military Staff said, "We can conquer France

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in six weeks, Belgium is no obstacle, and with France a subject province and all her resources ours Great Britain will be forced to do as we wish. Russia will come under our control automatically, we will enlarge the boundaries of Turkey as a subject state, drive the English out of India and annex Egypt." Turning to the United States the Foreign Minister sent a message, which was fortunately intercepted by our State Department, to the Mexican president in which he said, "We want your friendship, we will give you all the aid you need and we will transfer to you from the United States Texas, New Mexico, Colorado and Oklahoma."

The German Military Staff and the Kaiser were mistaken about Russia, they made a frightful blunder about France, a tragical error about Great Britain and a monumental miscalculation about the United States.

For over a hundred years we followed the admonitions of Washington and kept rigidly within the political atmosphere of the Western Hemisphere. But Washington and his compatriots could not foresee how steam and electricity would unite the world. Our isolation has been broken because we have grown larger and the earth has grown smaller. When I was appointed Minister to Japan fifty-two years ago it took six months to get there and six months to return. Every communication between the two governments required a year.

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Prince Arthur of Connaught left Washington the other day for Japan and in two weeks was in Tokio. The next morning he presented to the Emperor of Japan a commission from the British Government appointing the Emperor to a high command in the British army. A full account of the event and the ceremonies appeared in our evening papers the same day. Arlington talks by wireless with the Eiffel Tower in Paris and the Secretary of the Navy speaks to the American Admiral six thousand miles away in Honolulu over a wireless telephone. In spite of ourselves and our traditions we are a part of the family of nations. Through centuries of struggle for some basis of justice upon which the world could exist and commerce and communication be free there has been builded international law accepted by all civilized peoples. Treaties have been compacts as solemn as the honor and faith of nations can make them. When Germany declared through her Chancellor that treaties were only scraps of paper to be torn in pieces at the will of the stronger party our sovereignty was attacked and our future imperilled as well as that of little Belgium and Republican France. International law provides clear rules for the protection of non-combatants on the land and on the sea. The desolation of cities and villages and farms in Belgium and Northern France, the ruthless deportation of young men and young

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women into slavery from these countries into Germany and the doctrine of frightfulness were intended to scare the people of the United States. When the *Lusitania* was sunk and its women and children drowned it was an attack upon international law and of the Hague Tribunal to which we were parties and every subsequent sinking by a submarine was an attack upon us. Only night before last a Canadian hospital ship carrying wounded and immune by international law was within seventy miles of the Irish coast, the Red Cross was blazing in electric lights from her sides and from her mast-head, when she was torpedoed by a German submarine and sunk in ten minutes. There was no opportunity for the helpless wounded to be carried to the boats and some of the boats were shelled. There seems to have been a slight tremor of conscience in the German commander for he said he sunk that hospital ship because he *thought* there were some American aviators on board. There were no American aviators on board but there are American aviators sailing over the front and over the German lines, where a quarter million of American soldiers are in the trenches to-day with another three-quarters of a million in reserve in their rear.

The German General Staff said the Americans are cowards to hearten their people and their army but their army has discovered in the last few days at Château-Thierry and the vil-

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lage of Cantigny and Belleau Woods that again the German high command had made a tragical mistake. When we entered the war it was announced that the indemnity which would be exacted from us by Germany would be eighty-seven billions of dollars, nearly half the valuation of the property in the United States. According to this morning's papers the German government has reduced that demand to forty-seven billions.

Sixty-two years ago I delivered my first Fourth of July oration. I had just graduated from Yale and returned to my native village. We still lived in the atmosphere of the Revolution and there were many on the platform and in the audience who were old enough to remember all its struggles, its passions and its sacrifices, but if, as I believe, those who have gone to the other world know what is happening in this, George III. must be subject to varying emotions. He was an almost absolute monarch, but the power of the throne has been transferred from time to time to the Parliament to such an extent that now the king can do nothing whatever without the consent of the people's representatives.

When we entered the war a year ago the American flag flew from the House of Parliament in London, the King and the Queen, the Common and Lords, with a vast assemblage, met in St. Paul's Cathedral and stood reverently while through the aisles and in the air of

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that ancient temple floated the music of "The Star Spangled Banner." In the Guildhall, the home of the power of the great City of London, there is a statue of George III. On one side of it is the British flag and on the other the American. Among that congregation in the other world watching this great conflict are George III., George Washington, Napoleon and Bismarck. I believe that George III. and Napoleon are rejoicing with Washington and that Bismarck regrets his handiwork.

Four years ago the Fourth of July was celebrated in Paris at the tomb of Lafayette and at a banquet in the evening. The French Government sent to the tomb a Cabinet Minister, the Commander in Chief of their Army, and an Admiral of their Navy. The United States was represented by that most accomplished, successful and efficient Ambassador Myron T. Herrick. I delivered the address on behalf of the folks at home. It was a peaceful as well as an inspiring occasion. It was only four short weeks from that date that Germany launched the bolt which she thought was to subdue not only France but the world.

I recall the dramatic and vital part which Lafayette played in American Independence. When our affairs were in their most desperate condition he went to France and appealed to the King and Queen. The French Minister of Finance said that he so captured the Court that

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if he had asked he not only would have taken the French army and navy but also the Court with him to America. The French army and French fleet and many millions of gold came to our aid at this critical juncture and enabled us to end the Revolution and make a triumphant peace. That debt has never been repaid. The money given to us and expended in the expedition was so great that it bankrupted France, but to-day there are a million of our soldiers in France fighting for her as she fought for us. To-day ninety ships will be launched from American shipyards to carry more troops to join their brethren. One year ago Gen. Pershing and the first of our expeditionary forces were in France. There was again the celebration at the tomb of Lafayette. The President and the Cabinet of France were represented. Gen. Joffre lent his great presence and reputation to the occasion. The speeches of the French statesmen and soldiers were most eloquent and appreciative but to the spirit of the patriot and soldier who had done so much for us and who was hovering over his last resting place the most eloquent of all the addresses was that which condensed so much in a single sentence. Gen. Pershing approached the tomb, saluted and said, "Lafayette, we are here."

I hear frequently the question, "What are we to gain by this war?" What does any people gain when piracy is suppressed? What does a

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community gain when a lunatic running amuck with a knife or a pistol is either arrested or killed? But it is not only our safety, comfort and happiness against the ruthless savagery of a merciless enemy that is to be won by this war. When the Kaiser said to our Ambassador, Mr. Gerard, with threatening finger, "After this war I will not stand any nonsense from the United States," it was more than a threat between man and man because according to European standards and especially the ideas of Germany, the Kaiser's insult was the voice of Germany and the ambassador, if he is from a monarchy, is the king, if from a Republic he is the people.

At the council table where will be gathered the representatives of all the nations the United States will sit at the head. Already our leadership is recognized, already the principles and terms of peace as laid down by President Wilson are accepted by all the Allies and are being fought for by the combined armies under the command of Gen. Foch. We will have a unity of English speaking peoples never known before. It is a wonderful omen for the future that English speaking peoples who now have all round the world, under whatever flag they may be, the same ideas of liberty, justice and humanity, shall act together for civilization and freedom. We will have a unity and brotherhood among ourselves which has never existed before. I met several soldiers from Camp

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Jackson in Florida and said where are you from? They said we are all chums. I am from New York, I from Massachusetts, I from South Carolina, I from Texas, I from Oklahoma. The camaraderie of the tent, of common service, common danger, common victories, is a tie stronger than blood, but among these lads and all our lads it is also a tie of blood, and the discovery which is the greatest for free people, that under the flag there are no classes and conditions, only American citizens.

Address at the Unveiling of Mr. Depew's
Statue in Depew Park, Peekskill, N. Y.,
September 24, 1918.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I will make a brief statement as to the origin and evolution of the suggestion which has resulted in this occasion.

Mr. Franklin Couch is the highest authority on the early history of this town, and has made valuable contributions to the records of men and events of those early days. He suggested to me several times that, while I was living, there should be a statue in this park. He said, which is true, that the difficulty with most statues is that they are made long after the death of the subject and the recreation has to come from photographs and personal recollections. They are the only guide for the artist and his work is rarely satisfactory.

The sculptor, Mr. Sigurd Neandross, has in the work now before us been successful. His creation is in the judgment of those who have studied it a happy combination of artistic merit and likeness of his subject.

I was very happy to join with my fellow citizens in placing here last year the memorial of my old friend, General James W. Husted. When Mr. Couch again suggested that now

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would be the appropriate time for me to be near my friend, I accepted. General Husted and I were fellow students at Yale sixty-six years ago. We studied law together and were on terms of the closest intimacy until his death twenty-five years ago. There is to me a tender sentiment that, as the years roll by, after I have passed away, the story of this long and unusual friendship will be perpetuated.

I am very happy that my friend, Sanford R. Knapp, participates in these exercises. I joined Mr. Knapp as a student at the Peekskill Academy in 1840, seventy-eight years ago. We were both prepared there for college, he went to Princeton and I to Yale. After graduation we were united again in the study of law in the office of Edward Wells and that friendship and camaraderie has continued unimpaired during almost fourscore years.

The question has often been asked, and occasioned much dispute, as to where is the most fortunate location for a boy to be born and pass the formative period of his life. Some claim it is Paris because, on account of the manifold attractions of that city, every good American if not privileged to visit it during life, goes there for a while after his death, but the most eminent and successful Frenchmen were not born in Paris but in the provinces. Paris is a post-graduate course. Some say London, but the same is true of this most prominent of cities.

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Ever since history and romance have recorded the wonderful story of Dick Whittington going from the country in Gloucestershire at the age of thirteen to seek his fortunes in London, and becoming thrice its Lord Mayor, it is admitted that the wonderful careers of great Englishmen did not begin within the sound of Bow Bells.

We are proud of the growth of New York City. We glory in its supremacy as the metropolis of the western world. We see it rapidly becoming the financial center of the whole earth. It is unexcelled in its educational system from the kindergarten to the university; in its professional schools of law, theology and medicine and its technical schools of music, art, engineering and electricity, but it is rare to find in its eventful history a leader in any branch who was born and passed his early life within its boundaries. Most of them came to New York from all parts of the country and in the fierce competitions of metropolitan life are the survivors of the fittest.

Well, then, you naturally inquire, "what is the best place in the world for a man to be born and prepared for the inevitable contest with the world which decides his place in the sun?" I answer unhesitatingly "Peekskill!" The reasons are obvious. They still prevail though they were stronger in the earlier and more primitive days. During my boyhood and

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youth, Peekskill was a village of between three and four thousand inhabitants. It was far enough from New York so that, as the transportation during that period was mainly by the river, there was very little invasion of wealthy residents from the city. At the same time, it was sufficiently near the metropolis for those who were old enough to enjoy its advantages. The characteristic of the village was neighborliness. The greatest war of all times is now in progress with the avowed object of making the world fit for democracy, but the village through its neighborliness is a school of democracy. Everyone knew everybody, sympathized with their sorrows and rejoiced in their success. The church was the center of all our activities, every denomination was represented and doing active work. Churchgoing was universal and, among its members, their gatherings were not only devotional but social. No class distinction existed, the people of the congregation met frequently to work not only for themselves but for the whole community, and in the larger work of domestic and foreign missions. There was universal acquaintance among young people, some went to the common schools and some to the Academy. The graduations from the common school to the Academy were constant among the brighter boys who had greater ambitions and broader aims. After leaving school they separated, some starting on the lowest

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rung of the ladder in the foundries, some in the mercantile houses, some on the farms, some in the professions, but they had all been boys together. I find that in the city these conditions are impossible, one's friends are scattered all over town, and in the constant changes incident to metropolitan life, one rarely knows a half a dozen families on the block where he lives.

The next advantage which Peekskill has is its patriotic associations. I know of no place in the country which has so many. Every lesson so necessary to be learned in the present great conflict is taught by our hills and valleys. On the campus of the Academy is the oak from one of whose limbs was hung a spy during the Revolution. Gallows Hill nearby was so named because of the famous event when Sir Henry Clinton sent a message to General Putnam saying "Edmund Palmer, an officer of our army, has been captured by you and I demand his immediate exchange" and threatening vengeance if the sentence upon him as a spy was carried out.

General Putnam sent this brief reply:

"Headquarters, Aug. 7, 1777.

"Edmund Palmer, an officer in the Enemies' service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and

your flag of truce is ordered to depart immediately.

“Israel Putnam.

“P. S.—He has accordingly been executed.”*

This village was, during the whole of the Revolutionary War, a headquarters of the American army. General Washington was a frequent visitor here, so were Lafayette and Alexander Hamilton. Rochambeau was also entertained here with his staff. Only about thirty miles separated the lines of the American and British armies. The interval was called the neutral ground and occupied by a population nearly equally divided between Revolutionists and Loyalists. The result was that for seven years there was intense military activity in and around our village. Within a short distance occurred the whole tragedy and also the patriotic lesson of the capture of Major André. Drum Hill, within our village limits, was the playground of the children. From some peculiar formation of the ground an echo could always be had by stamping upon the sod. It was a tradition, which the boys at least believed, that the thunder of the guns planted on the hill by our artillery forces during the Revolution had become so imbedded in its soil and rocks that it was possible at any time, by

*This story has been mentioned once before in this volume, but its historical value is such that it may well be told twice.

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any crowd of boys, to receive a reminder of the sacrifices made for liberty by drawing out an echo of patriotic artillery.

One of our frequent excursions was to climb up the mountain to the north to find if possible the hiding place and watch-tower so graphically described as the home of the spy in Fenimore Cooper's famous novel of that name.

Scenery does much in developing healthy imagination and artistic ambitions. There is nowhere in the country greater beauty than is to be found on our glorious Hudson River, in our bay and its surrounding mountains with their legends. The Dunderberg opposite, the Storm King beyond and Anthony's Nose on this side have been enveloped by the genius of Washington Irving with romance and mystery, which increases in interest with the years. There was infinite inspiration to research, study and reading in Irving's stories of the Headless Horseman, of Sleepy Hollow and of Rip Van Winkle which were located all about us.

During those early days, the newcomers to the village were principally from New England. Most of the families here had been resident for many generations. Washington Irving's History of New York, which was universally read and generally believed, had added to the local suspicions of the Yankees. Washington Irving's story of Wolfert's Roost where the cock

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on his barn, who refused to turn with the varying winds, but kept a watchful eye constant to the East to warn against a Yankee invasion, and fell a victim to his loyalty by being hurled from his perch in a gale, had more influence on local opinion than the father of American literature ever expected. The land was mainly owned by these old families, and, in their conferences, the principal questions discussed, besides heated politics, were the innovations urged by these Yankee newcomers. They were satisfied that generation after generation had lived to a good old age and died happy without any of this public water system and public sewage system, and paved streets, and widened sidewalks, and a health officer, and sanitary laws, all of which meant more taxes. Even the sweet voices of lovely women will now say "damn the Kaiser," but in those early days a conference of our residents would frequently break up with a chorus of "damn the Yankees."

Among those Yankees who did so much for our town, I recall Dr. Brewer. He was a man of education, broad views and a courageous reformer. He was the earliest temperance advocate we ever had in Westchester County, but he did one thing for which I owe him a great debt. He established a circulating library. His taste ran to the English classics and his advice was sound for those who were ambitious to secure the benefits which his library offered.

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I think I read every book in his collection. The Waverley Novels I repeatedly devoured. I never have known since the interest and fascination there was as the volumes of Thackeray and Dickens appeared and were placed in Dr. Brewer's library. I could almost repeat the writings of Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper who were both of our neighborhood. We had few magazines in those early days but the English and Scotch Reviews were taken.

For many years an uncle of mine was Postmaster. On returning from the Academy for home, he would permit me behind the boxes to slip the magazines and reviews from their covers and read them before they came to their owners. I have often wondered as a question of ethics whether this appropriation of current literature and discussion, which added so much to my education and whose loss the owners never knew or felt, was an excusable performance.

The other day the Lent family, very numerous now, had their annual celebration. The ancestor of the Lents and my ancestor were the patentees of the land upon which Peekskill now stands and where we are, under what is known as the Rycks Patent. Subsequently the grantees divided the property, and this park came to the one from whom I am descended. This Patent was originally granted by the In-

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dians and, after the conquest of New York by the English, was confirmed by the English Governor Dongan. While streets and residences have in the main obliterated all there was of that early transaction with the Indians, this park will remain forever as a memorial of just dealings by bargain and sale with the aboriginal owners of our country.

I recall one incident of our early days which had an influence upon our merchants. The leading merchant was named Christian; he was the most successful of any. From his profits he became one of the largest property owners in the town. His neighbors formed a committee to ascertain what was the source of his prosperity. They said, "You must rob us in some way, otherwise we would do as well." "No," said Mr. Christian, "I am a Christian not only in name but in business. I have an invariable rule to make a profit of only one per cent." A further investigation developed the fact that, in the simple and honest mind of this merchant, one per cent meant just double the cost.

My first commercial transaction, which happened a few days after I opened my law office, was with a very enterprising and speculative neighbor of mine with the ambitious name of "Napoleon Bonaparte." He said to me, "If you will loan me ten dollars, I can double it, if not more. I will open a fruit stand at the camp meeting now in session at Ver-

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planck's Point." A few days afterwards the crestfallen Napoleon came into my office and said, "I am bankrupt. A customer bought a watermelon, gave me a ten dollar bill and I returned him nine dollars and seventy-five cents in good American money. The bill was counterfeit and my capital lost." Napoleon had met his Waterloo. That was sixty years ago and the transaction still remains unsettled.

It was very fortunate for our village that early in its history some enterprising citizens founded the Peekskill Academy. This venerable educational institution has always been the pride and hope of our town. High Schools came within recent years but the Academy, which served the purpose both of a High School and a preparatory school for college, largely filled their place. Its influence has been incalculable. I recall the boys it sent out during the period of Mr. Knapp and myself. There was never a failure among them and many attained large places at the bar, in the pulpit, in medicine, in education and in business. There rises before me a vision very distinct of fourscore years. I remember, as if it were yesterday, when at four years of age my mother took me to the school of Mrs. Westbrook, the wife of the Rev. Doctor Westbrook, one of the original thinkers and writers of his day. Few men did more to direct the reading and thought of those who came under his influence. He dined at my

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grandfather's house very frequently and made me as familiar with the characters in Greek and Roman history as if I had been at a Classical school. I have never heard since from all the great orators any word picture which equalled the old doctor's description of the Roman General Marius sitting after his defeat amidst the ruins of Carthage. I recall the veterans of the Revolution, of whom there were many in our village when I was a boy, of the soldiers of the War of 1812, of those who came back from the bloody fields of Mexico in 1848, and of comrades who fought and fell in the Civil War. In all those wars, we were a divided country with American opinion seriously at variance.

Now the boys of our village are fighting "Over There." Though the seas divide them from us, nevertheless there is no waking moment when they are not in our thoughts and no sleeping ones when they are not in our dreams. There is no division now, as one people we are giving our best without stint and without criticism for the only world purpose of any war.

The Crown Prince of Germany said recently in an official interview, "The American soldiers do not know why they are in this war. I asked an American prisoner who was brought before me for what he was fighting. He said it was on account of Alsace. I said to him, 'What is Alsace?' and he answered, 'It is a lake.'" His

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Royal Highness understood as little as does the German supreme command, the character and intelligence of our boys. The young soldier sized up the Crown Prince and treated him as he would have done a countryman from the back hills of Missouri.

We have the youngest army which ever entered the battlefield—its average age is only twenty-two—but it understands as well as the President and his Cabinet, or the Senate and the House of Representatives, why it is in France. It knows the story of Lafayette and is paying the debt incurred by our ancestors to Lafayette and France of a hundred and forty years ago. It asks no loot or territory or indemnity, but it is determined never to return until autocracy has been beaten to its knees, until militarism has received its death blow and until the world is sure of permanent peace with liberty.

I want to say a word to the boys and girls who are here. I congratulate you upon the opportunities you have which were denied to us in our early days. When I was a boy there was no telegraph and the railroad had not yet reached our village. The news from Europe came by slow steamer or sailing vessel and was many weeks old. We never heard at all from Asia or Africa and rarely from South America or Mexico. I congratulate you that you are living in this day, in this, the most wonderful

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of all periods and in which is being enacted more history affecting the whole world than is to be found in the libraries. This very day is one of the most remarkable in the story of people or of nations, the whole world is in arms, one side fighting for the lessons of civil and religious liberty achieved by our ancestors in heroic deeds, many of which were enacted within sight of where we stand, and the other side to destroy liberty and its ideals.

This morning you read of victories of the forces of civilization on the widespread battle front in France. You read of the victorious advance of our American army, fighting in the noblest cause and for the purest purposes in which soldiers ever enlisted. You read also this morning that way up in the mountains of the Balkans, where more cruelties and outrages have been perpetrated by the Bulgarian and German armies upon the populations of Serbia and Rumania than were ever known before, the Allied army of French, British, Greeks and Serbians had won a decisive victory and opened the way for the relief of the oppressed and the punishment of the oppressor. You also read this morning the most inspiring news from ancient Palestine. It was only the other day that Jerusalem, after centuries of oppression by the Turks, was rescued by our Allies. You read that when the Germans, the Bulgarians and the Turks take a

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town they destroy its sacred places and its temples, they massacre its inhabitants or carry them into slavery, and loot all private property. But these rescuers of the Tomb of the Saviour came as an army of liberation, protected the inhabitants and gave to them all the benefits of law, order and liberty. You have read of the crusades and the gallantry of the crusaders, but they won only Jerusalem. Today's paper tells you that, in the victories of yesterday, two Turkish armies were wiped out or captured, that Nazareth, the birthplace of Jesus Christ, was rescued and the victorious army is on the eve of freeing the whole of Palestine, Mesopotamia and Syria, and restoring them to conditions when they were the garden of the world.

Boys and girls, this is a glorious age, a glorious year, a glorious day in which to live, but the greatest blessing is that we are enjoying everything which makes life worth the living in our own glorious country of the United States.

On this day, more than on any other, during the last tragic four years, we can see the dawning of a victorious peace when all the nations of the earth on their own lines, according to their own necessities and aspirations, can develop in peace and protection, with the blessings of that liberty which we enjoy.

Speech by Hon. Chauncey M. Depew at the
Luncheon of the Merchants' Association
of New York, Hotel Astor, October 10,
1918.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

It was a great pleasure for me to listen to the inspiring suggestions of your President, and I was also glad to hear the very wise words of that eminent financier who is the leader of this great army of investors which is to help our Army on the other side by placing this Liberty Loan.

We live in rapid times. The events of to-day are amazing, of to-morrow wonderful, of the next day miraculous. It taxes the mind to keep pace with the changes of the hours. On the other side of the ocean our American army, marching and fighting beside their gallant and glorious comrades, the British, French, Italians and Belgians is winning a series of victories day by day, week by week and month by month with never a setback. We at home are marching through the streets of the cities and villages and over the country roads to enlist interest in the purchase of Liberty Bonds. Our gallant boys are periling their lives for us and we are asked to peril neither our lives nor our property for them, but to invest in the best security ever offered.

While these two hosts are marching to victory, the enemy makes a seductive proposal for

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an armistice under which both shall halt. We will leave that to Foch, Haig, Pershing and Diaz. Our success in France and beyond its borders means safety, security and liberty for all the future. Our success in this bond campaign means that we will keep our armies supplied while they fight, that we will bring them home when they have performed their task and that we will care for them after they arrive. This can only be done by money. Autocracy cries for peace largely because the present German loan has failed. The English loan has succeeded, so has the French, and so must the American!

In this wild time of unnatural excitement, the most valuable possession is a level head. Whoever else may pardonably be moved from his base by hope or dread, I have faith that the one man most important in all the world at this crisis will act wisely and well, and that is our President.

It is one of the most remarkable experiences in history that the autocratic governments of Germany, Austria and Turkey have so utterly failed to understand the psychology of democratic thought and motives. It was illustrated in the rape of Belgium, in the ravages in France, in the crushing of Serbia and the early and long-continued contempt for the armies of France, England and her colonies. It was most conspicuously illustrated in the repeated insults and barbarities upon our people, our

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sovereignty and our flag, until we were forced into this war. It was further illustrated by the Kaiser and his advisers in their loud expressions of opinion that the American Government could never raise an army, that if it did raise an army it never could get that host across the ocean, that if it did land in France it would not fight.

When the German drive upon Paris had been halted, and before the counter-offensive began, the French and British generals were wisely from their experience doubtful for the purpose of attacks of our new and partially trained army. The American generals said, "Trust us." With that quick genius in grasping the situation which has made Foch the supreme strategist of the century, he accepted the American challenge, he ordered the advance, and after Château-Thierry said proudly to Pershing, "You have not only the freshest but the best army in Europe."

When I was in France just before the beginning of the war, an eminent French statesman said to me in great agitation, "We are making every effort for peace, but the German army is already nine miles over our border and war is inevitable. We will fight to the last, but we cannot succeed unless England helps."

At the critical moment England did help; not only the British Isles responded, but the self-governing colonies of Canada, Australia,

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New Zealand and South Africa have voluntarily sent their sons in numbers proportionate to their population, which would give to us an army of twelve millions of men.

After two years and a half the French and British, overmatched in numbers after the fall of Russia, were in great peril. The cry was heard across the Atlantic, "We are fighting your battle; our fleets are keeping the enemy from your shores; we are seeking to preserve for us the same liberties which you enjoy. Will you help?"

The help came, two millions of American soldiers crossed the Atlantic, and the tide of battle changed. So it is another source of pride that at the crisis when the question was: "Shall we wait until the winter is over for the training of this new American army, or shall we attack at once while the skies are clear and the roads are good?" It was the confidence of our generals in our boys and the response of our boys to the confidence of their generals which began this wonderful campaign.

I have been a close student of human nature during the sixty-two years since I left college and with very large opportunities for investigation. I never yet have met an individual nor a crowd, nor a corporation, that could be licked every day with no let-up and no get-back for a continuing period and still be full of fight and hope.

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When a little over two months ago, the German army and their allies, after crushing Russia, Roumania and Serbia, were within a few miles of Paris, while the Gothas were dropping their bombs every night over that city and the long distance gun was exploding its shells in the streets and in the churches, Germany made a proposition for peace. It was to satisfy the people. It was, "We will keep what we have won by the sword; we will retain Belgium; we will keep Northern France, with its coal and iron; we will hold on to the provinces which have been surrendered to us from Russia; we will take back our colonies, and to stop further bloodshed we will make peace without indemnities."

A few months have passed. Allenby's victorious army has redeemed Palestine, Mesopotamia and Syria and crushed four Turkish armies. D'Esperey in twelve days has brought Bulgaria to unconditional surrender and released Roumania and Serbia. The Russian provinces are in revolt; the oppressed nationalities of Austria are in revolt; Foch's triumphant armies in France have won innumerable battles, taken 300,000 prisoners and incalculable amount of military stores. The Foch pincers are closing around the German armies. The German Government now makes a second offer of peace. They say, "If you will grant an armistice, we will meet you for conference

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and negotiate on the terms laid down by President Wilson."

Has there been any change of heart since the shell of the long-distance gun fell in the Church of St. Gervais and killed its worshippers? Does autocracy surrender any of its militarism? Does it offer to disband its army? No!

"The Devil was sick,—the Devil a monk would be!
The Devil was well,—the devil a monk was he."

With an armistice Germany would feed and recuperate its army. Has it admitted the people to the Government? It says, "Yes, because we have taken the leader of the majority Socialists into the Cabinet." The people in Germany can only have a voice by a change in the Constitution. That change has to pass the Lower House, the Upper House, and be ratified by the Emperor. All the kings, dukes and princes, with their legislatures, have to assent. To amend our Constitution requires a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Congress and a vote by the legislatures affirmatively of three-fourths of the States. This change in the German Constitution by admitting a Socialist into the Cabinet would be the same as if in our country the President should make Mr. Gompers Secretary of the Treasury and then tell the world the Constitution of the United States has been amended. It is another evidence of that singular belief of the German autocracy

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that a democratic people can be fooled all the time.

I do not see how any peace discussion on President Wilson's terms can take place while the German army is holding Belgium and Northern France. It was only the day before yesterday, and apparently after this offer, that the Kaiser said in a speech to his army, "We will fight until we have shed every drop of blood before we surrender Alsace and Lorraine." It was only yesterday that the cable brings us the news of the barbaric and savage looting of French villages and the carrying off in Belgian towns of young men and women into slavery. This is not a change of heart, these are not works meet for repentance. We do not want territory nor indemnities. We do not want reprisals in kind. No American army under any provocation could subject German cities to the atrocities of Louvain and Dinant, of Noyon and St. Quentin.

The German people have kept their armies in the field and enthusiastically supported them by taking Government bonds to the extent of thirty billions of dollars. It seems just that Germany should make a new issue of bonds sufficient for the reparation of Belgium, for the restoration of Northern France, for the rehabilitation of Serbia and for other righteous things. These bonds should be first mortgage taking precedence of the war loans. They might be

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called the debt to justice and mercy. This would effectually discourage another war for the conquest of the world.

One of the amazing recent offers of the German Chancellor was that Germany would be willing to act with the twenty-four Government nations allied against her in sharing apparently one twenty-fourth of the money necessary to restore Belgium; and the other equally remarkable utterance is in the morning paper—that the Kaiser says he is willing to forgive his enemies for resisting his ambitions.

My friends, it is a wonderful privilege to be alive now. I heard in my boyhood, seventy-five to eighty years ago, from the lips of Revolutionary soldiers, of divisions among our people into Revolutionists and Loyalists during that war. I have read how the opposition to the War of 1812 was so great that New England threatened to secede. I remember the bitter opposition in Congress and out to the War of 1848. Many of us participated in the Civil War between brethren fighting for different ideals. We were divided in the war with Spain.

Today a hundred millions of people of divers views on all questions but one stand together with unequalled enthusiasm and unanimity. The Revolutionary War was settled by the unconditional surrender of Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown. The Civil War was settled, the Union restored and the sovereignty of our

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Republic made secure forever by the unconditional surrender of General Lee and his armies at Appomattox. Militarism, with its army intact, is still militarism and a menace.

We read in the New Testament that the Devil took Christ up on an exceedingly high mountain and offered Him all the world for surrender. The Devil's title was bad, but not so bad, after all, when we consider that the whole world at that time was given over to the military and imperial power of Rome. The only voice for "peace on earth and good-will among men," for "loving thy neighbor as thyself," was that of the lonely Saviour upon that mountain top. Critics and scientists have questioned this story because of the impossibility of seeing all the world. To the Divine mind the inventions and scientific triumphs of the future are perfectly clear. We now, through the wireless and cable, see all the world. In the morning we are with our boys on the battlefields in France; we are with them as they are being conveyed across the ocean; we see what is going on in all parts of Russia; we witnessed the surrender of Bulgaria yesterday and the fall of the Turkish Cabinet in Constantinople. We read that yesterday evening Allenby and his army crossed the Jordan and that this morning they captured the Turkish army and rescued Bethlehem, the birthplace, and Nazareth, the home of Christ. These victories are instantaneously communi-

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cated to our minds. The world is aflame with the success of our ideals. We see the beginning of a new era when all people shall enjoy in their own way the principles of our Declaration of Independence and be inspired by the teachings of Bethlehem and Nazareth.

Extract from Speech as Presiding Officer and introducing the Guest at the Dinner given by the Pilgrims Society of New York to Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the British Admiralty, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, October 14, 1918.

My Friends:

Our Pilgrims Society has welcomed distinguished representatives of every branch of public service and of distinction in other walks of life from Great Britain and her self-governing colonies. This is the first time we have had the opportunity to receive a British Cabinet Minister of the first rank whose training and opportunities have been American as well as English. Sir Eric spent several years of his earlier life in our country. He gave indications then of his future greatness by managing successfully those two most difficult enterprises—a railroad and a lumber camp. Broader experience came in tropical India, whence success called him to one of the most important of the great railway systems of England.

Lloyd George is one of the most original and successfully audacious of statesmen. Not the least of his distinctions is that for assistants and advisers he selects and associates with himself men of all parties and opposite activities to his own, who in peace times have demon-

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strated their abilities in many industrial and other pursuits. Among the first of these is our distinguished guest. The Premier drafted him from railway management to the control of the vital work of the manufacture of munitions, and then made him First Lord and head of the British Admiralty. Sir Eric tells me that he is only half of my age. A large part of that half was occupied with childhood and boyhood. Now, if with these comparatively few productive years he has made such a wonderful record, there is no limit to what he may accomplish before he rounds out fourscore and five.

The British navy is the senior arm of Great Britain's defensive and offensive power. It has for centuries protected her island coasts from hostile invasions and carried her flag and planted her colonies around the globe. The work of the British navy in the present world war deeply interests us. It has protected our coast and our country from hostile fleets and invading armies, until we were ready to join in this fight, in which our own liberties and civilization are at stake. When it was a vital necessity to our present Allies, who had done so much and suffered so much during two years and a half of constant battle, that the United States should come in and come quickly and with all its resources, it was again the British navy which by loaning us its ships and adding its war vessels to our own as a convoy built

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the bridge upon which two millions of our American boys have gone over to France with a maximum of safety and a minimum of accidents beyond anything in naval experience. It is the American army thus arriving in such numbers, and without the usual intensive training by their dash, spirit, daring and boundless courage at the critical emergency between offensive and defensive decided the policy of attack which now, with equally wonderful efforts by our Allies, is rapidly sweeping the Hun out of France and Belgium.

We hail Sir Eric as embodying in his own person the leading principle and object of the two Pilgrims Societies of New York and London. We were organized and labor for one great purpose, and that is to bring the English speaking peoples of the world in close and harmonious relations by helping to have them understand each other better. No man has done more to accomplish this result than Sir Eric. He understands his own countrymen and, happily, he knows us equally well.

It is said that for hundreds of years a weather vane on top of the Admiralty building in Downing street was connected with the Admiralty offices down below so that the First Lord, sitting at his desk, always knew which way the wind blew. There is no doubt in the minds of the earlier naval officers there was a settled belief that the direction in which the

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wind blew in London it should blow all around the world, but Sir Eric owes his distinction to having an open mind for new discoveries and no reverence for useless or false traditions. From his own experience he knew that the wind blew as it listed and according to local conditions in America and Calcutta. So he adopted the wireless, or at least enlarged its use, and now the reports in the Admiralty offices keep it in hourly contact with conditions on all the seven seas.

When we entered the war our navy, happily, was in good fighting trim. It sailed at once for the other side to do its part and has done it admirably. Many a naval battle in other times has been lost by disagreement among allied commanders. On many occasions there have been fine exhibitions of fellowship between the American and the British on the sea. Soon after Dewey's battle in Manila Bay, I had an interesting talk with that bluff and gallant British sailor, Captain Chichester. I complimented him on what he did for Dewey. "Well," he said, "when I saw the German admiral take a threatening position which would have prevented Admiral Dewey from using his guns, I changed the position of my ship and said to the German: If you interfere, you have got to fight me first. Blood is thicker than water."

When our battle fleet reached the other side,

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it, of course, had to act in concert with our Allies. Sir Eric has brought about conditions which make absolute concert of action and harmony of policy. There is camaraderie between the American and the British officers, and a brotherhood among the crews afloat and on shore. Feeling between the two fleets is healthy emulation and pride in the successes of each other. It is to this camaraderie that we owe the wonderful campaign against the U-boats and the total defeat of the German hopes through their murderous sinking of merchant ships and unarmed crews and passengers to control the seas.

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CONTRIBUTIONS**

A VISION OF HIGHER LIFE

Written for "Leslie's Weekly."

Christmas means hope and its realization. The child grows eagerly expectant as the time approaches for the visit of Santa Claus. While this fiction remains unquestioned, the imagination opens new and wider worlds, and ideals become so much a part of the mind that the prosaic and commonplace can never crush them. Until the youth reaches manhood and independence, Christmas is the happiest day of the year. Its gifts and hearty good cheer impress family affection, parental thoughtfulness and brotherly love. The dullest and most irresponsible of fathers and mothers are uplifted to a vision of higher life by the interchanges of souvenirs and the merry meeting with children and grandchildren at the table and fireside. Few can escape and all enjoy the meaning of the festival, the lessons it conveys and the inspiration it gives, and we enter upon a brighter future and a fuller appreciation of the beneficence of the practice of faith, hope and charity. The loved ones who have crossed to the other side, the loved near and far who are still with us, the old homestead with its precious memories, the old church whose sacred associations tie together childhood, maturity and age, love,

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marriage and death; the schoolhouse where the beginnings of education were so painful, and the ever-increasing pleasures of the pursuit of learning through the high school, academy and college are recalled and recited, and there is exquisite delight in these oft-told tales, and new experiences enliven this blessed anniversary.

The skeptic who denies the divinity of Christ recognizes Him as a philosopher whose teachings have contributed more than all others to peace among nations and friendship between alien peoples; but to those who revere and worship Him, this natal day has a personal meaning. It strengthens faith and confirms the promises which have influenced their lives. The world grows brighter and more beautiful. The antagonisms of neighborhood disappear and we get a more intimate understanding of the basic principle of Christianity, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

CHANGES WITHIN THE NEXT SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS

Written for the "Brooklyn Eagle" on its
Seventy-fifth Anniversary, October 26, 1916.

The seventy-five years just closed have been so crowded with marvels that it is difficult to conceive of happenings of equal or greater moment during the next three-quarters of a century. But, based on present experience, some judgment may be formed. The world cannot stand still and the force of the present momentum will be felt for a long period. This gigantic war is economic and not dynastic. It is significant that the Russians did better when the Czar assumed supreme command; the British hail with delight the presence of King George at the front; the German assault is more energetic when the Kaiser is behind, and Von Hindenburg, who is as nearly a man of the people as is possible among officers in the German army, when promoted to supreme command, selects as his chief lieutenants to lead the three most important armies not those who have won rank and distinction during the war, but the heirs to the thrones of Germany, Prussia, Bavaria and Württemberg. There is nowhere apparent any sentiment among the people of the warring nations to get rid of their

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ruling houses. So it is not probable that the inevitable changes of the future involve any early emptying of thrones. But the inevitable result of this war will be an enormous spread of the democratic spirit. The army is the university where a new life is opened to the millions who had no opportunity in their narrow civil life to learn their value to the State and their share in its activities and preservation. They will demand and enforce a larger share in government. The greatest change will be in Russia and in the transfer of the arbitrary power of the bureaucracy to the liberal working of the legislative coming from and representing the people. If a wise Czar recognizes this he will evolve into a constitutional monarch, if he fails he may have to yield to another or a republic. The economic development of Russia with her exhaustless and varied resources and vast population will be the marvel of the future.

The problem of Germany is more difficult. The program of the Allies is to minimize her military power and compel her to keep the peace in the future. They contemplate in the dissolution of the German Empire the restoration of the old kingdoms and principalities to absolute independence and the creation of new national units. They also feel that the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs must go. But the resistless tendency of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been to racial unity

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and nationality. It cannot be stayed by artificial creations. The brotherhood of blood has become a tremendous force and must be reckoned with. No peace has any promise of permanency which ignores it. The Allies must find other ways to make impossible another Armageddon. The recent power which Germany is showing in the spirit of her people and in her farms and factories when transferred from armies to industries will make her the most formidable competitor in the world's markets and in our own. She educates promoters and trains young men for different fields in all the continents and on the seven seas to expand her commerce as no other nation does. Unless other competitive nations develop equal efficiency and preparation for world-wide trade, economic necessities will again imperil peace in the future. The United States is as unprepared for this industrial contest as for war.

Great Britain has not only financed her own unprecedented expenditures, but loaned subsidies of thousands of millions to her allies, and at the same time maintained her productions and exports and mastery of the seas. She will come out of the war with a debt which staggers the imagination, but with a unification of her powers and a co-ordination of her world-wide empire which will enable her to so stimulate her productions and syndicate them for effecting entry into all markets that she will meet her

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obligations and be stronger than before the war. With all power in the House of Commons and no constitutional restrictions, her government is more immediately responsive to the popular will than any other. The poverty of the aristocracy will, however, diminish their influence, and labor will have a more potential voice in the future in British affairs. The entrance of the self-governing colonies into the Imperial Parliament is inevitable after their contributions and sacrifices in this war.

No age has witnessed such a finding of its soul by any people as has come to the French. Men and women of all classes, and with fury and frenzy extraordinarily tempered with judgment, are ready and eager to suffer or die for France. With her provinces restored and the perpetual menace from the Rhine removed, France can devote her superb energies, vitality and temperament to progress and development, mental and industrial. French art and French literature will become dominant factors in the intellectual life of the world.

Our country must share in the progress and development of the next seventy-five years. We will begin the period richer than other nations. They will believe that a large measure of our wealth has come from their necessities, and will not hesitate to try and regain it if the opportunity offers. Ours is a splendid isolation and its peaceful prospects possible only with adequate

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and available power. We have no worthy military system for national defense and no educational facilities for trade expansion. We are handicapped by restrictive legislation for competition with the great syndicates of other nations backed and supported by their governments. Our one hundred millions of people will increase to two hundred millions and the new experience of congested populations will present fresh problems. Free land for settlement has been the safety of the past, but that is practically exhausted. We must have foreign markets and increase our industrial and agricultural outputs. To have and hold foreign markets there must be a radical change in the attitude of our Government toward citizens who have the enterprise and initiative to settle in the foreign countries and develop business. Secretary Daniels, in warning American residents and investors in Mexico that as they carried their money and energies to Mexico because they could do better there than at home they must abide by the conditions in Mexico, and could expect no protection from their own country, undoubtedly expresses a large opinion among our people. Great Britain and Germany regard their people who make such an adventure in foreign lands as advance agents of trade and markets and shield them with all the protection of their diplomacy and their flags. We can never have an equal chance and

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standing with the citizens of the highly organized industrial nations in international competition until the flag follows the American and its sovereignty guards him and his rights everywhere.

Labor will increase its political power and dominance over executives and legislatures. The conservative strength of the country will be farmers. Though the country will make marvelous progress in arts and industries, yet agriculture will remain our chief reliance. "Back to the farm" is a futile cry, but remain on the farm is possible and practicable. A recent authority on agriculture has stated that one-third of the farmers make money, one-third break even and one-third who lose money would do better as farm laborers. Reclamation, intensive farming, knowledge of soils and fertilizers will change these conditions on the material side, while farm communities brought into intimate touch with urban opportunities by automobiles, trolley, telephone and wireless will add social and educational advantages to the larger and freer life of the farm. Production will keep pace with population and there will be wealth in the export of the surplus. It was the farmers who defeated on the referendum the eight-hour law in California, because they thought it a waste of time, and it was the farmers who beat the full-crew law in Missouri, because they thought increasing expenses to the railroads would add to the rates on their prod-

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ucts. The farmer is a capitalist and thinks on property lines. His land is his, the citadel of his family and the hope of his children. To protect it and all its interests, he will work, vote and fight. The politician of the future must satisfy the farmer as well as labor.

There will be little change in the Constitution. It will meet in the future as it has in the past the needs of the expansion of the country in every department. The growth of executive authority and its dominance of the Congress and legislatures will increase. The power of the President has grown by leaps and bounds in the last few years. As the population increases, the importance of the legislative branch will diminish in popular estimation and the authority of the Executive grow. To avoid a masterful and popular President becoming dictator, there will be an amendment to the Constitution limiting the office to one term, but extending it beyond the present four years.

In the next seventy-five years *The Eagle* will find the United States the greatest Power in the world in all that constitutes a nation. Its population will be more American, for succeeding generations will each enjoy greater opportunities because they are Americans. There will be such a clear understanding of the reliance of liberty on law that liberty better understood and practiced will grant larger freedom.

LITTLE TALKS WITH BIG MEN

Interview in the "Brooklyn Eagle," December 17, 1916.

Chauncey M. Depew had many interesting things to say when I called on him a few days ago. You have all heard of Mr. Depew, of course. He was twice United States Senator from New York, and is noted as one of our greatest speakers and humorists. Though he has arrived at the great age of eighty-two, Mr. Depew is as active as many a man half his years. He is keen and witty, and talks in a quick, lively manner.

"Boys now have a great number of advantages which were not possible when I was a boy, say from seventy to seventy-five years ago," remarked Mr. Depew, in reply to a question. There was a merry twinkle in his clear gray eyes, as if he were thinking of the good old days.

"There were few railroads," he went on, "and traveling was by water. The result was that few boys ever got far from their own neighborhoods unless they lived near rivers or canals."

"How about the schools when you were a boy?" Mr. Depew was asked.

"The schools were poorly equipped, compared with today. Academies were strong in Latin

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and Greek, but public schools had little beyond a few English branches and reading, writing, and arithmetic. Music could only be had through private instruction. Laboratories didn't exist."

Mr. Depew then spoke of the scarcity of books in his boyhood days.

"I read through every book in the circulating library in my village," he said. "Public libraries had not yet been built, but in the larger villages there were sometimes circulating libraries whose stock was mainly histories and standard English novels."

The former Senator had some interesting things to say about sport in the old days.

"Baseball games were primitive," he told his interviewer. "No rules, no diamond, and no umpire. In winter there was active warfare between rival snowball clubs, and many boys were severely hurt. Riding down hill or coasting was common, and boys went miles to find steeper and longer hills. Skating was universal on ponds and brooks, or if near, on the river."

"Well, the boys in your day seem to have had a very good time," I said. "They appear to have had few school studies to worry over, and they had all manner of sports to take up their spare time."

Mr. Depew did not agree with this, however. He said that the young folks seventy or seventy-five years ago had to endure many hardships

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nowadays unknown. There was little real comfort, he said.

“Houses were mainly heated by fireplaces and had cold nights and mornings,” remarked the famous after-dinner speaker. “Parents believed it toughened boys for them to sleep in rooms without fire and wake up in the morning with their breath frozen to the sheets. Bath tubs existed in few houses, and the toughening process continued by the boys breaking the ice in a tub and then sponging off in the ice cold water. Those who survived were a vigorous lot.”

Mr. Depew was himself the proof of his statement. One must be vigorous indeed to carry the weight of eighty-two years so lightly.

“Churchgoing was universal, and the Sunday Schools were crowded,” Mr. Depew went on. “Boys became self-reliant because they had always before them that they must make their own careers. They were full of hope and energy. Those who watched the clock lived and died as they were born, and those who were determined to get there climbed farther and farther. Though their equipment was meager, all of them got on who tried.”

Chauncey Mitchell Depew was born in Peekskill, N. Y., on April 23, 1834. He was graduated from Yale in 1856 and two years later began the practice of law. In 1861, the first year of the Civil War, he became a member

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of the New York Assembly, and he was Secretary of State of New York State from 1864 to 1865. Fifty years ago Mr. Depew became an attorney of the New York Central. Long after he rose to be president of the great railroad. President Harrison wanted to make him Secretary of State of the United States, but the offer was refused. Chauncey M. Depew was in Washington as Senator from New York from 1899 until 1911. He gained great popularity as a statesman and as one of the most eloquent orators this country has produced. His speech at the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty, thirty years ago, is still remembered as a wonderful example of public oratory.

EDITOR, JUNIOR EAGLE.

Congratulation to Walter W. Griffith.

Hot Springs, Va., June 26, 1917.

Walter W. Griffith Esq.,
Commander in Chief.

My dear Brother:

I deeply regret that I could not participate with you in the celebration of your jubilee.

There is no event in public society, social or family life so picturesque and so full of sentiment and valuable reminiscence as a jubilee. The parents who have been so rarely fortunate as to live together in peace and harmony the critical years which end in the one of jubilee, have around them in loving and grateful veneration their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. So, when a nation celebrates its jubilee. It is a day of joy and festivity with all the people.

I was present in London when Great Britain celebrated the jubilee of Queen Victoria. I was on one of the ships, when from all parts of the world the fleet was gathered, which was the symbol of Great Britain's power and safety.

I saw the processions on land, when the many races and tribes, the representatives of the self-governing colonies, kings and princes loyal to Great Britain and part of her empire encircling the globe passed in front of the Queen. The reign of sixty years had witnessed a progress in

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the arts and sciences, in civilization and liberty, in power and expansion, in social and industrial development, beyond that of any other similar period in English history. But when our historic Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite celebrates its jubilee, the reminiscences and associations are so close and intimate that they are like those of a family; but they are more than the records of the family, because they recall long years of brotherhood, of benefits bestowed, of charities granted, of men rescued and saved and of good work. We are privileged, who are members of the Masonic Fraternity, to know and to feel in our own lives not only what it has done for us but for our brothers.

I became a Mason over fifty years ago. That half century is crowded with the men I have known, the statesmen I have been intimate with, the many events in public and business life, with which I have been associated; but of them all, there is a certain sentiment, tenderness, loyalty to God and man in Masonry not to be found elsewhere.

I know that every one who participates in your ceremonies, as he looks back over the past, appreciates the blessings of the present and builds his hopes on its future, will feel as never before that for a Mason especially, life is worth the living.

Faithfully and fraternally yours,
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Letter From the Children of Peekskill, N. Y.

Peekskill, N. Y., July 7, 1917.

Dear Senator Depew:

We want to tell you about our playground, because it is in the park you gave our village, and we thought you would like to hear about it.

It opens on Monday morning and will be open every day except Sunday from then until the last of August. There will be swings and sand boxes and quoits and bean bags and volley balls and Indian clubs, and the longest slide that you climb up and slide down. And any boy or girl from anywhere in the village can come. And a young lady who knows all about playgrounds will be the Director.

The Y. M. C. A. takes charge of all this work and the Park Commissioners give them permission to use the park, but the one we like best of all about the playground is you, for if you had not given all your fine land to our village for a park there would not have been any place for a playground.

The older people like the park, too. Some of them did not really appreciate it at first, but a good while ago they began to see what a fine thing it is, and now they would not know how to get along without it, especially the people who want to hold patriotic meetings and

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open air church on Sundays, and the people who want to have baseball games, but most of all the people who live in houses that have no porches, and the mothers who can not go away for the summer and who have no nice cool place to take their babies. Now they come to the park and sit under the big trees and watch us play and have a good time.

So we thought we would write you a letter and thank you for giving the park, although you gave it quite a long time ago. And no matter where you happen to be this summer we want you to know that while across the ocean so many thousands of children are sad and unhappy, up here in Peekskill we children will have a happy summer because of the playground and your park.

Do you remember one day some years ago when you were on your way from Peekskill to a convention where you were to make a speech you came to a country school house and saw the flag had been put up the wrong way—with the stars down—and you stopped and asked the teacher what was the matter, and while she was explaining she discovered who you were and asked you to come in and speak to the children and you went in and made a speech to them? We remember it from hearing our parents talk about it. Well, you may have thought that a very simple speech compared to some of the great speeches you have made,

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but the children who heard it will remember it the longest of all your speeches—because it was made to them.

Now your gift of Depew Park is, to us, something like your speech to those children in that country school: for during all the years to come it will be speaking to us of you, and will be saying how you thought enough of the people of the village where you lived as a boy to give them a park for their benefit and enjoyment.

And when we grow up to be men and women we are going to thank you in another way, a way that, we believe, will please you better than thanking you in words: we are going to give something to some one ourselves. That will show we learned the lesson you so beautifully taught us: that the things folks do that last longest are the things they do for others.

Good-bye,

THE CHILDREN OF PEEKSKILL.

Answer to the Children of Peekskill, N. Y.

The Homestead,
Hot Springs, Va., July 13, 1917.

My Dear Children:

I was deeply touched by your letter to me about the play ground in the park. The happiness of older people is largely dependent on you, so when you are enjoying yourselves everybody shares in your pleasure. When I was a boy in Peekskill from seventy to eighty-three years ago, we, the boys and girls of that time, got what we could out of the woods, fields and streets. We enjoyed ourselves because of the wonderful adaptation of young people to their conditions, but we would have been happier if the better things of today had been provided for us. Each generation finds itself sharing in the advantages of progress and discovery, and I am glad that the things we missed are coming to you. I remember when the village newspapers announced as an event worth recording in the social column that a young married couple had taken a honeymoon trip to Buttermilk Falls or Lake Mahopac, each of them within twenty miles. We had no railroads here then, while now it is as easy to go to Niagara Falls as to either Butter-

AT FOURSORE AND FOUR

milk Falls or Lake Mahopac. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a very old saying. I have found by experience that one helps the other and if you are faithful in both you grow better spiritually, morally, mentally and physically. When you work do your best and when you play enter into it with heart, mind and body. I thank you for your letter and hope sometime I may meet you on the play ground.

Cordially yours,
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Tribute to Dr. Charles E. Fitch.

New York, January 15, 1918.

To the Editor of *The Post-Standard*,
Syracuse, N. Y.:

For more than half a century I was in intimate personal and official relations with Charles E. Fitch. During his career as a journalist I met him frequently, and we were for many years regents together of the University of the State of New York. He was noted for his devotion to the duty imposed on him or which he assumed with untiring industry and great ability and wisdom. He met and discharged the many responsibilities of an unusually active and useful life. He never lost a friend and rarely made an enemy, though positive in his opinions and frank in their expression. His rare geniality, his consideration for others, and the honesty of his convictions won the friendship and esteem of all who were fortunate in knowing him. As journalist, educator, author and citizen his was a long and illuminating career.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Letter from President Woodrow Wilson, in
Appreciation of Speech delivered before
the Pilgrims Society, January 23, 1918.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington,

26 January, 1918

My dear Mr. Depew:

May I not express my warm appreciation of the generous speech you delivered last Wednesday? It is such speeches that clear the air and contribute much more than the present sort of criticism and cross purpose can to real advance of the cause of liberty throughout the world.

Sincerely yours,
Woodrow Wilson

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew
27 West 54th Street
New York City

NOTE—The speech referred to in the President's letter will be found on page 315.

Letter sent to Mr. Louis Seibold, Toastmaster
at the Dinner given to Mr. Edward G.
Riggs by his Friends, April 6, 1918.

Dear Eddie Riggs, we love him. The senior of many associates, the youngest of them all. Prince of optimists and flayer of frauds. No railroad problem is too deep for him and no political mystery escapes his revealing psychology. Every gathering is cheerier and happier for his presence. He would think it a waste of first class material to die for a friend, but he would rescue him, heal his wounds, kill his enemies and laugh. Among good fellows the best of the gang. Give him my love.

Faithfully yours,

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Letter of Sentiment to the Rippey Bible Class,
First Presbyterian Church, Geneva, N. Y.

New York, April 19, 1918.

Mr. W. A. Gracey, President,

My dear Mr. Gracey:

It gives me great pleasure to respond to your letter asking for a sentiment to be read at the twenty-first anniversary of your Bible Class on the evening of April 23rd.

I cordially congratulate the class upon attaining this age. For an American, it is a most interesting period, he steps at once from tutelage to sovereignty. New duties and responsibilities devolve upon him by law. He becomes under equal suffrage one of the governors of his village, State and country, if he fails to act and to act intelligently he is guilty of treason to the greatest of trusts which will ever come to him in life. It is both a cowardly and an ignorant statement which is frequently made that one vote counts little among such a multitude. There are numerous instances where one vote has decided an election and determined a policy of government, but the young man who appreciates this privilege and responsibility when he casts his vote does more than deposit his ballot. Behind that vote is his personality and his character.

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A Bible Class makes for character in a very large way. One who is worthy of its membership and has absorbed its lessons is a better citizen. He is more likely to influence others to adopt his views, and his teaching will incline him to right views. There never can be any doubt where the Bible Class student will stand where morality and liberty are concerned. Every Congressman and Judge, every Governor and President has, from his first vote and appreciation of its duties and responsibilities, risen to leadership and then been selected by his fellow citizens to administer their government. The American citizen never faced such responsibilities as are before him now. The principles of our Declaration of Independence have gone all round the world. They have liberalized every government except Germany, Austria and Turkey. In immortal words the Declaration of Independence said: "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." These principles are the ones which are at stake in this most frightful battle of all history. Autocracy is determined to crush out in the world the preaching and the practice

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of the principles of our Declaration of Independence. This involves, if successful, a return to medieval conditions. It destroys all that has been accomplished by so many sacrifices during the centuries for humanity, civilization and liberty. From the principle that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights and among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the world turns back to the old motto of authority that most of the world are created with saddles on their backs and bits in their mouths and the privileged few booted and spurred to ride them. If this battle is lost, which is now going on day by day with such fearful slaughter, France will be crushed, England cowed, Russia and its millions in men and endless resources annexed and the struggle transferred to our own shores.

America is awake, its fresh resources are to go in constantly increasing volume, justice and liberty are to win, the ability and power of any nation to make war is to be forever ended by a league of nations strong enough to compel peace.

The day of your anniversary, April 23rd, completes my eighty-four years of life. It is the eighty-fourth anniversary of my birth. I graduated from Yale University sixty-two years ago and have led since a life of intense activity. It has brought me in contact with most of the

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people worth knowing in the world and given me the inestimable privilege of seeing history in the making during the most important of periods. I have had my ups and downs, good fortune and bad fortune in full measure both ways. My mother was a rigid Presbyterian and Calvinist. She was a very brilliant, able and wise woman. When great and, as I thought, fatal losses had come to me, she gave me this philosophy: "My boy, you will find that what you think are your greatest misfortunes are simply the discipline which the Lord gives you and they will prove your greatest blessings." This is a hard doctrine to believe, especially when the blow comes, but my experience has demonstrated its truth. This is a mighty good world to live in and the people, take them as they come, a mighty good sort to live with.

With best wishes for your Class.

Faithfully yours,

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

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